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The Enchanted Bluff

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Collection of Stories, Reviews and Essays*, by Willa Cather

We had our swim before sundown, and while we were cooking our supper the oblique rays of light made a dazzling glare on the white sand about us. The translucent red ball itself sank behind the brown stretches of corn field as we sat down to eat, and the warm layer of air that had rested over the water and our clean sand-bar grew fresher and smelled of the rank ironweed and sunflowers growing on the flatter shore. The river was brown and sluggish, like any other of the half-dozen streams that water the Nebraska corn lands. On one shore was an irregular line of bald clay bluffs where a few scrub-oaks with thick trunks and flat, twisted tops threw light shadows on the long grass. The western shore was low and level, with corn fields that stretched to the sky-line, and all along the water's edge were little sandy coves and beaches where slim cottonwoods and willow saplings flickered.

The turbulence of the river in spring-time discouraged milling, and, beyond keeping the old red bridge in repair, the busy farmers did not concern themselves with the stream; so the Sandtown boys were left in undisputed possession. In the autumn we hunted quail through the miles of stubble and fodder land along the flat shore, and, after the winter skating season was over and the ice had gone out, the spring freshets and flooded bottoms gave us our great excitement of the year. The channel was never the same for two successive seasons. Every spring the swollen stream undermined a bluff to the east, or bit out a few acres of corn field to the west and whirled the soil away to deposit it in spumy mud banks somewhere else. When the water fell low in midsummer, new sand-bars were thus exposed to dry and whiten in the August sun. Sometimes these were banked so firmly that the fury of the next freshet failed to unseat them; the little willow seedlings emerged triumphantly from the yellow froth, broke into spring leaf, shot up into summer growth, and with their mesh of roots bound together the moist sand beneath them against the batterings of another April. Here and there a cottonwood soon glittered among them, quivering in the low current of air that, even on breathless days when the dust hung like smoke above the wagon road, trembled along the face of the water.

It was on such an island, in the third summer of its yellow green, that we built our watch-fire; not in the thicket of dancing willow wands, but on the level terrace of fine sand which had been added that spring; a little new bit of world, beautifully ridged with ripple marks, and strewn with the tiny skeletons of turtles and fish, all as white and dry as if they had been expertly cured. We had been careful not to mar the freshness of the place, although we often swam out to it on summer evenings and lay on the sand to rest.

This was our last watch-fire of the year, and there were reasons why I should remember it better than any of the others. Next week the

other boys were to file back to their old places in the Sandtown High School, but I was to go up to the Divide to teach my first country school in the Norwegian district. I was already homesick at the thought of quitting the boys with whom I had always played; of leaving the river, and going up into a windy plain that was all windmills and corn fields and big pastures; where there was nothing wilful or unmanageable in the landscape, no new islands, and no chance of unfamiliar birds--such as often followed the watercourses.

Other boys came and went and used the river for fishing or skating, but we six were sworn to the spirit of the stream, and we were friends mainly because of the river. There were the two Hassler boys, Fritz and Otto, sons of the little German tailor. They were the youngest of us; ragged boys of ten and twelve, with sunburned hair, weather-stained faces, and pale blue eyes. Otto, the elder, was the best mathematician in school, and clever at his books, but he always dropped out in the spring term as if the river could not get on without him. He and Fritz caught the fat, horned catfish and sold them about the town, and they lived so much in the water that they were as brown and sandy as the river itself.

There was Percy Pound, a fat, freckled boy with chubby cheeks, who took half a dozen boys' story-papers and was always being kept in for reading detective stories behind his desk. There was Tip Smith, destined by his freckles and red hair to be the buffoon in all our games, though he walked like a timid little old man and had a funny, cracked laugh. Tip worked hard in his father's grocery store every afternoon, and swept it out before school in the morning. Even his recreations were laborious. He collected cigarette cards and tin tobacco-tags indefatigably, and would sit for hours humped up over a snarling little scroll-saw which he kept in his attic. His dearest possessions were some little pill-bottles that purported to contain grains of wheat from the Holy Land, water from the Jordan and the Dead Sea, and earth from the Mount of Olives. His father had bought these dull things from a Baptist missionary who peddled them, and Tip seemed to derive great satisfaction from their remote origin.

The tall boy was Arthur Adams. He had fine hazel eyes that were almost too reflective and sympathetic for a boy, and such a pleasant voice that we all loved to hear him read aloud. Even when he had to read poetry aloud at school, no one ever thought of laughing. To be sure, he was not at school very much of the time. He was seventeen and should have finished the High School the year before, but he was always off somewhere with his gun. Arthur's mother was dead, and his father, who was feverishly absorbed in promoting schemes, wanted to send the boy away to school and get him off his hands; but Arthur always begged off for another year and promised to study. I remember him as a tall, brown boy with an intelligent face, always lounging among a lot of us little fellows, laughing at us oftener than with us, but such a soft, satisfied laugh that we felt rather flattered when we provoked it. In after-years people said that Arthur had been given to evil ways even as a lad, and it is true that we often saw him with the gambler's sons and with old Spanish Fanny's boy, but if he learned anything ugly in their company he never betrayed it to us. We would have followed Arthur anywhere, and I am bound to say that he led us into no worse places than the cattail marshes and the stubble fields. These, then, were the boys who camped with me that summer night upon the sand-bar.

After we finished our supper we beat the willow thicket for driftwood. By the time we had collected enough, night had fallen, and the pungent, weedy smell from the shore increased with the coolness. We threw ourselves down about the fire and made another futile effort to show Percy Pound the Little Dipper. We had tried it often before, but he could never be got past the big one.

"You see those three big stars just below the handle, with the bright one in the middle?" said Otto Hassler; "that's Orion's belt, and the bright one is the clasp." I crawled behind Otto's shoulder and sighted up his arm to the star that seemed perched upon the tip of his steady forefinger. The Hassler boys did seine-fishing at night, and they knew a good many stars.

Percy gave up the Little Dipper and lay back on the sand, his hands clasped under his head. "I can see the North Star," he announced, contentedly, pointing toward it with his big toe. "Any one might get lost and need to know that."

We all looked up at it.

"How do you suppose Columbus felt when his compass didn't point north any more?" Tip asked.

Otto shook his head. "My father says that there was another North Star once, and that maybe this one won't last always. I wonder what would happen to us down here if anything went wrong with it?"

Arthur chuckled. "I wouldn't worry, Ott. Nothing's apt to happen to it in your time. Look at the Milky Way! There must be lots of good dead Indians."

We lay back and looked, meditating, at the dark cover of the world. The gurgle of the water had become heavier. We had often noticed a mutinous, complaining note in it at night, quite different from its cheerful daytime chuckle, and seeming like the voice of a much deeper and more powerful stream. Our water had always these two moods: the one of sunny complaisance, the other of inconsolable, passionate regret.

"Queer how the stars are all in sort of diagrams," remarked Otto. "You could do most any proposition in geometry with 'em. They always look as if they meant something. Some folks say everybody's fortune is all written out in the stars, don't they?"

"They believe so in the old country," Fritz affirmed.

But Arthur only laughed at him. "You're thinking of Napoleon, Fritzey. He had a star that went out when he began to lose battles. I guess the stars don't keep any close tally on Sandtown folks."

We were speculating on how many times we could count a hundred before the evening star went down behind the corn fields, when some one cried, "There comes the moon, and it's as big as a cart wheel!"

We all jumped up to greet it as it swam over the bluffs behind us. It came up like a galleon in full sail; an enormous, barbaric thing, red as an angry heathen god.

"When the moon came up red like that, the Aztecs used to sacrifice their prisoners on the temple top," Percy announced.

"Go on, Perce. You got that out of _Golden Days_. Do you believe that, Arthur?" I appealed.

Arthur answered, quite seriously: "Like as not. The moon was one of their gods. When my father was in Mexico City he saw the stone where they used to sacrifice their prisoners."

As we dropped down by the fire again some one asked whether the Mound-Builders were older than the Aztecs. When we once got upon the Mound-Builders we never willingly got away from them, and we were still conjecturing when we heard a loud splash in the water.

"Must have been a big cat jumping," said Fritz. "They do sometimes. They must see bugs in the dark. Look what a track the moon makes!"

There was a long, silvery streak on the water, and where the current fretted over a big log it boiled up like gold pieces.

"Suppose there ever _was_ any gold hid away in this old river?" Fritz asked. He lay like a little brown Indian, close to the fire, his chin on his hand and his bare feet in the air. His brother laughed at him, but Arthur took his suggestion seriously.

"Some of the Spaniards thought there was gold up here somewhere. Seven cities chuck full of gold, they had it, and Coronado and his men came up to hunt it. The Spaniards were all over this country once."

Percy looked interested. "Was that before the Mormons went through?"

We all laughed at this.

"Long enough before. Before the Pilgrim Fathers, Perce. Maybe they came along this very river. They always followed the watercourses."

"I wonder where this river really does begin?" Tip mused. That was an old and a favorite mystery which the map did not clearly explain. On the map the little black line stopped somewhere in western Kansas; but since rivers generally rose in mountains, it was only reasonable to suppose that ours came from the Rockies. Its destination, we knew, was the Missouri, and the Hassler boys always maintained that we could embark at Sandtown in flood-time, follow our noses, and eventually arrive at New Orleans. Now they took up their old argument. "If us boys had grit enough to try it, it wouldn't take no time to get to Kansas City and St. Joe."

We began to talk about the places we wanted to go to. The Hassler boys wanted to see the stock-yards in Kansas City, and Percy wanted to see a big store in Chicago. Arthur was interlocutor and did not betray himself.

"Now it's your turn, Tip."

Tip rolled over on his elbow and poked the fire, and his eyes looked shyly out of his queer, tight little face. "My place is awful far away. My uncle Bill told me about it."

Tip's Uncle Bill was a wanderer, bitten with mining fever, who had drifted into Sandtown with a broken arm, and when it was well had drifted out again.

"Where is it?"

"Aw, it's down in New Mexico somewheres. There aren't no railroads or anything. You have to go on mules, and you run out of water before you get there and have to drink canned tomatoes."

"Well, go on, kid. What's it like when you do get there?"

Tip sat up and excitedly began his story.

"There's a big red rock there that goes right up out of the sand for about nine hundred feet. The country's flat all around it, and this here rock goes up all by itself, like a monument. They call it the Enchanted Bluff down there, because no white man has ever been on top of it. The sides are smooth rock, and straight up, like a wall. The Indians say that hundreds of years ago, before the Spaniards came, there was a village away up there in the air. The tribe that lived there had some sort of steps, made out of wood and bark, hung down over the face of the bluff, and the braves went down to hunt and carried water up in big jars swung on their backs. They kept a big supply of water and dried meat up there, and never went down except to hunt. They were a peaceful tribe that made cloth and pottery, and they went up there to get out of the wars. You see, they could pick off any war party that tried to get up their little steps. The Indians say they were a handsome people, and they had some sort of a queer religion. Uncle Bill thinks they were Cliff-Dwellers who had got into trouble and left home. They weren't fighters, anyhow.

"One time the braves were down hunting and an awful storm came up--a kind of waterspout--and when they got back to their rock they found their little staircase had been all broken to pieces, and only a few steps were left hanging away up in the air. While they were camped at the foot of the rock, wondering what to do, a war party from the north came along and massacred 'em to a man, with all the old folks and women looking on from the rock. Then the war party went on south and left the village to get down the best way they could. Of course they never got down. They starved to death up there, and when the war party came back on their way north, they could hear the children crying from the edge of the bluff where they had crawled out, but they didn't see a sign of a grown Indian, and nobody has ever been up there since."

We exclaimed at this dolorous legend and sat up.

"There couldn't have been many people up there," Percy demurred. "How big is the top, Tip?"

"Oh, pretty big. Big enough so that the rock doesn't look nearly as tall as it is. The top's bigger than the base. The bluff is sort of worn away for several hundred feet up. That's one reason it's so hard to climb."

I asked how the Indians got up, in the first place.

"Nobody knows how they got up or when. A hunting party came along once and saw that there was a town up there, and that was all."

Otto rubbed his chin and looked thoughtful. "Of course there must be some way to get up there. Couldn't people get a rope over someway and pull a ladder up?"

Tip's little eyes were shining with excitement. "I know a way. Me and Uncle Bill talked it all over. There's a kind of rocket that would take a rope over--life-savers use 'em--and then you could hoist a rope-ladder and peg it down at the bottom and make it tight with guy-ropes on the other side. I'm going to climb that there bluff, and I've got it all planned out."

Fritz asked what he expected to find when he got up there.

"Bones, maybe, or the ruins of their town, or pottery, or some of their idols. There might be 'most anything up there. Anyhow, I want to see."

"Sure nobody else has been up there, Tip?" Arthur asked.

"Dead sure. Hardly anybody ever goes down there. Some hunters tried to cut steps in the rock once, but they didn't get higher than a man can reach. The Bluff's all red granite, and Uncle Bill thinks it's a boulder the glaciers left. It's a queer place, anyhow. Nothing but cactus and desert for hundreds of miles, and yet right under the bluff there's good water and plenty of grass. That's why the bison used to go down there."

Suddenly we heard a scream above our fire, and jumped up to see a dark, slim bird floating southward far above us--a whooping-crane, we knew by her cry and her long neck. We ran to the edge of the island, hoping we might see her alight, but she wavered southward along the rivercourse until we lost her. The Hassler boys declared that by the look of the heavens it must be after midnight, so we threw more wood on our fire, put on our jackets, and curled down in the warm sand. Several of us pretended to doze, but I fancy we were really thinking about Tip's Bluff and the extinct people. Over in the wood the ring-doves were calling mournfully to one another, and once we heard a dog bark, far away. "Somebody getting into old Tommy's melon patch," Fritz murmured, sleepily, but nobody answered him. By and by Percy spoke out of the shadow.

"Say, Tip, when you go down there will you take me with you?"

"Maybe."

"Suppose one of us beats you down there, Tip?"

"Whoever gets to the Bluff first has got to promise to tell the rest of us exactly what he finds," remarked one of the Hassler boys, and to this we all readily assented.

Somewhat reassured, I dropped off to sleep. I must have dreamed about a race for the Bluff, for I awoke in a kind of fear that other people were getting ahead of me and that I was losing my chance. I sat up in my damp clothes and looked at the other boys, who lay

tumbled in uneasy attitudes about the dead fire. It was still dark, but the sky was blue with the last wonderful azure of night. The stars glistened like crystal globes, and trembled as if they shone through a depth of clear water. Even as I watched, they began to pale and the sky brightened. Day came suddenly, almost instantaneously. I turned for another look at the blue night, and it was gone. Everywhere the birds began to call, and all manner of little insects began to chirp and hop about in the willows. A breeze sprang up from the west and brought the heavy smell of ripened corn. The boys rolled over and shook themselves. We stripped and plunged into the river just as the sun came up over the windy bluffs.

When I came home to Sandtown at Christmas time, we skated out to our island and talked over the whole project of the Enchanted Bluff, renewing our resolution to find it.

* * * * *

Although that was twenty years ago, none of us have ever climbed the Enchanted Bluff. Percy Pound is a stockbroker in Kansas City and will go nowhere that his red touring-car cannot carry him. Otto Hassler went on the railroad and lost his foot braking; after which he and Fritz succeeded their father as the town tailors.

Arthur sat about the sleepy little town all his life--he died before he was twenty-five. The last time I saw him, when I was home on one of my college vacations, he was sitting in a steamer-chair under a cottonwood tree in the little yard behind one of the two Sandtown saloons. He was very untidy and his hand was not steady, but when he rose, unabashed, to greet me, his eyes were as clear and warm as ever. When I had talked with him for an hour and heard him laugh again, I wondered how it was that when Nature had taken such pains with a man, from his hands to the arch of his long foot, she had ever lost him in Sandtown. He joked about Tip Smith's Bluff, and declared he was going down there just as soon as the weather got cooler; he thought the Grand Cañon might be worth while, too.

I was perfectly sure when I left him that he would never get beyond the high plank fence and the comfortable shade of the cottonwood. And, indeed, it was under that very tree that he died one summer morning.

Tip Smith still talks about going to New Mexico. He married a slatternly, unthrifty country girl, has been much tied to a perambulator, and has grown stooped and gray from irregular meals and broken sleep. But the worst of his difficulties are now over, and he has, as he says, come into easy water. When I was last in Sandtown I walked home with him late one moonlight night, after he had balanced his cash and shut up his store. We took the long way around and sat down on the schoolhouse steps, and between us we quite revived the romance of the lone red rock and the extinct people. Tip insists that he still means to go down there, but he thinks now he will wait until his boy, Bert, is old enough to go with him. Bert has been let into the story, and thinks of nothing but the Enchanted Bluff.

Harper's, April 1909

L'enfant et le maître d'école

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Fables de La Fontaine*, by Jean de La Fontaine

Dans ce récit je prétends faire voir
D'un certain sot la remontrance vaine.

Un jeune enfant dans l'eau se laissa choir
En badinant sur les bords de la Seine.
Le ciel permit qu'un saule se trouva,
Dont le branchage, après Dieu, le sauva.
S'étant pris, dis-je, aux branches de ce saule,
Par cet endroit passe un maître d'école;
L'enfant lui crie: «Au secours, je péris.»
Le magister, se tournant à ses cris,
D'un ton fort grave à contretemps s'avise
De le tancer: «Ah! le petit babouin!
Voyez, dit-il, où l'a mis sa sottise!
Et puis, prenez de tels fripons le soin.
Que les parents sont malheureux qu'il faille
Toujours veiller à semblable canaille!
Qu'ils ont de maux! et que je plains leur sort.»
Ayant tout dit, il mit l'enfant à bord.

Je blâme ici plus de gens qu'on ne pense.
Tout babillard, tout censeur, tout pédant
Se peut connaître au discours que j'avance.
Chacun des trois fait un peuple fort grand:
Le créateur en a béni l'engeance.
En toute affaire ils ne font que songer
Aux moyens d'exercer leur langue.
Eh! mon ami, tire-moi du danger,
Tu feras après ta harangue.

LES EFFARÉS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poésies complètes*, by Arthur Rimbaud

Noirs dans la neige et dans la brume,
Au grand soupirail qui s'allume,
    Leurs culs en rond,

À genoux, cinq petits,--misère!--
Regardent le boulanger faire
    Le lourd pain blond...

Ils voient le fort bras blanc qui tourne
La pâte grise, et qui l'enfourne
    Dans un trou clair.

Ils écoutent le bon pain cuire
Le boulanger au gras sourire
    Chante un vieil air.

Ils sont blottis, pas un ne bouge,

Au souffle du soupirail rouge,
    Chaud comme un sein.

Et quand, pendant que minuit sonne,
Façonné, pétillant et jaune,
    On sort le pain;

Quand, sous les poutres enfumées,
Chantent les croûtes parfumées,
    Et les grillons;

Que ce trou chaud souffle la vie;
Ils ont leur âme si ravie
    Sous leurs haillons,

Ils se ressentent si bien vivre,
Les pauvres petits pleins de givre!
    --Qu'ils sont là, tous,

Collant leurs petits museaux roses
Au grillage, chantant des choses,
    Entre les trous,

Mais bien bas,--comme une prière...
Repliés vers cette lumière
    Du ciel rouvert,

--Si fort, qu'ils crèvent leur culotte,
--Et que leur lange blanc tremblotte
    Au vent d'hiver...

20 septembre 1870.

The Escape of Juanita

Project Gutenberg's *Philippine Folklore Stories*, by John Maurice Miller

Have you heard of the terrible Tic-balan,
A tall and thin and very black man,
With terrible teeth and a horse's head,
And covered with hair that is long and red?

He lives in the awful Balete tree,
And to pass the place you must say "Tabi";
If you do not, the Asuang comes at night,
And throws big stones till you die of fright.

Now once there lived in Santa Cruz town
A little girl known as Juanita Calaon;
She was gentle and sweet and as good as could be,
And she always bowed low to the Balete tree.

One day to the forest alone she did roam

To get some good wood for the fire at home;
She gathered some twigs that she found on the ground,
And all of them fast in a bundle she bound.

Then happy and free, with the pack on her head,
She followed the road that back to town led.
She sang as she walked, and so happy was she
That alas! she bowed not to the Balete tree.

All at once then she heard a most terrible roar,
And the Tic-balan fierce through the air seemed to soar.
He seized poor Juanita, and quick as could be
He shut her inside of the Balete tree.

Two days passed, and when the girl failed to come back,
Her parents went out, and no friends did they lack
To help in the search, for the whole pueblo came,
And loudly they shouted poor Juanita's name.

At last when they thought that the search brought no good,
One man found Juanita's neat bundle of wood;
He called the good news, and as more came to see,
Loud knocking was heard in the Balete tree.

Then many were frightened, but many were brave,
And wondered by what means the girl they could save;
For they knew that it must be Juanita who knocked,
And that inside the Balete tree she was locked.

Soon they ordered that candles and music be brought,
And a crucifix holy was what they next sought;
And when all was ready they closed round the tree,
While they prayed to the true God to set the girl free.

They lighted the candles and then the band played,
And Juanita's mother, who was not afraid,
Advanced with the crucifix held in her hand,
And tapped with the cross on the evil tree grand.

Then a roar shook the forest and chilled all their hearts,
And the awful Balete split into two parts;
Then they saw in the center, as each big half fell,
Their darling Juanita all smiling and well.

She ran from the tree to her fond mother dear,
While the band played and every one gave a loud cheer;
Then back to the pueblo they danced in delight,
And kept up their singing through all the long night.

Still there to this day lies the Balete tree,
But no more do the people that pass say "Tabi."
And the spirit no more can molest any man,
For God has more power than the fierce Tic-balan.

THE ENCHANTED PIG

ONCE upon a time there lived a King who had three daughters. Now it happened that he had to go out to battle, so he called his daughters and said to them:

'My dear children, I am obliged to go to the wars. The enemy is approaching us with a large army. It is a great grief to me to leave you all. During my absence take care of yourselves and be good girls; behave well and look after everything in the house. You may walk in the garden, and you may go into all the rooms in the palace, except the room at the back in the right-hand corner; into that you must not enter, for harm would befall you.'

'You may keep your mind easy, father,' they replied. 'We have never been disobedient to you. Go in peace, and may heaven give you a glorious victory!'

When everything was ready for his departure, the King gave them the keys of all the rooms and reminded them once more of what he had said. His daughters kissed his hands with tears in their eyes, and wished him prosperity, and he gave the eldest the keys.

Now when the girls found themselves alone they felt so sad and dull that they did not know what to do. So, to pass the time, they decided to work for part of the day, to read for part of the day, and to enjoy themselves in the garden for part of the day. As long as they did this all went well with them. But this happy state of things did not last long. Every day they grew more and more curious, and you will see what the end of that was.

'Sisters,' said the eldest Princess, 'all day long we sew, spin, and read. We have been several days quite alone, and there is no corner of the garden that we have not explored. We have been in all the rooms of our father's palace, and have admired the rich and beautiful furniture: why should not we go into the room that our father forbad us to enter?'

Sister,' said the youngest, 'I cannot think how you can tempt us to break our father's command. When he told us not to go into that room he must have known what he was saying, and have had a good reason for saying it.'

'Surely the sky won't fall about our heads if we DO go in,' said the second Princess. 'Dragons and such like monsters that would devour us will not be hidden in the room. And how will our father ever find out that we have gone in?'

While they were speaking thus, encouraging each other, they had reached the room; the eldest fitted the key into the lock, and snap! the door stood open.

The three girls entered, and what do you think they saw?

The room was quite empty, and without any ornament, but in the middle stood a large table, with a gorgeous cloth, and on it lay a big open book.

Now the Princesses were curious to know what was written in the book, especially the eldest, and this is what she read:

'The eldest daughter of this King will marry a prince from the East.'

Then the second girl stepped forward, and turning over the page she read:

'The second daughter of this King will marry a prince from the West.'

The girls were delighted, and laughed and teased each other.

But the youngest Princess did not want to go near the table or to open the book. Her elder sisters however left her no peace, and will she, nill she, they dragged her up to the table, and in fear and trembling she turned over the page and read:

'The youngest daughter of this King will be married to a pig from the North.'

Now if a thunderbolt had fallen upon her from heaven it would not have frightened her more.

She almost died of misery, and if her sisters had not held her up, she would have sunk to the ground and cut her head open.

When she came out of the fainting fit into which she had fallen in her terror, her sisters tried to comfort her, saying:

'How can you believe such nonsense? When did it ever happen that a king's daughter married a pig?'

'What a baby you are!' said the other sister; 'has not our father enough soldiers to protect you, even if the disgusting creature did come to woo you?'

The youngest Princess would fain have let herself be convinced by her sisters' words, and have believed what they said, but her heart was heavy. Her thoughts kept turning to the book, in which stood written that great happiness waited her sisters, but that a fate was in store for her such as had never before been known in the world.

Besides, the thought weighed on her heart that she had been guilty of disobeying her father. She began to get quite ill, and in a few days she was so changed that it was difficult to recognise her; formerly she had been rosy and merry, now she was pale and nothing gave her any pleasure. She gave up playing with her sisters in the garden, ceased to gather flowers to put in her hair, and never sang when they sat together at their spinning and sewing.

In the meantime the King won a great victory, and having completely defeated and driven off the enemy, he hurried home to his daughters, to whom his thoughts had constantly turned. Everyone went out to meet him with cymbals and fifes and drums, and there was great rejoicing over his victorious return. The King's first act on reaching home was to thank Heaven for the victory he had gained over the enemies who had risen against him. He then entered his palace, and the three Princesses stepped forward to meet him. His joy was great when he saw that they were all well, for the youngest did her best not to appear sad.

In spite of this, however, it was not long before the King noticed that his third daughter was getting very thin and sad-looking. And all of a sudden he felt as if a hot iron were entering his soul, for it flashed through his mind that she had disobeyed his word. He felt sure he was right; but to be quite certain he called his daughters to him, questioned them, and ordered them to speak the truth. They confessed everything, but took good care not to say which had led the other two into temptation.

The King was so distressed when he heard it that he was almost overcome by grief. But he took heart and tried to comfort his daughters, who looked frightened to death. He saw that what had happened had happened, and that a thousand words would not alter matters by a hair's-breadth.

Well, these events had almost been forgotten when one fine day a prince from the East appeared at the Court and asked the King for the hand of his eldest daughter. The King gladly gave his consent. A great wedding banquet was prepared, and after three days of feasting the happy pair were accompanied to the frontier with much ceremony and rejoicing.

After some time the same thing befell the second daughter, who was wooed and won by a prince from the West.

Now when the young Princess saw that everything fell out exactly as had been written in the book, she grew very sad. She refused to eat, and would not put on her fine clothes nor go out walking, and declared that she would rather die than become a laughing-stock to the world. But the King would not allow her to do anything so wrong, and he comforted her in all possible ways.

So the time passed, till lo and behold! one fine day an enormous pig from the North walked into the palace, and going straight up to the King said, 'Hail! oh King. May your life be as prosperous and bright as sunrise on a clear day!'

'I am glad to see you well, friend,' answered the King, 'but what wind has brought you hither?'

'I come a-wooing,' replied the Pig.

Now the King was astonished to hear so fine a speech from a Pig, and at once it occurred to him that something strange was the matter. He would gladly have turned the Pig's thoughts in another direction, as he did not wish to give him the Princess for a wife; but when he heard that the Court and the whole street were full of all the pigs in the world he saw that there was no escape, and that he must give his consent. The Pig was not satisfied with mere promises, but insisted that the wedding should take place within a week, and would not go away till the King had sworn

a royal oath upon it.

The King then sent for his daughter, and advised her to submit to fate, as there was nothing else to be done. And he added:

'My child, the words and whole behaviour of this Pig are quite unlike those of other pigs. I do not myself believe that he always was a pig. Depend upon it some magic or witchcraft has been at work. Obey him, and do everything that he wishes, and I feel sure that Heaven will shortly send you release.'

'If you wish me to do this, dear father, I will do it,' replied the girl.

In the meantime the wedding-day drew near. After the marriage, the Pig and his bride set out for his home in one of the royal carriages. On the way they passed a great bog, and the Pig ordered the carriage to stop, and got out and rolled about in the mire till he was covered with mud from head to foot; then he got back into the carriage and told his wife to kiss him. What was the poor girl to do? She bethought herself of her father's words, and, pulling out her pocket handkerchief, she gently wiped the Pig's snout and kissed it.

By the time they reached the Pig's dwelling, which stood in a thick wood, it was quite dark. They sat down quietly for a little, as they were tired after their drive; then they had supper together, and lay down to rest. During the night the Princess noticed that the Pig had changed into a man. She was not a little surprised, but remembering her father's words, she took courage, determined to wait and see what would happen.

And now she noticed that every night the Pig became a man, and every morning he was changed into a Pig before she awoke. This happened several nights running, and the Princess could not understand it at all. Clearly her husband must be bewitched. In time she grew quite fond of him, he was so kind and gentle.

One fine day as she was sitting alone she saw an old witch go past. She felt quite excited, as it was so long since she had seen a human being, and she called out to the old woman to come and talk to her. Among other things the witch told her that she understood all magic arts, and that she could foretell the future, and knew the healing powers of herbs and plants.

'I shall be grateful to you all my life, old dame,' said the Princess, 'if you will tell me what is the matter with my husband. Why is he a Pig by day and a human being by night?'

'I was just going to tell you that one thing, my dear, to show you what a good fortune-teller I am. If you like, I will give you a herb to break the spell.'

'If you will only give it to me,' said the Princess, 'I will give you anything you choose to ask for, for I cannot bear to see him in this state.'

'Here, then, my dear child,' said the witch, 'take this thread, but do not let him know about it, for if he did it would lose its healing power. At night, when he is asleep, you must get up very quietly, and

fasten the thread round his left foot as firmly as possible; and you will see in the morning he will not have changed back into a Pig, but will still be a man. I do not want any reward. I shall be sufficiently repaid by knowing that you are happy. It almost breaks my heart to think of all you have suffered, and I only wish I had known it sooner, as I should have come to your rescue at once.'

When the old witch had gone away the Princess hid the thread very carefully, and at night she got up quietly, and with a beating heart she bound the thread round her husband's foot. Just as she was pulling the knot tight there was a crack, and the thread broke, for it was rotten.

Her husband awoke with a start, and said to her, 'Unhappy woman, what have you done? Three days more and this unholy spell would have fallen from me, and now, who knows how long I may have to go about in this disgusting shape? I must leave you at once, and we shall not meet again until you have worn out three pairs of iron shoes and blunted a steel staff in your search for me.' So saying he disappeared.

Now, when the Princess was left alone she began to weep and moan in a way that was pitiful to hear; but when she saw that her tears and groans did her no good, she got up, determined to go wherever fate should lead her.

On reaching a town, the first thing she did was to order three pairs of iron sandals and a steel staff, and having made these preparations for her journey, she set out in search of her husband. On and on she wandered over nine seas and across nine continents; through forests with trees whose stems were as thick as beer-barrels; stumbling and knocking herself against the fallen branches, then picking herself up and going on; the boughs of the trees hit her face, and the shrubs tore her hands, but on she went, and never looked back. At last, wearied with her long journey and worn out and overcome with sorrow, but still with hope at her heart, she reached a house.

Now who do you think lived there? The Moon.

The Princess knocked at the door, and begged to be let in that she might rest a little. The mother of the Moon, when she saw her sad plight, felt a great pity for her, and took her in and nursed and tended her. And while she was here the Princess had a little baby.

One day the mother of the Moon asked her:

'How was it possible for you, a mortal, to get hither to the house of the Moon?'

Then the poor Princess told her all that happened to her, and added 'I shall always be thankful to Heaven for leading me hither, and grateful to you that you took pity on me and on my baby, and did not leave us to die. Now I beg one last favour of you; can your daughter, the Moon, tell me where my husband is?'

'She cannot tell you that, my child,' replied the goddess, 'but, if you will travel towards the East until you reach the dwelling of the Sun, he may be able to tell you something.'

Then she gave the Princess a roast chicken to eat, and warned her to be very careful not to lose any of the bones, because they might be of

great use to her.

When the Princess had thanked her once more for her hospitality and for her good advice, and had thrown away one pair of shoes that were worn out, and had put on a second pair, she tied up the chicken bones in a bundle, and taking her baby in her arms and her staff in her hand, she set out once more on her wanderings.

On and on and on she went across bare sandy deserts, where the roads were so heavy that for every two steps that she took forwards she fell back one; but she struggled on till she had passed these dreary plains; next she crossed high rocky mountains, jumping from crag to crag and from peak to peak. Sometimes she would rest for a little on a mountain, and then start afresh always farther and farther on. She had to cross swamps and to scale mountain peaks covered with flints, so that her feet and knees and elbows were all torn and bleeding, and sometimes she came to a precipice across which she could not jump, and she had to crawl round on hands and knees, helping herself along with her staff. At length, wearied to death, she reached the palace in which the Sun lived. She knocked and begged for admission. The mother of the Sun opened the door, and was astonished at beholding a mortal from the distant earthly shores, and wept with pity when she heard of all she had suffered. Then, having promised to ask her son about the Princess's husband, she hid her in the cellar, so that the Sun might notice nothing on his return home, for he was always in a bad temper when he came in at night. The next day the Princess feared that things would not go well with her, for the Sun had noticed that some one from the other world had been in the palace. But his mother had soothed him with soft words, assuring him that this was not so. So the Princess took heart when she saw how kindly she was treated, and asked:

'But how in the world is it possible for the Sun to be angry? He is so beautiful and so good to mortals.'

'This is how it happens,' replied the Sun's mother. 'In the morning when he stands at the gates of paradise he is happy, and smiles on the whole world, but during the day he gets cross, because he sees all the evil deeds of men, and that is why his heat becomes so scorching; but in the evening he is both sad and angry, for he stands at the gates of death; that is his usual course. From there he comes back here.'

She then told the Princess that she had asked about her hus-band, but that her son had replied that he knew nothing about him, and that her only hope was to go and inquire of the Wind.

Before the Princess left the mother of the Sun gave her a roast chicken to eat, and advised her to take great care of the bones, which she did, wrapping them up in a bundle. She then threw away her second pair of shoes, which were quite worn out, and with her child on her arm and her staff in her hand, she set forth on her way to the Wind.

In these wanderings she met with even greater difficulties than before, for she came upon one mountain of flints after another, out of which tongues of fire would flame up; she passed through woods which had never been trodden by human foot, and had to cross fields of ice and avalanches of snow. The poor woman nearly died of these hardships, but she kept a brave heart, and at length she reached an enormous cave in the side of a mountain. This was where the Wind lived. There was a little door in the railing in front of the cave, and here the Princess

knocked and begged for admission. The mother of the Wind had pity on her and took her in, that she might rest a little. Here too she was hidden away, so that the Wind might not notice her.

The next morning the mother of the Wind told her that her husband was living in a thick wood, so thick that no axe had been able to cut a way through it; here he had built himself a sort of house by placing trunks of trees together and fastening them with withes and here he lived alone, shunning human kind.

After the mother of the Wind had given the Princess a chicken to eat, and had warned her to take care of the bones, she advised her to go by the Milky Way, which at night lies across the sky, and to wander on till she reached her goal.

Having thanked the old woman with tears in her eyes for her hospitality, and for the good news she had given her, the Princess set out on her journey and rested neither night nor day, so great was her longing to see her husband again. On and on she walked until her last pair of shoes fell in pieces. So she threw them away and went on with bare feet, not heeding the bogs nor the thorns that wounded her, nor the stones that bruised her. At last she reached a beautiful green meadow on the edge of a wood. Her heart was cheered by the sight of the flowers and the soft cool grass, and she sat down and rested for a little. But hearing the birds chirping to their mates among the trees made her think with longing of her husband, and she wept bitterly, and taking her child in her arms, and her bundle of chicken bones on her shoulder, she entered the wood.

For three days and three nights she struggled through it, but could find nothing. She was quite worn out with weariness and hunger, and even her staff was no further help to her, for in her many wanderings it had become quite blunted. She almost gave up in despair, but made one last great effort, and suddenly in a thicket she came upon the sort of house that the mother of the Wind had described. It had no windows, and the door was up in the roof. Round the house she went, in search of steps, but could find none. What was she to do? How was she to get in? She thought and thought, and tried in vain to climb up to the door. Then suddenly she be-thought her of the chicken bones that she had dragged all that weary way, and she said to herself: 'They would not all have told me to take such good care of these bones if they had not had some good reason for doing so. Perhaps now, in my hour of need, they may be of use to me.'

So she took the bones out of her bundle, and having thought for a moment, she placed the two ends together. To her surprise they stuck tight; then she added the other bones, till she had two long poles the height of the house; these she placed against the wall, at a distance of a yard from one another. Across them she placed the other bones, piece by piece, like the steps of a ladder. As soon as one step was finished she stood upon it and made the next one, and then the next, till she was close to the door. But just as she got near the top she noticed that there were no bones left for the last rung of the ladder. What was she to do? Without that last step the whole ladder was useless. She must have lost one of the bones. Then suddenly an idea came to her. Taking a knife she chopped off her little finger, and placing it on the last step, it stuck as the bones had done. The ladder was complete, and with her child on her arm she entered the door of the house. Here she found everything in perfect order. Having taken some food, she laid the child

down to sleep in a trough that was on the floor, and sat down herself to rest.

When her husband, the Pig, came back to his house, he was startled by what he saw. At first he could not believe his eyes, and stared at the ladder of bones, and at the little finger on the top of it. He felt that some fresh magic must be at work, and in his terror he almost turned away from the house; but then a better idea came to him, and he changed himself into a dove, so that no witchcraft could have power over him, and flew into the room without touching the ladder. Here he found a woman rocking a child. At the sight of her, looking so changed by all that she had suffered for his sake, his heart was moved by such love and longing and by so great a pity that he suddenly became a man.

The Princess stood up when she saw him, and her heart beat with fear, for she did not know him. But when he had told her who he was, in her great joy she forgot all her sufferings, and they seemed as nothing to her. He was a very handsome man, as straight as a fir tree. They sat down together and she told him all her adventures, and he wept with pity at the tale. And then he told her his own history.

'I am a King's son. Once when my father was fighting against some dragons, who were the scourge of our country, I slew the youngest dragon. His mother, who was a witch, cast a spell over me and changed me into a Pig. It was she who in the disguise of an old woman gave you the thread to bind round my foot. So that instead of the three days that had to run before the spell was broken, I was forced to remain a Pig for three more years. Now that we have suffered for each other, and have found each other again, let us forget the past.'

And in their joy they kissed one another.

Next morning they set out early to return to his father's kingdom. Great was the rejoicing of all the people when they saw him and his wife; his father and his mother embraced them both, and there was feasting in the palace for three days and three nights.

Then they set out to see her father. The old King nearly went out of his mind with joy at beholding his daughter again. When she had told him all her adventures, he said to her:

'Did not I tell you that I was quite sure that that creature who wooed and won you as his wife had not been born a Pig? You see, my child, how wise you were in doing what I told you.'

And as the King was old and had no heirs, he put them on the throne in his place. And they ruled as only kings rule who have suffered many things. And if they are not dead they are still living and ruling happily.(8)

(8) Rumanische Marchen ubersetzt von Nite Kremnitz.

Beginnings of Electromagnetic Instrumentation

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Earliest Electromagnetic Instruments*, by Robert A. Chipman

The mere locating of a compass needle above or below a suitably oriented portion of a voltaic circuit created an electrical instrument, the moment Oersted's "effect" became known, and it was to this basic juxtaposition that Ampère quickly gave the name of galvanometer.[11] It cannot be said that the scientists of the day agreed that this instrument detected or measured "electric current," however. Volta himself had referred to the "current" in his original circuits, and Ampère used the word freely and confidently in his electrodynamic researches of 1820-1822, but Oersted did not use it first and many of the German physicists who followed up his work avoided it for several years. As late as 1832, Faraday could make only the rather noncommittal statement: "By current I mean anything progressive, whether it be a fluid of electricity or vibrations or generally progressive forces."[12]

Nevertheless, whatever the words or concepts they used, experimenters agreed that Oersted's apparatus provided a method of monitoring the "strength" of a voltaic circuit and a means of comparing, for example, one voltaic battery or circuit with another.

It was perfectly clear, from Oersted's pamphlet, that if a compass needle was deflected clockwise when the wire of a particular voltaic circuit lay above it in the magnetic meridian, the same needle would _also_ be deflected clockwise if the wire was turned end-for-end and placed _below_ the compass needle, without changing the rest of the circuit. Anyone perceiving this fact might deduce, as a matter of logic, that if the wire of the circuit was first passed above the needle, in the magnetic meridian, then folded and returned in a parallel path below the needle, the deflecting effect on the needle would be repeated, and a more sensitive indicator would result, assuming that any additional wire introduced has not affected the "circuit" excessively.

Since 1821, historical accounts of the origins of electromagnetism seem to have limited their credit assignments for the conception and observation of this electromagnetic "doubling" effect (or "multiplying" effect, if the folding is repeated) to three persons. Almost without exception, however, these accounts have given no specific information as to precisely what each of these three accomplished, what physical form their respective creations took, what experiments they performed, and what functional understanding they apparently had of the situation. The usual statement is simply that a compass needle was placed in a coil of wire.[13] The main purpose of the present review is to recount some of these details.

The following are the three candidates whose names are variously associated with the "invention" of the first constructed electromagnetic instrument, or "multiplier," or primitive galvanometer.

JOHANN SALOMO CHRISTOPH SCHWEIGGER (1779-1857) in 1820 had already been editor for several years of the _Journal für Chemie und Physik_, and was professor of chemistry at the University of Halle.

JOHANN CHRISTIAN POGGENDORF (1796-1877) in 1820 had only recently entered the University of Berlin as a student following several years as an apothecary's apprentice and a brief period as an apothecary. Four

years later, he succeeded Gilbert as editor of the influential _Annalen der Physik_, a position he held for more than 50 years.

JAMES CUMMING (1771-1861) in 1820 was professor of chemistry at Cambridge University.

THE INTERRUPTED CHARACTER OF EARTH MOVEMENTS: EARTHQUAKES AND SEAQUAKES

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Earth Features and Their Meaning*, by William Herbert Hobbs

=Nature of earthquake shocks.=—Man's belief in the stability of Mother Earth—the _terra firma_—is so inbred in his nature that even a light shock of earthquake brings a rude awakening. The terror which it inspires is no doubt largely to be explained by this disillusionment from the most fundamental of his beliefs. Were he better advised, the long periods of quiet which separate earthquakes, and not the lighter shocks which follow all grander disturbances, would occasion him concern.

[Illustration: FIG. 49.—View of a portion of the ruins of Messina after the earthquake of December 28, 1908.]

Earthquakes are the sensible manifestations of changes in level or of lateral adjustments of portions of the continents, and the seismic disturbances upon the sea—seaquakes and seismic sea waves—relate to similar changes upon the floor of the ocean.

During the grander or catastrophic earthquakes, the changes are indeed terrifying, and have usually been accompanied by losses to life and property, which are only to be compared with those of great conflagrations or of inundations on thickly populated plains. The conflagration has all too frequently been an aftermath of the great historic earthquakes. The earthquake of December 28, 1908, in southern Italy, destroyed almost the entire population of a great city, and left of its massive buildings only a confused heap of rubble (Fig. 49). Two years later a heavy earthquake resulted in great damage to cities in Costa Rica (Fig. 50), while two years earlier our own country was first really awakened to the danger in which it stands from these convulsive earth throes; though, as we shall see, these dangers can be largely met through proper methods of construction.

[Illustration:

FIG. 50.—Ruins of the Carnegie Palace of Peace at Cartago, Costa Rica, destroyed when almost completed by the great earthquake of May 4, 1910 (after a photograph by Rear-Admiral Singer, U.S.N.).]

Earthquakes are usually preceded for a brief instant by subterranean rumblings whose intensity appears to bear no relation to the shocks which follow. The ground then rocks in wavelike motions, which, if of large amplitude, may induce nausea, prevent animals from keeping upon their feet, and wreck all structures not specially adapted to withstand them. Heavy bodies are sometimes thrown up from the ground (Fig. 51), and at other times similar heavy masses are, apparently because of

their inertia, more deeply imbedded in the earth. Thus gravestones and heavy stone posts are often sunk more deeply in the ground and are surrounded by a hollow and perhaps by small open cracks in the surface (Fig. 52). When bodies are thrown upward, it would imply that a quick upward movement of the ground had been suddenly arrested, while the burial of heavy bodies in the earth is probably due to a movement which begins suddenly and is less abruptly terminated.

[Illustration: FIG. 51.—Bowlders thrown into the air and overturned during the Assam earthquake of 1897 (after R. D. Oldham).]

[Illustration:

FIG. 52.—Heavy post sunk deeper into the ground during the Charleston earthquake of August 31, 1886 (after Dutton).]

=Seaquakes and seismic sea waves.=—Upon the ocean the quakes which emanate from the sea floor are felt on shipboard as sudden joltings which produce the impression that the ship has struck upon a shoal, though in most instances there is no visible commotion in the water. The distribution of these shocks, as indicated either by the experiences of neighboring ships at the time of a particular shock, or by the records of vessels which at different times have sailed over an area of frequent seismic disturbance, appears to be limited to narrow zones or lines (Fig. 53). The same tendency of under-sea disturbances to be localized upon definite straight lines has been often illustrated by the behavior of deep-sea cables which are laid in proximity to one another and which have been known to part simultaneously at points ranged upon a straight line.

[Illustration:

FIG. 53.—Map showing the localities at which shocks have been reported at sea off Cape Mendocino, California.]

Far grander disturbances upon the floor of the ocean have been revealed by the great sea waves—the so-called “tidal waves”, properly referred to as _tsunamis_—which recur in those sea districts which adjoin the special earthquake zones upon the continents (p. 86). The forerunner of such a sea wave approaching the shore is usually a sudden withdrawal of the water so as to lay bare a portion of the bottom, but this is well-recognized to be the premonition of a gigantic oncoming wave which sweeps all before it and is only halted when it has rolled over all the low-lying country and encountered a mountain wall. Such seismic waves have been especially common upon the Pacific shore of South America and upon the Japanese littoral (Fig. 54). These waves proceed from above the great deeps upon the ocean bottom, and clearly result from the grander earth movements to which these depressions owe their exceptional depth. The withdrawal of the water from neighboring shores may be presumed to be connected with a descent of the floor of the depression and the consequent drawing-in of the ocean surface above. The later high wave would thus represent the dispersion of the mountain of water which is raised by the meeting of the waters from the different sides of the depression.

[Illustration: FIG. 54.—Effect of a seismic water wave at Kamaishi, Japan, in 1896 (after E. R. Scidmore).]

[Illustration: FIG. 55.—A fault of vertical displacement.]

=The grander and the lesser earth movements.=—Upon the land the grander and so-called catastrophic earthquakes are usually the accompaniment of important changes in the surface of the ground that will be discussed in later sections. Those shocks which do little damage to structures produce no visible changes in the earth's surface, except, it may be, to shake down some water-soaked masses of earth upon the steeper slopes. Still other movements, and these too slight to be felt even in the night when the animal world is at rest, may yet be distinguished by their sounds, the unmistakable rumblings which are characteristic alike of the heaviest and the lightest of earthquake shocks.

[Illustration:

FIG. 56.—Escarpment produced by an earthquake fault of vertical displacement which cut across the Chedrang River and thus produced a waterfall, Assam earthquake of 1897 (after R. D. Oldham).]

=Changes in the earth's surface during earthquakes—faults and fissures.=—Each of the grander among historic earthquakes has been accompanied by noteworthy changes in the configuration of the earth's surface within the district where the shocks were most intense. A section of the ground is usually found to have moved with reference to another upon the other side of a vertical plane which is usually to be seen; we have here to do with the actual making of a fault or displacement such as we find the fossil examples of within the rocks. The displacement, or throw, upon the fault plane may be either upward or downward or laterally in one direction or the other, or these movements may be combined. A movement of adjacent sections of the ground upward or downward with reference to each other (Fig. 55) has been often observed, notably at Midori after the great Japanese earthquake of 1891, and in the Chedrang valley of Assam after the earthquake of 1897 (Fig. 56).

[Illustration: FIG. 57.—A fault of lateral displacement.]

[Illustration:

FIG. 58.—Fence parted and displaced fifteen feet by a transverse fault formed during the California earthquake of 1906 (after W. B. Scott).]

[Illustration:

FIG. 59.—Fault with vertical and lateral displacements combined.]

A lateral throw, unaccompanied by appreciable vertical displacement (Fig. 57), is especially well illustrated by the fault in California which was formed during the earthquake of 1906 (Fig. 58). A combination of the two types of displacement in one (Fig. 59) is exemplified by the Baishiko fault of Formosa at the place shown in plate 3 A.

=The measure of displacement.=—To afford some measure of the displacements which have been observed upon earthquake faults, it may be stated that the maximum vertical throw measured upon the fault in

the Neo valley of Japan (1891) was 18 feet, in the Chedrang valley of Assam (1897) 35 feet, and of the Alaskan coast (1899) 47 feet. Large sections of land were bodily uplifted in these cases within the space of a few seconds, or at most a few minutes, by the amounts given. The largest recorded lateral displacement measured upon an earthquake fault is about 21 feet upon the California rift after the earthquake of 1906; though an amount only slightly less than this is indicated in the shifting of roads and arroyas dating from the earthquake of 1872 in the Owens valley, California. Fault lines once established are planes of special weakness and become later the seat of repeated movements of the same kind.

[Illustration:

FIG. 60.—Diagram to show how small faults in the rock basement may be masked at the surface through adjustments within the loose rock mantle.]

The greater number of earthquake faults are found in the loose rock cover which so generally mantles the firmer rock basement, and it is almost certain that the throws within the solid rock are considerably larger than those which are here measured at the surface, owing to the adjustments which so readily take place in the looser materials. Those lighter shocks of earthquake which are accompanied by no visible displacements at the surface do, however, in some instances affect in a measure the flow of water upon the surface, and thus indicate that small changes of surface level have occurred without breaks sufficiently sharp to be perceived (Fig. 60). Intermediate between the steep escarpment and the masked displacement just described is the so-called “mole-hill” effect,—a rounded and variously cracked slope or ridge above the position of a buried fault (Fig. 61).

[Illustration:

FIG. 61.—Diagram to show the appearance of a “mole hill” above a buried earthquake fault (after Kotô).]

The escarpments due to earthquake faults in loose materials at the earth’s surface can obviously retain their steepness for a few years or decades at the most; for because of their verticality they must gradually disappear in rounded slopes under the action of the elements. Smaller displacements within a rock which rapidly disintegrates under the action of frost and sun will likewise before long be effaced. In those exceptional instances where a resistant rock type has had all altered upper layers planed away until a fresh and hard surface is exposed, and has further been protected from the frost and sun beneath a thin layer of soil, its original surface may be retained unaltered for many centuries. Upon such a surface the lightest of sensible shocks, or even the smaller earth movements which are not perceived at the time, may leave an almost indelible record. Such records particularly show that the movements which they register occur upon the planes of jointing within the rock, and that these ready formed cracks have probably been the seats of repeated and cumulative adjustments (Fig. 62).

[Illustration:

FIG. 62.—Post-glacial earthquake faults of small but cumulative displacement, eastern New York (after Woodworth).]

[Illustration: FIG. 63.—Earthquake cracks in Colorado desert (after a photograph by Sauerven).]

=Contraction of the earth's surface during earthquakes.=—The wide variations in the amount of the lateral displacement upon earthquake faults, like those opened in California in 1906, show that at the time of a heavy earthquake there must be large local changes in the density of the surface materials. Literally, thousands of fissures may appear in the lowlands, many of them no doubt a secondary effect of the shaking, but others, like the _quebradas_ of the southern Andes or the "earthquake cracks" in the Colorado desert (Fig. 63), may have a deeper-seated origin. Many facts go to show, however, that though local expansion does occur in some localities, a surface contraction is a far more general consequence of earth movement. In civilized countries of high industrial development, where lines of metal of one kind or another run for long distances beneath or upon the surface of the ground, such general contraction of the surface may be easily proven. Comparatively seldom are lines of metal pulled apart in such a way as to show an expansion of the surface; whereas bucklings and kinkings of the lines appear in many places to prove that the area within which they are found has, as a whole, been reduced.

[Illustration: FIG. 64.—Diagrams to show how railway tracks are either broken or buckled locally within the district visited by an earthquake.]

[Illustration: FIG. 65.—The Biwajima railroad bridge in Japan after the earthquake of 1891 (after Milne and Burton).]

[Illustration:

FIG. 66.—Diagrams to show how the compression of a district and its consequent contraction during an earthquake may close up the joint spaces within the rock basement and concentrate the contraction of the overlying mantle where this is partially cut through and so weakened in the valley sections.]

Water pipes laid in the ground at a depth of some feet may be bowed up into an arch which appears above the surface; lines of curbing are raised into broken arches, and the tracks of railways are thrown into local loops and kinks which imply a very considerable local contraction of the surface (Fig. 64). With unvarying regularity railway or other bridges which cross rivers or ravines, if the structures are seriously damaged, indicate that the river banks have drawn nearer together at the time of the disturbance. In such cases, whenever the bridge girder has remained in place upon its abutments, these have either been broken or back-tilted as a whole in such a manner as to indicate an approach of the foundations which was prevented at the top by the stiffness of the girder (Fig. 65).

[Illustration:

FIG. 67.—Map of the Chedrang fault which made its appearance during the Assam earthquake of 1897. The figures give the amounts of the local vertical displacement measured in feet (after R. D. Oldham).]

The simplest explanation of such an approach of the banks at the sides of the valleys cut in loose surface material is to be found in a general closing up of the joint spaces within the underlying rock,

and an adjustment of the mantle upon the floor mainly in the valley sections (Fig. 66).

[Illustration:

FIG. 68.—Map giving the displacements in feet measured along an earthquake fault formed in Alaska in 1899 (after Tarr and Martin).]

=The plan of an earthquake fault.=—In our consideration of earthquake faults we have thus far given our attention to the displacement as viewed at a single locality only. Such displacements are, however, continued for many miles, and sometimes for hundreds of miles; and when now we examine a map or plan of such a line of faulting, new facts of large significance make their appearance. This may be well illustrated by a study of the plan of the Chedrang fault which appeared at the time of the Assam earthquake of 1897 (Fig. 67). From this map it will be noticed that the upward or downward displacement upon the perpendicular plane of the fault is not uniform, but is subject to large and _sudden_ changes. Thus in order the measurements in feet are 32, 0, 18, 35, 0, 8, 25, 12, 8, 2, 0. The fault formed in 1899 upon the shores of Russell Fjord in Alaska (Fig. 68) reveals similar sudden changes of throw, only that here the direction of the movement is often reversed; or, otherwise expressed, the upthrow is suddenly transferred from one side of the fault to the other. Such abrupt changes in the direction of the displacement have been observed upon many earthquake faults, and a particularly striking one is represented in Fig. 69.

[Illustration:

FIG. 69.—Abrupt change in the direction of throw upon an earthquake fault which was formed in the Owens valley, California, in 1872. The observer looks directly along the course of the fault from the left foreground to the cliff beyond and to the left of the impounded water (after a photograph by W. D. Johnson).]

=The block movements of the disturbed district.=—The displacements upon earthquake faults are thus seen to be subdivided into sections, each of which differs from its neighbors upon either side and is sharply separated from them, at least in many instances. These points of abrupt change of displacement are, in many cases at least, the intersection points with transverse faults (Fig. 69). Such points of abrupt change in the degree or in the direction of the displacement may be, when looked at from above, abrupt turning points in the direction of extension of the fault, whose course upon the map appears as a zigzag line made up of straight sections connected by sharp elbows (Fig. 70).

[Illustration:

FIG. 70.—Map of the faults within an area of the Owens valley, California, formed in part during the earthquake of 1872, and in part due to early disturbances, In the western portions the displacements cut across firm rock and alluvial deposits alike without deviation of direction (after a map by W. D. Johnson).]

Such a grouping of surface faults as are represented upon the map is evidence that the area of the earth’s shell, which is included, has at

the time of the earthquake been subject to adjustments as a series of separate units or blocks, certain of the boundaries of which are the fault lines represented. The changes in displacement measured upon the larger faults make it clear that the observed faults can represent but a fraction of the total number of lines of displacement, the others being masked by variations in the compactness of the loose mantling deposits. Could we but have this mantle removed, we should doubtless find a rock floor separated into parts like an ancient Pompeiian pavement, the individual blocks in which have been thrown, some upward and some downward, by varying amounts. Less than a hundred miles away to the eastward from the Owens Valley, a portion of this pavement has been uncovered in the extensive operations of the Tonapah Mining District, so that there we may study in all its detail the elaborate pattern of earth marquetry (Fig. 71) which for the floor of the Owens valley is as yet denied us.

[Illustration:

FIG. 71.—Marquetry of the rock floor of the Tonapah Mining District, Nevada (after Spurr).]

[Illustration:

FIG. 72.—Map of a portion of the Alaskan coast to show the adjustments in level during the earthquake of 1899 (after Tarr and Martin).]

=The earth blocks adjusted during the Alaskan earthquake of 1899.=—For a study of the adjustments which take place between neighboring earth blocks during a great earthquake, the recent Alaskan disturbance has offered the advantage that the most affected district was upon the seacoast, where changes of level could be referred to the datum of the sea's surface. Here a great island and large sections of the neighboring shore underwent movements both as a whole in large blocks and in adjustments of their subordinate parts among themselves (Fig. 72). Some sections of the coast were here elevated by as much as 47 feet, while neighboring sections were uplifted by smaller amounts (Fig. 73), and certain smaller sections were even dropped below the level of the sea.

[Illustration:

FIG. 73.—View on Haencke Island, Disenchantment Bay, Alaska, revealing the shore that rose seventeen feet above the sea during the earthquake of 1899, and was found with barnacles still clinging to the rock (after Tarr and Martin).]

The amount of such subsidence is, however, difficult to ascertain, for the reason that the former shore features are now covered with water and thus removed from observation. In favorable localities the minimum amount of submergence may sometimes be measured upon forest trees which are now flooded with sea water. In Fig. 74 a portion of the coast is represented where the beach sand is now extended back into the spruce forest, a distance of a hundred feet or more, and where sedgy beach grass is growing among trees whose roots are now laved in salt water. At the front of this forest the great storm waves overturn the trees and pile the wreckage in front of those that still remain standing.

[Illustration:

FIG. 74.—Partially submerged forest upon the shore of Knight Island, Alaska, due to the sinking of a section of the coast during the earthquake of 1899 (after Tarr and Martin).]

[Illustration:

FIG. 75.—Settlement of a section of the shore at Port Royal, Jamaica, during the earthquake of January 14, 1907, adjacent to a similar but larger settlement of the near shore during the earthquake of 1692 (after a photograph by Brown).]

Upon the glaciated rock surfaces of the Alaskan coast, exceptionally favorable opportunities are found for study of the intricate pattern of the earth mosaic which is under adjustment at the time of an earthquake. Upon Gannett Nunatak the surface was found divided by parallel faults into distinct slices which individually underwent small changes of level (plate 3 B).

EXERCISE AND RE-CREATION

Project Gutenberg's *Encyclopedia of Diet, Vol. 5 (of 5)*, by Eugene Christian

PROGRAM FOR DAILY EXERCISE

Every morning, just after arising, take a cup of water, and go through the following deep breathing exercises:

EXERCISE No. 1

[Illustration]

Stand erect, feet about 30 inches apart, extend arms above head, clasping hands and holding elbows rigid, inhale deeply. Bend toward the left and try to touch the floor with the clasped hands as far from the foot and to the rear as possible. Exhale while returning to position. Inhale deeply, reversing motion to the right. This movement should be repeated about 24 times.

EXERCISE No. 2

[Illustration]

Rest the body upon tips of toes and the palms of the hands. Move the body up and down as far as possible, bending only at the waist line. If this position is too strenuous the tension can be reduced by resting on the elbows, knees, or both, while executing the movement. Inhale deeply while taking this exercise, and exhaust the breath suddenly, as if coughing, with the downward motion. This movement should be repeated about 12 times.

EXERCISE No. 3

[Illustration]

Rest the hands on the rim of a bathtub or on two chairs placed about 2 feet apart. Assume position shown by cut. Lower the body until chest touches the knee; rise, bringing the other knee under the chest, repeating the movement. Execute this movement rapidly as if running, rising first on one foot and then on the other, from 50 to 100 times.

If sufficiently strong, this can be taken without support for the hands. This exercise is especially recommended for those suffering from constipation.

Every evening, just before retiring, take a glass of water and go through the following movements and deep breathing exercises:

EXERCISE No. 3.--Same as in the morning.

[Illustration]

EXERCISE No. 4

Stand erect, feet about 30 inches apart, inhale deeply and strike a blow toward the left with the right fist, passing the left fist behind the back. Alternate this movement, striking toward the right with the left fist, giving the body a swinging and twisting movement.

EXERCISE No. 5

[Illustration]

Stand erect, feet about 30 inches apart, hands clasped over head, elbows rigid, inhale deeply. Bend toward the left, describe a complete circle with the clasped hands. Exhale when erect. Reverse, describing a circle in the opposite direction completes the movement.

LESSON XXIII

EXERCISE AND RE-CREATION

EXERCISE

[Sidenote: Civilization prevents the play instinct]

The child from the time it begins to walk until it is ten or twelve years old, or until the pressing hand of necessity forces upon it the power of restraining duty, will in a great measure obey the play instinct or the natural laws of exercise. However, our complex industrial organism forces most of us into its vortex at the very time we are beginning to change the body from the youth to the adult, and the responsibilities with which we are laden, the struggles we carry on, prevent the majority from giving attention to and maintaining a system of development exercises which is so vitally important, and which would provide a great store-house of energy to be drawn upon in after years. Inasmuch, therefore, as the conditions under which we exist prevent the free play of our instincts, and the exercise of our natural desire for certain kinds of play or motion, it becomes necessary for us to devise a method of overcoming the repressing influences that crush out the play

instinct of civilized man.

CONSTRUCTIVE EXERCISES

[Sidenote: Constructive period of life from ages 15 to 25]

Constructive exercises should be taken and practised regularly between the ages fifteen and twenty-five. It is largely during this period that the physical condition of the body for the balance of life is determined.

[Sidenote: Poisoning and purifying the blood]

Many a college youth, endowed by Nature with a sound physical body and a healthy brain, has irreparably injured both by sitting on the end of his spine with his feet higher than his head, poisoning his blood with tobacco narcotics from a stylish pipe and failing to keep it purified by obeying the laws of motion and of oxidation. Constructive exercises should employ every muscle in the body long enough once in every twenty-four hours to generate sufficient heat to cause perspiration, or at least to force twice the normal quantity of blood to the lungs for purification. Exercise thus taken up to the point of fatigue, and of sufficient duration to use all the nutrition taken in the form of food, will, under favorable conditions, build the body to its highest degree of physical strength, provided we keep Nature supplied with the right kind of material (food) with which to do her work.

EXERCISE FOR REPAIR

[Sidenote: In mature life exercise only for repair]

After the body has reached maturity, or attained its full growth, the only exercise needed is for repair. This it must have or Nature will inflict her inexorable sentence in some form of congestion.

[Sidenote: Why the "trunk" requires exercise]

In various industrial and professional pursuits the legs, neck, and arms are used enough to keep them in a fair state of repair. That part of the body, therefore, that suffers most for want of motion, or exercise, is the trunk. In this part of the anatomy are located the vital organs controlling not only the circulation and the oxidation of blood, but also those organs upon whose normal action depend solely the questions of digestion, assimilation of food, and elimination of waste.

[Sidenote: If properly nourished the body will demand a certain amount of exercise]

If the food is selected, combined, and proportioned so as to produce chemical harmony in the stomach, and to meet the requirements of age, temperature of environment, and work, the body will be kept sufficiently charged with energy to demand a certain amount of exercise. If the command is obeyed the body can be trained to work automatically, as it were, but where the vocation is sedative, or prevents obedience to these demands, the trunk should be exercised in the open air from thirty to forty minutes daily by flexing, tensing, twisting and bending in every possible way, long enough and rapidly enough to double the normal heart

action and inhalations of air.

PHYSIOLOGY OF EXERCISE

[Sidenote: Necessity of motion for body development]

By motion (exercise) the muscles are stimulated in growth, becoming larger and more firm, thus giving strength and symmetry to the body. Food, without proper motion, will not develop muscular tissue to its highest degree. Exercise must be taken to stimulate the growth of the tissues forming the muscle-cells.

Among the benefits derived from exercise, the following may be noted:

[Sidenote: Growth produced by exercise]

First: Surplus nitrogen is usually cast from the body as waste matter when it is not deposited as muscle tissue by proper exercise. If the diet is balanced, regular exercise will add this nitrogenous substance to the muscle-cells far beyond normal growth, thus causing an actual increase in the size and the number of fibres.

[Sidenote: Brain and nerve force increased]

Second: A second benefit derived from muscle activity is the consequent change that occurs in brain and in nerve activity. There are certain cells in the brain and in the nervous system which control the movements of the muscles. When these cells are not used, they degenerate, but their use in exercise is not only beneficial in developing a well-rounded nervous mechanism, but also in strengthening the brain-cells that are used in intellectual work.

[Sidenote: Blood circulation increased]

Third: A third and perhaps most important of all the benefits to be derived from exercise is the general increase in the circulation of the blood. The muscles form a larger proportion of the body-weight than any other group of organs. When general exercise involving the larger muscles is participated in, the demand for food material in this particular muscular tissue is so great as to cause a notable increase in the strength and in the rapidity of the heart beat, and consequent deep breathing. This acceleration of the circulation continues long after the exercise has ceased, thus replenishing and building up the muscles. As a result of the better circulation of the blood, all organs receive an increased blood-supply, and every part of the body shares in the general improvement. This explains why one can do better brain work, or digest food with greater ease after taking moderate exercise.

[Sidenote: Evil effect of long-continued exercise]

Exercise is constructive up to the point of fatigue, but beyond that point it is destructive. The waste products of all cell-metabolism are harmful and poisonous. When exercise is long continued, the waste matter accumulating therefrom weakens or poisons the cells that secrete them.

[Sidenote: Different forms of exhaustion]

The products of cell-metabolism are of two classes, and each class has

different effects. The first is due to oxidation. A runner, who falls exhausted from shortness of breath, has simply been suffocated by the excess of carbon dioxid in his muscles. After the breath is regained, or, in other words, after the body has had time to throw off the carbon dioxid, the runner is in nearly as good condition as before. A more lasting and serious form of exhaustion is due to the accumulation of nitrogenous decomposition products, which, not being in a gaseous form, cannot be thrown off from the lungs, and hence are not as rapidly or as easily removed from the tissues. The presence in the tissue of these waste-products is the cause of extreme weakness and fatigue.

[Sidenote: The causes of soreness or stiffness of the muscles]

The well-trained muscles contain only healthy protoplasm, and give off but a small percentage of nitrogenous decomposition products. Let the well-fed person who takes but little exercise, run half a mile, or play a simple game of ball, and the following day the muscles will be stiff and sore; this unusual exertion has caused the breaking down of much loosely organized tissue which could have been made firm and healthy by daily muscular activity.

[Sidenote: Why vegetarians have more endurance than meat eaters]

Those subsisting upon a low nitrogenous diet, especially vegetarians, are affected much less by fatigue than meat eaters whose muscles contain larger quantities of unnecessary nitrogen and nitrogenous decomposition matter.

[Sidenote: The diet governs the production and the accumulation of body-waste]

The common laws of health demand that sufficient motion be taken every day to prevent the accumulation of carbon dioxid or waste matter throughout the body. Both the production and the accumulation of waste matter depend very largely upon the diet. All animal flesh (food) is undergoing gradual decomposition, and adds its waste matter to that of the body, therefore meat eaters require a much greater amount of exercise to maintain a given standard of blood-purity than do vegetarians.

SYSTEMS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

Numerous schools of physical culture and artificial methods of exercise have flourished in all civilized countries within the past few years. This fact emphasizes the pressing need for a general change in our methods of living.

The various systems of indoor exercise popularly taught are at the best weak substitutes for the more natural and wholesome forms of combined exercise and re-creation found in outdoor life and outdoor sport. Some of the methods referred to are as follows:

[Sidenote: Tensing]

Tensing, which consists of slow movements in which opposite muscles are made to pull against each other. The student can easily grasp the principle involved in this system, and from his own ingenuity extend it as fully as he desires.

[Sidenote: Vibratory exercises]

Vibratory exercises, which are somewhat similar to the tensing system; however, instead of slow movements, the arms or other portions of the body are moved with a rapidly vibrating motion. The effect produced is essentially the same as in the tensing system.

[Sidenote: Heavy-weight exercises]

Heavy-weight exercises, consisting in the use of heavy dumb-bells or other apparatus in which the actual physical pull exerted by the body in moving the weights is sufficient to try the muscles to their maximum capacity. This system of exercise should be discouraged; while it may add to the mere lifting strength, it takes from the muscles their flexibility, and from the body its agile and supple activity.

[Sidenote: Indoor exercises]

Indoor exercise with light apparatus such as wooden dumb-bells, Indian clubs, wands, Swedish and Delsartic movements. These forms of exercise, which compose most physical culture drills, as given in schools and gymnasiums, are to be highly recommended. For adults, however, such exercises require considerable indulgence in order to gain much physical benefit therefrom.

[Sidenote: Exercise for school children]

[Sidenote: Dancing as an exercise]

Exercises of this nature are especially well adapted to school children. They depend upon the rhythm of the music, the good fellowship of their companions, and the pride of keeping up with the class to make them interesting. For this reason they are not suitable to the individual who must exercise alone in his room. Dancing can well be considered in this class, and could be highly recommended as an important exercise and re-creation, were it not so frequently associated with loss of sleep and other forms of intemperance.

[Sidenote: Importance of outdoor exercise]

[Sidenote: Exercise for the city dweller]

All of the above systems are not only at the best imperfect, but poor substitutes for natural exercise, and not likely to be kept up by the ordinary sedative worker. Every individual should, so far as possible, indulge in some form of outdoor exercise, which gives all the advantages of the indoor systems, together with the added advantages of fresh air, mental pleasure, long range of vision, and the general exhilaration that comes from close contact with nature. However, for the city man outdoor exercises are too difficult to be practised with sufficient regularity to bring the desired results; therefore, it is best to adopt some definite daily program of vigorous muscular exercise which will keep the body in fair physical condition. Exercises of this kind should be made a regular daily habit, and though at times a little tiresome, can, by practise, be made to become the expected thing, so that the day will not seem complete until the daily exercises have been taken.

[Sidenote: Exercises giving the best results]

From long experience I have found that the following exercises give the greatest benefits with the least expenditure of time and labor. They are all especially designed to promote healthy action of the vital and the abdominal organs which are so much neglected by the average person.

PROGRAM FOR DAILY EXERCISE

Every morning, just after rising, and every night, just before retiring, take a glass or two of pure cool water and execute vigorously the following movements:

EXERCISE NO. 1

EXERCISE No. 1--Stand erect, feet about thirty inches apart. Extend arms above head; clasp the hands; hold elbows rigid, and inhale deeply. Bend toward the left and try to touch the floor with the clasped hands, as far from the foot, and as far to the rear as possible. Exhale while returning to position. Inhale deeply, reversing motion to the right. This movement should be repeated from 25 to 50 times.

EXERCISE NO. 2

EXERCISE NO. 2--Rest upon the tips of the toes and the palms of the hands. Move the body up and down as far as possible, bending only at the waist line. If the movement is too difficult in this position, the tension may be reduced by resting on the elbows, or on the knees, or on both. Inhale deeply, and exhaust the breath suddenly as if coughing, with the downward motion. This movement should be repeated from 20 to 30 times.

EXERCISE NO. 3

EXERCISE NO. 3--Rest the hands on the rim of a bathtub, or on two chairs placed about two feet apart. Assume position shown in cut. Lower the body until the chest touches the right knee; rise, and lower the body until the chest touches the left knee. Execute this movement rapidly as if running, rising first on one foot and then on the other, swinging the body from side to side with each step or movement.

This exercise is especially recommended for those suffering from torpidity of the liver, or from constipation. It should be executed from 100 to 500 times.

EXERCISE NO. 4

EXERCISE NO. 4--Stand erect, feet about thirty inches apart. Inhale deeply, and strike a blow toward the left with the right fist, passing the left fist behind the back. Alternate this movement, striking toward the right with the left fist, giving the body a swinging and twisting movement.

EXERCISE NO. 5

EXERCISE NO. 5--Stand erect, feet about thirty inches apart, hands clasped overhead, elbows rigid; inhale deeply. Bend toward the left, describing a complete circle with the clasped hands. Exhale when erect. Reverse; describing a circle in the opposite direction completes the movement. This exercise should be executed from 25 to 50 times.

RE-CREATION

[Sidenote: Idleness contrary to natural law]

[Sidenote: Exercise necessary for assimilation and elimination]

The small boy who described work as "anything you don't want to do," and play as "anything you do want to do," had in his mind the fragment of a great truth. True re-creation should afford DIVERSION, ENTERTAINMENT, and WORK. The average business man who is threatened with a breakdown, and who goes away for a rest, should in reality go to work, but it should be a different kind of work from his routine duties. No one was ever benefited by idleness; it is contrary to nature--contrary to the universal laws of construction which govern all forms of life. If digestion and assimilation have been impaired, if, from errors in eating, or from sedative habits, congestion has taken place in the alimentary tract, then muscular work becomes absolutely necessary in order to use more nutrition, to eliminate more poison and waste, and to increase and normalize the peristaltic activity of the intestinal tract.

[Sidenote: Hunting and fishing]

The business man who likes to hunt and to kill innocent animals; who runs, walks, and thinks, and perspires in the effort, is taking a good kind of re-creation--perhaps the best he knows; but the fat man who sits in a boat all day and catches fish that he cannot use, or slays a cart-load of ducks that he has deceived with a decoy, has received neither benefit nor re-creation; he has only yielded to his primeval instincts to secure his food by slaughter and has been merely entertained--probably debased.

[Sidenote: True re-creation]

[Sidenote: Worthless objects for which men struggle]

True re-creation for the mental worker is manual work--labor in the open air that requires but little thought. Every business man who values the sacred heritage of health, should provide himself with a place where he can go one day out of each week and chop wood, prepare soil, plant or harvest something, get close to Mother Nature, and receive the blessings of her life-giving sun by day, and rest in her open arms at night. Men are but big children, and, like the child who cries and reaches for the bubble because it reflects the prismatic colors of the sun, most of the things for which they struggle are equally as worthless and deceptive.

[Sidenote: The triad of all that is best in life]

Mental supremacy, which means the keenest sense of love, justice, and mercy, that great triad of all that is best in man, is all that really pays. If, at the close of every life, the question, "What has brought most happiness?" could be answered, it would be, "THE GRATITUDE OF MY

FELLOW MEN." The average business pursuit is not conducive to this end. It is unfortunate that commercial and financial success are too often secured by methods that produce just the opposite results, therefore the whole life-work of the average man is really reduced to no higher object than that of securing food and shelter, which is the primitive occupation of the lowest forms of life.

[Sidenote: Rest in solitude]

One day in the week spent close to the soil with gentle cows and horses, affectionate cats and admiring dogs that have no "axe to grind," and one night every week spent in thought and reflection under the wilderness of worlds that whirl through the abyss of space, will sharpen the senses of love, justice, and mercy, give true diversion, true entertainment, true work, and true rest.

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Cassell's Vegetarian Cookery*, by A. G. Payne

ENDIVE SOUP, OR PUREE.--Take half a dozen endives that are white in the centre, and wash them very thoroughly in salt and water, as they are apt to contain insects. Next throw. them into boiling water, and let them boil for a quarter of an hour. Then take them out and throw them into cold water. Next take them out of the cold water and squeeze them in a cloth so as to extract all the moisture. Then cut off the root of each endive, chop up all the white leaves, and place them in a stew-pan with about two ounces of butter. Add half a grated nutmeg, a brimming teaspoonful of powdered white sugar, and a little pepper and salt. Stir them over the fire with a wooden spoon, and take care they don't burn or turn colour. Next add sufficient milk to moisten them, and let them simmer gently till they are tender; then rub the whole through a wire sieve, add a little piece of butter, and serve with fried or toasted bread.

EGGS, FRIED.--The first point is to have a clean frying-pan, which is an article of kitchen furniture very rarely indeed met with in this country. For frying eggs, and for making omelets, it is essential that the frying-pan should never be used for other purposes.

If you think _your_ frying-pan is perfectly clean, warm it in front of the fire for half a minute, put a clean white cloth over the top of the finger, and then rub the inside of the frying-pan.

To fry eggs properly, very little butter will be required; a little olive-oil will answer the same purpose. If you have too much "fat," the white of the eggs are apt to develop into big bubbles or blisters. Another point is, you do not want too fierce a fire. Fry them very slowly. Some cooks will almost burn the bottom of the egg before the upper part is set. As soon as the white is set round the edge, you will often find the yolk not set at all, surrounded by a rim of semi-transparent "albumen." When this is the case, it is very often a good plan to take the frying-pan off the fire (we are presuming the stove is a shut-up one), and place it in the oven for a minute or so, leaving the oven door open. By this means the heat of the oven will set the upper part of the eggs, and there is no danger of the bottom part being burnt.

There is a great art in taking fried eggs out of a frying-pan and serving

them on a dish. Fried eggs, to look nice, should have the yolk in the centre, surrounded by a ring of white, perfectly round, rather more than an inch in breadth.

Take an egg-slice in the left hand, slide it under each egg separately, so that the yolk gets well into the middle of the slice. Now take a knife in the right hand and trim off the superfluous white. By this means you will be able to do it neatly. The part trimmed away is virtually refuse. Of course, you do not throw away more than is necessary, but take care that the white rim round the yolk is of uniform breadth. Most cooks take the egg out with their right hand, and attempt to trim it with the left; the result is about as neat as what would happen were you to attempt to write a letter with your left hand in a hurry.

Very often the appearance of fried eggs is improved by sprinkling over them a few specks of chopped parsley.

In placing fried eggs on toast, place the slice over the toast and draw the slice away. Do not push the egg on; you may break it.

EGGS, POACHED.--The best kitchen implement to use for poaching eggs is a good large frying-pan. The mistake is to let the water boil; it should only just simmer. You should avoid having the white of the egg set too hard. We should endeavour to have the eggs look as white as possible. In order to insure this, put a few drops of vinegar or lemon-juice into the water, break the eggs separately into a clip, and then turn them very gently into the hot water. When they are set fairly firm take them out with an egg-slice, using the left hand as before, and trim them with the right. It is not necessary, in poached eggs, to have a clear yolk surrounded with a white uniform ring. Poached eggs often look best when the yolk reposes in a sort of pillow-case of white. Before putting them on toast or spinach, &c., be very careful to drain off the water; this is particularly important when the water is acid, especially with vinegar.

EGGS, HARD-BOILED.--Place the eggs in cold water, bring the water to boiling point, and let them boil for ten minutes; if the hard-boiled eggs are wanted hot, put them in cold water for half a minute, in order that you may remove the shells without burning your fingers. If the eggs are required cold, it is best not to remove the shells till just before they are wanted; but if they have to be served cold, similar to what we meet with at railway refreshment-rooms, let them be served cold, _whole_. If you cut a hard-boiled egg the yolk very soon gets discoloured and brown round the edge, shrivels up, and becomes most unappetising in appearance.

EGGS, CURRIED.--Take some hard-boiled eggs, cut them in halves (remove the half-yolks), and cut them into rings. Place all these rings round the edge of the dish, and pile the white rings up to make a sort of border; pour some thick curry sauce in the middle, place the half-yolks at equal distances apart, on the white round the edge, and sprinkle a few specks of green parsley round the edge on the whites; this will give the dish a pretty appearance.

EGGS, DEVILLED.--Take, say, half a dozen eggs, boil them hard, remove the shells while hot, cut them in halves, scoop out the yolk, and cut a tiny piece off the bottom of each white cup, so that it will stand upright--a la

Columbus. Next take all the yolks, and put them in a basin, and pound them with a little butter till you get a thick squash; add some cayenne pepper, according to taste, a little white pepper, a little salt, and a few drops of chilli-vinegar or ordinary vinegar; you can also add a little finely chopped parsley--say a teaspoonful. Fill each cup with some of this mixture, and as there will be more than enough to fill them, owing to the butter, bring them to a point, like a cone. Devilled eggs are best served cold, in which case they look best placed on a silver or ordinary dish, the bottom of which is covered with green parsley; the white looks best on a green bed. Some cooks chop up the little bits of white cut off from the bottom of the cups, divide them into two portions, and colour one half pink by shaking them in a saucer with a few drops of cochineal. These white and pink specks are then sprinkled over the parsley.

N.B.--In an ordinary way devilled eggs require anchovy sauce to be mixed with the yolks, but anchovy sauce is not allowed in vegetarian cookery.

EGGS A LA BONNE FEMME.--Proceed exactly as in making devilled eggs, till you place the yolks in the basin; then add to these yolks, while hot, a little dissolved butter, and small pieces of chopped cold boiled carrot, turnip, celery, and beet-root; season with white pepper and salt, and mix well together. Add also a suspicion of nutmeg and a little lemon-juice. Fill the cups with this while the mixture is moist, as when the butter gets cold the mixture gets firm. If you use chopped beet-root as well as other vegetables, it is best to fill half the cups with half the mixture before any beetroot is added, then add the beet-root and stir the mixture well up and it will turn a bright red. Now fill the remaining half of the cups, and place them on the dish containing the parsley, alternately. The red contrasts prettily with the light yellowish white of the first half. Do not colour the white specks with cochineal, as this is a different shade of red from the beet-root. You can chop up the white and sprinkle it over the parsley with a little chopped beet-root as well.

EGGS AND GARLIC.--This is better adapted for an Italian than an English palate. Take half a dozen heads of garlic and fry them in a little butter in order to remove the rankness of flavour. Take them out and pound them in a mortar with rather more than a tablespoonful of oil; heat this on the fire in a stew-pan, after adding some pepper and salt. Beat up an egg, and stir this in with the oil and garlic till the mixture gets thick. Arrange some slices of hard-boiled eggs--four eggs would be sufficient--pour this mixture in the centre, and serve.

EGGS WITH MUSHROOMS.--Take half a pint of button mushrooms and, if fresh, peel them and throw them instantly into water made acid with lemon-juice, in order that they may not turn a bad colour. In the meantime slice up a good-sized Spanish onion, and fry the onion in a little butter. As soon as the onion is a little tender, chop up and add the mushrooms. Put all this into a stew-pan with a little butter sauce, or a little water can be added and then thickened with a little butter and flour. Let this simmer gently for nearly half an hour, add a little made mustard, pepper and salt and a dessertspoonful of vinegar. Before sending to table add half a dozen hard-boiled eggs; the whites should be cut into rings, and should be only put into the sauce long enough to get hot; the yolks should be kept separate, but must be warmed up in the sauce.

EGGS AND ONIONS.--Cut up a large Spanish onion in slices, and fry it in some butter till it is a light brown and tender, but do not let it burn; drain off the butter and put the fried onion on a dish; sprinkle some cayenne pepper and a little salt over the onions, and squeeze the juice of a whole lemon over them. Now poach some eggs and serve them on the top of the onion.

SALAD, ENGLISH, LETTUCE.--
The ordinary English salad is made either with
French or English lettuces, and is generally dressed as follows:--One or two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, a teaspoonful of made mustard, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, pepper, and salt. There are many people still living in remote parts of the country who prefer this style of dressing.

ENDIVE SALAD.--Endives come into season long before lettuces, and are much used abroad for making salads. The drawback to endive is that it is tough, and the simple remedy is to boil it. Take three or four white-heart endives, throw them into boiling water slightly salted. When they get tender take them out and instantly throw them into cold water, by which means you preserve their colour. When quite cold, take them out again, drain them, dry them thoroughly, and pull them to pieces with the fingers. Now place them in a salad-bowl, keeping the whitest part as much as possible at the top. Place some hard-boiled eggs round the edge, and sprinkle a little chopped blanched parsley over the white endive. You can, if you like, put a few spikes of red beet-root between the quarters of eggs.

It is a great improvement to rub the salad-bowl with a bead of garlic, or you can rub a crust of bread with a bead of garlic, and toss this lightly about in the salad when you mix it.

MEN NEED EDUCATION.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Maternity, Letters from Working-Women, by Various

My own experience in child-bearing was rather abnormal because I had them late in life. Consequently, I suffered more than usual because the bones were set and do not easily adapt themselves to changed conditions. Extreme sickness from first to last, and during last months much pain and much discomfort. My two first were lost from malnutrition because I could not retain my food. In loss of strength the miscarriage cost me most, and because of the falling of the womb--a trouble which was not cured till I had a living child. I was not ignorant, and took every care, so that I can conceive any mother’s life being a dreadful thing if she was neglected under such circumstances.

My husband’s wages was very unsettled, never exceeded 30s., and was often below the sum. I earned a little all the time by sewing. Did all housework, washing, baking, and made all our clothes. But no amount of State help can help the suffering of mothers until men are taught many things in regard to the right use of the organs of reproduction,

and until he realises that the wife’s body belongs to herself, and until the marriage relations takes a higher sense of morality and bare justice. And what I imply not only exists in the lower strata of society, but is just as prevalent in the higher. So it’s men who need to be educated most. The sacred office of parenthood has not yet dawned on the majority. Very much injury and suffering comes to the mother and child through the father’s ignorance and interference. Pain of body and mind, which leaves its mark in many ways on the child. No animal will submit to this: why should the woman? Why, simply because of the Marriage Laws of the woman belonging to the man, to have and to own, etc.

Wages 30s.; three children, two miscarriages.

"EFFECTIVE HOUSE ORGANS"

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Love Conquers All*, by Robert C. Benchley

To the hurrying commuter as he waits for his two cents change at the news stand it looks as if all the periodicals in the United States were on display there, none of which he ever has quite time enough to buy. It seems incredible that there should be presses enough in the country to print all the matter that he sees hanging from wires, piled on the counter and dangling from clips over the edge, to say nothing of his conceiving of there being other periodicals in circulation which he never even hears about. But any one knowing the commuter well enough to call him "dearie" might tell him in slightly worn vernacular that he doesn't know the half of it.

One cannot get a true idea of the amount of sideline printing that is done in this country without reading "Effective House Organs," written by Robert E. Ramsay. The mass effect of this book is appalling. Page after page of clear-cut illustrations show reproductions of hundreds and hundreds of house-organ covers and give the reader a hopeless sensation of going down for the third time. Such names as "Gas Logic," "Crane-ing," "Hidden's Hints," "The Y. and E. Idea," "Vim," "Tick Talk" and "The Smileage" show that Yankee ingenuity has invaded the publishing field, which means that the literature of business is on its way to becoming the literature of the land.

For those who are so illiterate as not to be familiar with the literature of business, I quote a definition of the word "house organ":

"A house magazine or bulletin to dealers, customers or employees, designed to promote goodwill, increase sales, induce better salesmanship or develop better profits."

* * * * *

In spite of Mr. Ramsay's exceedingly thorough treatment of his subject, there is one type of house organ to which he devotes much too little space. This is the so-called "employee or internal house organ" and is designed to keep the help happy and contented with their lot and to spur them on to extra effort in making it a banner year for the stockholders. The possibilities of this sort of house organ in the solution of the problem of industrial unrest are limitless.

Publications for light reading among employees are usually called by such titles as "Diblee Doings," "Tinkham Topics," "The Mooney and Carmiechal Machine Lather" or "Better Belting News."

First of all, they carry news notes of happenings among the employees, so that a real spirit of cooperation and team-play may be fostered. These news notes include such as the following:

"Eddie Lingard of the Screen Room force, was observed last Saturday evening between the mystic hours of six-thirty with a certain party from the Shipping Room, said party in a tan knit sweater, on their way to Ollie's. Come, 'fess up, Eddie!"

"Everyone is wondering who the person is who put chocolate peppermints in some of the girls' pockets while they were hanging in the Girls' Rest Room Thursday afternoon, it being so hot that they melted and practically ruined some of their clothing. Some folks have a funny sense of humor."

* * * * *

Then there are excerpts from speeches made by the Rev. Charles Aubrey Eaton and young Mr. Rockefeller or by the President and Treasurer of the Diamond Motor Sales Corporation, saying, in part:

"The man who makes good in any line of work is the man who gives the best there is in him. He doesn't watch the clock. He doesn't kick when he fails to get that raise that he may have expected. He just digs into the job harder and makes the dust fly. And when some one comes along waving a red flag and tries to make him stop work and strike for more money, he turns on the agitator and says: 'You get the h---- out of here. I know my job better than you do. I know my boss better than you do, and I know that he is going to give me the square deal just as soon as he can see his way clear to do it. And in the mean time I am going to WORK!'

"That is the kind of man who makes good."

* * * * *

And then there are efficiency contests, with the force divided into teams trying to see which one can wrap the most containers or stamp the largest number of covers in the week. The winning team gets a felt banner and their names are printed in full in that week's issue of "Pep" or "Nosey News."

And biographies of employees who have been with the company for more than fifty years, with photographs, and a little notice written by the Superintendent saying that this will show the company's appreciation of Mr. Gomble's loyal and unswerving allegiance to his duty, implying that any one else who does his duty for fifty years will also get his picture in the paper and a notice by the Superintendent.

It will easily be seen how this sort of house organ can be made to promote good feeling and esprit de corps among the help. If only more concerns could be prevailed upon to bring this message of weekly or monthly good cheer to their employees, who knows but what the whole caldron of industrial unrest might not suddenly simmer down to mere nothingness? It has been said that all that is necessary is for capital

and labor to understand each other. Certainly such a house organ helps the employees to understand their employers.

Perhaps some one will start a house organ edited by the employees for circulation among the bosses, containing newsy notes about the owners' families, quotations from Karl Marx and the results of the profit-sharing contest between the various mills of the district.

This would complete the circle of understanding.

England

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *My Reminiscences*, by Rabindranath Tagore

After six months thus spent in Ahmedabad we started for England. In an unlucky moment I began to write letters about my journey to my relatives and to the _Bharati_. Now it is beyond my power to call them back. These were nothing but the outcome of youthful bravado. At that age the mind refuses to admit that its greatest pride is in its power to understand, to accept, to respect; and that modesty is the best means of enlarging its domain. Admiration and praise are looked upon as a sign of weakness or surrender, and the desire to cry down and hurt and demolish with argument gives rise to this kind of intellectual fireworks. These attempts of mine to establish my superiority by revilement might have occasioned me amusement to-day, had not their want of straightness and common courtesy been too painful.

From my earliest years I had had practically no commerce with the outside world. To be plunged in this state, at the age of 17, into the midst of the social sea of England would have justified considerable misgiving as to my being able to keep afloat. But as my sister-in-law happened to be in Brighton with her children I weathered the first shock of it under her shelter.

Winter was then approaching. One evening as we were chatting round the fireside, the children came running to us with the exciting news that it had been snowing. We at once went out. It was bitingly cold, the sky filled with white moonlight, the earth covered with white snow. It was not the face of Nature familiar to me, but something quite different--like a dream. Everything near seemed to have receded far away, leaving the still white figure of an ascetic steeped in deep meditation. The sudden revelation, on the mere stepping outside a door, of such wonderful, such immense beauty had never before come upon me.

My days passed merrily under the affectionate care of my sister-in-law and in boisterous rompings with the children. They were greatly tickled at my curious English pronunciation, and though in the rest of their games I could whole-heartedly join, this I failed to see the fun of. How could I explain to them that there was no logical means of distinguishing between the sound of _a_ in warm and _o_ in worm. Unlucky that I was, I had to bear the brunt of the ridicule which was more properly the due of the vagaries of English spelling.

I became quite an adept in inventing new ways of keeping the children

occupied and amused. This art has stood me in good stead many a time thereafter, and its usefulness for me is not yet over. But I no longer feel in myself the same unbounded profusion of ready contrivance. That was the first opportunity I had for giving my heart to children, and it had all the freshness and overflowing exuberance of such a first gift.

But I had not set out on this journey to exchange a home beyond the seas for the one on this side. The idea was that I should study Law and come back a barrister. So one day I was put into a public school in Brighton. The first thing the Headmaster said after scanning my features was: "What a splendid head you have!" This detail lingers in my memory because she, who at home was an enthusiast in her self-imposed duty of keeping my vanity in check, had impressed on me that my cranium[41] and features generally, compared with that of many another were barely of a medium order. I hope the reader will not fail to count it to my credit that I implicitly believed her, and inwardly deplored the parsimony of the Creator in the matter of my making. On many another occasion, finding myself estimated by my English acquaintances differently from what I had been accustomed to be by her, I was led to seriously worry my mind over the divergence in the standard of taste between the two countries!

One thing in the Brighton school seemed very wonderful: the other boys were not at all rude to me. On the contrary they would often thrust oranges and apples into my pockets and run away. I can only ascribe this uncommon behaviour of theirs to my being a foreigner.

I was not long in this school either--but that was no fault of the school. Mr. Tarak Palit[42] was then in England. He could see that this was not the way for me to get on, and prevailed upon my brother to allow him to take me to London, and leave me there to myself in a lodging house. The lodgings selected faced the Regent Gardens. It was then the depth of winter. There was not a leaf on the row of trees in front which stood staring at the sky with their scraggy snow-covered branches--a sight which chilled my very bones.

For the newly arrived stranger there can hardly be a more cruel place than London in winter. I knew no one near by, nor could I find my way about. The days of sitting alone at a window, gazing at the outside world, came back into my life. But the scene in this case was not attractive. There was a frown on its countenance; the sky turbid; the light lacking lustre like a dead man's eye; the horizon shrunk upon itself; with never an inviting smile from a broad hospitable world. The room was but scantily furnished, but there happened to be a harmonium which, after the daylight came to its untimely end, I used to play upon according to my fancy. Sometimes Indians would come to see me; and, though my acquaintance with them was but slight, when they rose to leave I felt inclined to hold them back by their coat-tails.

While living in these rooms there was one who came to teach me Latin. His gaunt figure with its worn-out clothing seemed no more able than the naked trees to withstand the winter's grip. I do not know what his age was but he clearly looked older than his years. Some days in the course of our lessons he would suddenly be at a loss for some word and look vacant and ashamed. His people at home counted him a crank. He had become possessed of a theory. He believed that in each age some one dominant idea is manifested in every human society in all parts of the world; and though it may take different shapes under different degrees of civilisation, it is at bottom one and the same; nor is such idea

taken from one by another by any process of adoption, for this truth holds good even where there is no intercourse. His great preoccupation was the gathering and recording of facts to prove this theory. And while so engaged his home lacked food, his body clothes. His daughters had but scant respect for his theory and were perhaps constantly upbraiding him for his infatuation. Some days one could see from his face that he had lighted upon some new proof, and that his thesis had correspondingly advanced. On these occasions I would broach the subject, and wax enthusiastic at his enthusiasm. On other days he would be steeped in gloom, as if his burden was too heavy to bear. Then would our lessons halt at every step; his eyes wander away into empty space; and his mind refuse to be dragged into the pages of the first Latin Grammar. I felt keenly for the poor body-starved theory-burdened soul, and though I was under no delusion as to the assistance I got in my Latin, I could not make up my mind to get rid of him. This pretence of learning Latin lasted as long as I was at these lodgings. When on the eve of leaving them I offered to settle his dues he said piteously: "I have done nothing, and only wasted your time, I cannot accept any payment from you." It was with great difficulty that I got him at last to take his fees.

Though my Latin tutor had never ventured to trouble me with the proofs of his theory, yet up to this day I do not disbelieve it. I am convinced that the minds of men are connected through some deep-lying continuous medium, and that a disturbance in one part is by it secretly communicated to others.

Mr. Palit next placed me in the house of a coach named Barker. He used to lodge and prepare students for their examinations. Except his mild little wife there was not a thing with any pretensions to attractiveness about this household. One can understand how such a tutor can get pupils, for these poor creatures do not often get the chance of making a choice. But it is painful to think of the conditions under which such men get wives. Mrs. Barker had attempted to console herself with a pet dog, but when Barker wanted to punish his wife he tortured the dog. So that her affection for the unfortunate animal only made for an enlargement of her field of sensibility.

From these surroundings, when my sister-in-law sent for me to Torquay in Devonshire, I was only too glad to run off to her. I cannot tell how happy I was with the hills there, the sea, the flower-covered meadows, the shade of the pine woods, and my two little restlessly playful companions. I was nevertheless sometimes tormented with questionings as to why, when my eyes were so surfeited with beauty, my mind saturated with joy, and my leisure-filled days crossing over the limitless blue of space freighted with unalloyed happiness, there should be no call of poetry to me. So one day off I went along the rocky shore, armed with MS. book and umbrella, to fulfil my poet's destiny. The spot I selected was of undoubted beauty, for that did not depend on my rhyme or fancy. There was a flat bit of overhanging rock reaching out as with a perpetual eagerness over the waters; rocked on the foam-flecked waves of the liquid blue in front, the sunny sky slept smilingly to its lullaby; behind, the shade of the fringe of pines lay spread like the slipped off garment of some languorous wood nymph. Enthroned on that seat of stone I wrote a poem _Magnatari_ (the sunken boat). I might have believed to-day that it was good, had I taken the precaution of sinking it then in the sea. But such consolation is not open to me, for it happens to be existing in the body; and though banished from my published works, a writ might yet cause it to be produced.

The messenger of duty however was not idle. Again came its call and I returned to London. This time I found a refuge in the household of Dr. Scott. One fine evening with bag and baggage I invaded his home. Only the white haired Doctor, his wife and their eldest daughter were there. The two younger girls, alarmed at this incursion of an Indian stranger had gone off to stay with a relative. I think they came back home only after they got the news of my not being dangerous.

In a very short time I became like one of the family. Mrs. Scott treated me as a son, and the heartfelt kindness I got from her daughters is rare even from one's own relations.

One thing struck me when living in this family--that human nature is everywhere the same. We are fond of saying, and I also believed, that the devotion of an Indian wife to her husband is something unique, and not to be found in Europe. But I at least was unable to discern any difference between Mrs. Scott and an ideal Indian wife. She was entirely wrapped up in her husband. With their modest means there was no fussing about of too many servants, and Mrs. Scott attended to every detail of her husband's wants herself. Before he came back home from his work of an evening, she would arrange his arm-chair and woollen slippers before the fire with her own hands. She would never allow herself to forget for a moment the things he liked, or the behaviour which pleased him. She would go over the house every morning, with their only maid, from attic to kitchen, and the brass rods on the stairs and the door knobs and fittings would be scrubbed and polished till they shone again. Over and above this domestic routine there were the many calls of social duty. After getting through all her daily duties she would join with zest in our evening readings and music, for it is not the least of the duties of a good housewife to make real the gaiety of the leisure hour.

Some evenings I would join the girls in a table-turning seance. We would place our fingers on a small tea table and it would go capering about the room. It got to be so that whatever we touched began to quake and quiver. Mrs. Scott did not quite like all this. She would sometimes gravely shake her head and say she had her doubts about its being right. She bore it bravely, however, not liking to put a damper on our youthful spirits. But one day when we put our hands on Dr. Scott's chimneypot to make it turn, that was too much for her. She rushed up in a great state of mind and forbade us to touch it. She could not bear the idea of Satan having anything to do, even for a moment, with her husband's head-gear.

In all her actions her reverence for her husband was the one thing that stood out. The memory of her sweet self-abnegation makes it clear to me that the ultimate perfection of all womanly love is to be found in reverence; that where no extraneous cause has hampered its true development woman's love naturally grows into worship. Where the appointments of luxury are in profusion, and frivolity tarnishes both day and night, this love is degraded, and woman's nature finds not the joy of its perfection.

I spent some months here. Then it was time for my brother to return home, and my father wrote to me to accompany him. I was delighted at the prospect. The light of my country, the sky of my country, had been silently calling me. When I said good bye Mrs. Scott took me by the hand and wept. "Why did you come to us," she said, "if you must go so soon?" That household no longer exists in London. Some of the members of the Doctor's family have departed to the other world, others are scattered

in places unknown to me. But it will always live in my memory.

One winter's day, as I was passing through a street in Tunbridge Wells, I saw a man standing on the road side. His bare toes were showing through his gaping boots, his breast was partly uncovered. He said nothing to me, perhaps because begging was forbidden, but he looked up at my face just for a moment. The coin I gave him was perhaps more valuable than he expected, for, after I had gone on a bit, he came after me and said: "Sir, you have given me a gold piece by mistake," with which he offered to return it to me. I might not have particularly remembered this, but for a similar thing which happened on another occasion. When I first reached the Torquay railway station a porter took my luggage to the cab outside. After searching my purse for small change in vain, I gave him half-a-crown as the cab started. After a while he came running after us, shouting to the cabman to stop. I thought to myself that finding me to be such an innocent he had hit upon some excuse for demanding more. As the cab stopped he said: "You must have mistaken a half-crown piece for a penny, Sir!"

I cannot say that I have never been cheated while in England, but not in any way which it would be fair to hold in remembrance. What grew chiefly upon me, rather, was the conviction that only those who are trustworthy know how to trust. I was an unknown foreigner, and could have easily evaded payment with impunity, yet no London shopkeeper ever mistrusted me.

During the whole period of my stay in England I was mixed up in a farcical comedy which I had to play out from start to finish. I happened to get acquainted with the widow of some departed high Anglo-Indian official. She was good enough to call me by the pet-name Ruby. Some Indian friend of hers had composed a doleful poem in English in memory of her husband. It is needless to expatiate on its poetic merit or felicity of diction. As my ill-luck would have it, the composer had indicated that the dirge was to be chanted to the mode _Behaga_. So the widow one day entreated me to sing it to her thus. Like the silly innocent that I was, I weakly acceded. There was unfortunately no one there but I who could realise the atrociously ludicrous way in which the _Behaga_ mode combined with those absurd verses. The widow seemed intensely touched to hear the Indian's lament for her husband sung to its native melody. I thought that there the matter ended, but that was not to be.

I frequently met the widowed lady at different social gatherings, and when after dinner we joined the ladies in the drawing room, she would ask me to sing that _Behaga_. Everyone else would anticipate some extraordinary specimen of Indian music and would add their entreaties to hers. Then from her pocket would come forth printed copies of that fateful composition, and my ears begin to redden and tingle. And at last, with bowed head and quavering voice I would have to make a beginning--but too keenly conscious that to none else in the room but me was this performance sufficiently heartrending. At the end, amidst much suppressed tittering, there would come a chorus of "Thank you very much!" "How interesting!" And in spite of its being winter I would perspire all over. Who would have predicted at my birth or at his death what a severe blow to me would be the demise of this estimable Anglo-Indian!

Then, for a time, while I was living with Dr. Scott and attending lectures at the University College, I lost touch with the widow. She was

in a suburban locality some distance away from London, and I frequently got letters from her inviting me there. But my dread of that dirge kept me from accepting these invitations. At length I got a pressing telegram from her. I was on my way to college when this telegram reached me and my stay in England was then about to come to its close. I thought to myself I ought to see the widow once more before my departure, and so yielded to her importunity.

Instead of coming home from college I went straight to the railway station. It was a horrible day, bitterly cold, snowing and foggy. The station I was bound for was the terminus of the line. So I felt quite easy in mind and did not think it worth while to inquire about the time of arrival.

All the station platforms were coming on the right hand side, and in the right hand corner seat I had ensconced myself reading a book. It had already become so dark that nothing was visible outside. One by one the other passengers got down at their destinations. We reached and left the station just before the last one. Then the train stopped again, but there was nobody to be seen, nor any lights or platform. The mere passenger has no means of divining why trains should sometimes stop at the wrong times and places, so, giving up the attempt, I went on with my reading. Then the train began to move backwards. There seems to be no accounting for railway eccentricity, thought I as I once more returned to my book. But when we came right back to the previous station, I could remain indifferent no longer. "When are we getting to ----" I inquired at the station. "You are just coming from there," was the reply. "Where are we going now, then?" I asked, thoroughly flurried. "To London." I thereupon understood that this was a shuttle train. On inquiring about the next train to ---- I was informed that there were no more trains that night. And in reply to my next question I gathered that there was no inn within five miles.

I had left home after breakfast at ten in the morning, and had had nothing since. When abstinence is the only choice, an ascetic frame of mind comes easy. I buttoned up my thick overcoat to the neck and seating myself under a platform lamp went on with my reading. The book I had with me was Spencer's _Data of Ethics_, then recently published. I consoled myself with the thought that I might never get another such opportunity of concentrating my whole attention on such a subject.

After a short time a porter came and informed me that a special was running and would be in in half an hour. I felt so cheered up by the news that I could not go on any longer with the _Data of Ethics_. Where I was due at seven I arrived at length at nine. "What is this, Ruby?" asked my hostess. "Whatever have you been doing with yourself?" I was unable to take much pride in the account of my wonderful adventures which I gave her. Dinner was over; nevertheless, as my misfortune was hardly my fault, I did not expect condign punishment, especially as the dispenser was a woman. But all that the widow of the high Anglo-Indian official said to me was: "Come along, Ruby, have a cup of tea."

I never was a tea-drinker, but in the hope that it might be of some assistance in allaying my consuming hunger I managed to swallow a cup of strong decoction with a couple of dry biscuits. When I at length reached the drawing room I found a gathering of elderly ladies and among them one pretty young American who was engaged to a nephew of my hostess and seemed busy going through the usual premarital love passages.

"Let's have some dancing," said my hostess. I was neither in the mood nor bodily condition for that exercise. But it is the docile who achieve the most impossible things in this world; so, though the dance was primarily got up for the benefit of the engaged couple, I had to dance with the ladies of considerably advanced age, with only the tea and biscuits between myself and starvation.

But my sorrows did not end here. "Where are you putting up for the night?" asked my hostess. This was a question for which I was not prepared. While I stared at her, speechless, she explained that as the local inn would close at midnight I had better betake myself thither without further delay. Hospitality, however, was not entirely wanting for I had not to find the inn unaided, a servant showing me the way there with a lantern. At first I thought this might prove a blessing in disguise, and at once proceeded to make inquiries for food: flesh, fish or vegetable, hot or cold, anything! I was told that drinks I could have in any variety but nothing to eat. Then I looked to slumber for forgetfulness, but there seemed to be no room even in her world-embracing lap. The sand-stone floor of the bed-room was icy cold, an old bedstead and worn-out wash-stand being its only furniture.

In the morning the Anglo-Indian widow sent for me to breakfast. I found a cold repast spread out, evidently the remnants of last night's dinner. A small portion of this, lukewarm or cold, offered to me last night could not have hurt anyone, while my dancing might then have been less like the agonised wrigglings of a landed carp.

After breakfast my hostess informed me that the lady for whose delectation I had been invited to sing was ill in bed, and that I would have to serenade her from her bed-room door. I was made to stand up on the staircase landing. Pointing to a closed door the widow said: "That's where she is." And I gave voice to that _Behaga_ dirge facing the mysterious unknown on the other side. Of what happened to the invalid as the result I have yet received no news.

After my return to London I had to expiate in bed the consequences of my fatuous complaisance. Dr. Scott's girls implored me, on my conscience, not to take this as a sample of English hospitality. It was the effect of India's salt, they protested.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR GREENFIELD,

Project Gutenberg's *Music and Some Highly Musical People*, by James M. Trotter

THE FAMOUS SONGSTRESS;

OFTEN CALLED

THE "BLACK SWAN."

"A damsel with a dulcimer
  In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid;
And on her dulcimer she played,
  Singing of Mount Abora."

COLERIDGE.

"Hovering swans....

Carol sounds harmonious."

CALLIMACHUS' _Hymn to Apollo_.

In giving a brief sketch of the life of the celebrated cantatrice, Miss Greenfield, the writer is somewhat embarrassed by the amount and richness of the materials at his command. For it would require far too much space to give all, or even a considerable portion, of the many press notices, criticisms, incidents, and the various items of interest, that are connected with her remarkable career; while to judiciously select from among the same a few, so that, while justice is done the subject, the interest of the reader may not be lessened, is far from being an easy task, albeit it is a pleasant one. I find, indeed, that the pages of the public journals fairly teemed with praises of the great prima donna, as she was frequently called by them. The musical world was startled, intensely delighted, electrified, by her notes of sweetest melody. Her magnificent voice, in its great range in both the upper and lower registers, was regarded as nothing short of wonderful. Those who at first were incredulous soon became convinced of this, and were fairly taken captive; while the always friendly ones, especially those with whom Miss Greenfield was most closely identified, felt the keenest pleasure and most unbounded pride in her great triumphs.

[Illustration: ELIZABETH TAYLOR GREENFIELD.]

All this was chronicled by the press, and formed the theme of constant conversation and correspondence. Many testimonials from persons in this country skilled in music and of fine general culture, as well as others from the Queen of England and several of the English nobility, were among her rich possessions, and were so great in number and so flattering in character as to have made hers almost, if indeed not altogether, an exceptional case.

These strong evidences of approval did not, however, make Miss Greenfield vain. The natural simplicity of her character remained unchanged. All the many exhibitions of great public and private admiration, and the praises that her performances constantly evoked, while of course affording her much pleasure, served mainly as impulses to newer and higher efforts in her chosen and beloved profession. Nor was her disposition less tried by the many difficulties that often formed in her pathway. Of these I need not speak here. But amidst them all this noble lady and artist was ever brave, patient, hopeful, ambitious in a certain sense, yet modest.

Fully aware of the magnificent quality of her voice, and of its phenomenal character; singing a higher and a lower note than either of her great contemporaries,--Parodi, Kate Hayes, and Jenny Lind,--she yet did not rest content, as most persons under the same circumstances would have done, with the enthusiastic plaudits elicited by her performances, but diligently applied herself to a scientific cultivation of a voice in natural power well-nigh marvellous, as well as to acquiring a scholarly knowledge of the principles of general music. In this commendable course she met with remarkable success,

considering the circumstances by which she was surrounded.

And now, quoting at times largely from her "Biography," I proceed to give the following sketch of the career of this remarkable queen of song.

Elizabeth Taylor Greenfield, better known perhaps by her musical sobriquet, the "Black Swan," was born in Natchez, Miss., in the year 1809. When but a year old she was brought to Philadelphia by an exemplary Quaker lady, by whom she was carefully reared. Between these two persons there ever existed the warm affection that is felt by mother and daughter. In the year 1844 this good lady died. In her will the subject of this sketch was remembered by a substantial legacy. The will, however, formed the subject of a long legal contest; and I believe Miss Greenfield never received the bequest.

Her family name was Taylor; but, in honor of her guardian, she took the latter's name,--Greenfield.

> "Previous to the death of this lady, Elizabeth had become distinguished in the limited circle in which she was known for her remarkable powers of voice. Its tender, thrilling tones often lightened the weight of age in one who was by her beloved as a mother.
>
> "By indomitable perseverance she surmounted difficulties almost invincible. At first she taught herself crude accompaniments to her songs, and, intuitively perceiving the agreement or disagreement of them, improvised and repeated, until there was heard floating upon the air a very 'lovely song of one that had a pleasant voice, and could play well upon a guitar.'
>
> "There dwelt in the neighborhood of Mrs. Greenfield a physician, humane and courteous; capable, too, of distinguishing and appreciating merit and genius, under whatever prejudices and disadvantages they were presented. His daughter, herself an amateur in the science of harmonious sounds, heard of Elizabeth's peculiar structure of mind. Miss Price invited her to her house. She listened with delighted surprise to her songs. She offered to accompany her upon the guitar. This was a concurrence of circumstances which formed the era of her life. Her pulses quickened as she stood and watched the fair Anglo-Saxon fingers of her young patroness run over the keyboard of a full-toned piano-forte, eliciting sweet, sad, sacred, solemn sounds. Emotion well-nigh overcame her; but the gentle encouragement of her fair young friend dissipated her fears, and increased her confidence. She sang; and before she had finished she was surrounded by the astonished inmates of the house, who, attracted by the remarkable compass and sweetness of her voice, stealthily entered the room, and now unperceived stood gathered behind her. The applause which followed the first trial before this small but intelligent audience gratified as much as it embarrassed her, from the unexpected and sudden surprise. She not only received an invitation to repeat her visit, but Miss Price, for a reasonable compensation, undertook her instruction in the first rudiments of music. The progress of genius is not like

> that of common minds. It is needless to say that her improvement was very rapid."

But the lessons above mentioned were taken quite privately, and without, at first, the knowledge of her guardian. Elizabeth was rapidly acquiring an acquaintance with music, when some one maliciously informed Mrs. Greenfield, with the expectation of seeing an injunction laid upon the pupil's efforts. The old lady sent for Elizabeth, who came tremblingly into her presence, expecting to be reprimanded for her pursuit of an art forbidden by the Friends' discipline. "Elizabeth," said she, "is it true that thee is learning music, and can play upon the guitar?"--"It is true," was her reply. "Go get thy guitar, and let me hear thee sing." Elizabeth did so; and, when she had concluded her song, she was astonished to hear the kind lady say, "Elizabeth, whatever thee wants thee shall have." From that time her guardian was the patroness of her earnest efforts for skill and knowledge in musical science.

She began to receive invitations to entertain private parties by the exhibition of the gift which the God of nature had bestowed.

> "Upon the death of her patroness, in consequence of the contested will she found herself thrown upon her own resources for a maintenance. Remembering some friends in the western part of New York, she resolved to visit them. While crossing Lake Seneca, _en route_ to Buffalo, there came sweetly stealing upon the senses of the passengers of the steamer her rich, full, round, clear voice, unmarred by any flaw. The lady passengers, especially the noble Mrs. Gen. P., feeling that the power and sweetness of her voice deserved attention, urged her to sing again, and were not satisfied until five or six more songs were given to them. Before reaching their destined port she had made many friends. The philanthropic Mrs. Gen. P. became her friend and patroness. She at once invited Elizabeth to her splendid mansion in Buffalo, and, learning her simple story, promptly advised her to devote herself entirely to the science of music. During her visit a private party was given by this lady, to which all the _élite_ of the city were invited. Elizabeth acquitted herself so admirably, that, two days later, a card of invitation came to her through the public press, signed by the prominent gentlemen of Buffalo, requesting her to give a series of concerts.
>
> "In October, 1851, she sang before the Buffalo Musical Association; and her performances were received with marks of approbation from the best musical talent in the city, that established her reputation as a songstress. 'Give the "Black Swan,"' said they, 'the cultivation and experience of the fair Swede or Mlle. Parodi, and she will rank favorably with those popular singers who have carried the nation into captivity by their rare musical abilities. Her voice has a full, round sound, and is of immense compass and depth. She strikes every note in a clear and well-defined manner, and reaches the highest capacity of the human voice with wonderful ease, and apparently an entire want of exertion. Beginning with G in the _bass clef_, she runs up the scale to E in the _treble clef_, and gives each note its full power and tone. She commences at the highest note, and runs

down the scale with the same ease that she strikes any other lower note. The fact that she accomplishes this with no apparent exertion is surprising, and fixes at once the marvellous strength of her vocal organs. Her voice is wholly natural, and, as might be expected, lacks the training and exquisite cultivation that belong to the skilful Italian singer. But the _voice_ is there; and, as a famous maestro once said, "it takes a hundred things to make a complete singer, of which a good voice is ninety-nine." If this be so, Miss Greenfield is on the verge of excellence; and it remains for the public to decide whether she shall have the means to pursue her studies.'"

To several gentlemen in Buffalo belongs the credit of having first brought out Miss Greenfield in the concert-room. The Buffalo papers took the matter in hand, and assured the public they had much to expect from a concert from this vocalist. The deep interest her first public efforts elicited from them gave occasion to the following certificate:--

BUFFALO, Oct. 30, 1851.

Mr. H.E. HOWARD.

Dear Sir,--At your suggestion, for the purpose of enabling Miss Elizabeth T. Greenfield to show to her Philadelphia friends the popularity she has acquired in this city, I cheerfully certify as follows:--

The concert got up for her was unsolicited on her part, and entirely the result of admiration of her vocal powers by a number of our most respectable citizens, who had heard her at the residence of Gen. Potter, with whose family she had become somewhat familiar. The concert was attended by an audience not second in point of numbers to any given here before, except by Jenny Lind; and not second to any in point of respectability and fashion. The performance of Miss Greenfield was received with great applause; and the expression since, among our citizens generally, is a strong desire to hear her again.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

G. REED WILSON.

Rochester next extended an invitation for her to visit that city. We copy the invitation:--

"The undersigned, having heard of the musical ability of Miss Elizabeth T. Greenfield of the city of Buffalo, and being desirous of having her sing in Rochester, request that she will give a public concert in this city at an early day, and feel confident that it will afford a satisfactory entertainment to our citizens." (Signed by a large number of the most respected citizens of Rochester.)

ROCHESTER, Dec. 6, 1851.

This evening, in Corinthian Hall, the anticipated

entertainment is to be presented to our music-loving citizens. Curiosity will lead many to attend, to whom the performance of a colored prima donna is a phenomenon at once wonderful and rare. Miss Greenfield has received from all who have heard her the name of being a vocalist of extraordinary power.

.....

"'To Miss GREENFIELD, from Sir GEORGE SMART, Kt.,

"'Organist and Composer to her Majesty's Chapel Royal.

"'June 24, 1854. No. 91, GR. PORTLAND ST., LONDON.'

"'This is to certify that Miss Greenfield had the honor of singing before her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace. By her Majesty's command,

"'C.B. PHIPPS.

"'BUCKINGHAM PALACE, July 22, 1854, LONDON.'"

* * * * *

"In May, 1854, she received an invitation through the Rev. Mr. Geary to sing at a concert, but declined, being advised not to sing at public concerts until her return to the United States. She therefore sang only at private parties until July, 1854, when that same noble benefactress, the Duchess of Sutherland, secured for her two places in 'The Indiana' steam-packet for New York.

"With a warm invitation to revisit England at some future period, she embarked at Southampton to return to America."

The trip to London and its attendant circumstances resulted in much benefit to Miss Greenfield in an intrinsic, artistic sense, adding decided _éclat_ to her professional reputation. "The New-York Herald," a journal which in those days was generally quite averse to bestowing even well-merited praise upon persons of her race, was, however, so much moved upon by her exhibition of an increased technical knowledge of the lyric art as to speak of Miss Greenfield as follows: "'The Swan' sings now in true artistic style, and the wonderful powers of her voice have been developed by good training." This was but echoing the general verdict.

During the years that intervened between Miss Greenfield's return from England and her death,--the latter event occurring at Philadelphia in the month of April, 1876,--she was engaged in singing occasionally at concerts, and in giving lessons in vocal music.

Remembering her own hard contests as she ascended the hill of fame, Miss Greenfield ever held out a helping hand to all whom she found struggling to obtain a knowledge of the noble art of music. Possessing, on account of her great vocal abilities, the high esteem of the general public, from a rare amiability of disposition enjoying the warm love of many friends in those private circles where she was always an ornament and a blessing, this wonderfully gifted lady at the age of sixty-eight years died, deeply mourned by all. Of her brilliant

career, of her life, which, in many important respects, was so grandly useful, as well as of her peaceful death, nothing more need here be added, further than to place her name in the honorable list of those of whom Milton so eloquently says,--

> "Nothing is here for tears; nothing to wail,
> Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise, or blame; _nothing but well and fair_,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

ELIZABETH (1533-1603),

from The Project Gutenberg etext of *Encyclopedia Britannica - E*

Queen of England and Ireland, born on Sunday the 7th of September 1533, and, like all the Tudors except Henry VII., at Greenwich Palace, was the only surviving child of Henry VIII. by his second queen, Anne Boleyn. With such a mother and with Cranmer as her godfather she represented from her birth the principle of revolt from Rome, but the opponents of that movement attached little importance to her advent into the world. Charles V.'s ambassador, Chapuys, hardly deigned to mention the fact that the king's amie had given birth to a daughter, and both her parents were bitterly disappointed with her sex. She was, however, given precedence over Mary, her elder sister by sixteen years, and Mary never forgave the infant's offence. Even this dubious advantage only lasted three years until her mother was beheaded, and by a much more serious freak on Henry's part "divorced." Elizabeth has been censured for having made no effort in later years to clear her mother's memory; but no vindication of Anne's character could have rehabilitated Elizabeth's legitimacy. Her mother was not "divorced" for her alleged adultery, because that crime was no ground for divorce by Roman or English canon law. The marriage was declared invalid ab initio either on the ground of Anne's precontract with Lord Percy or more probably on the ground of the affinity established between Henry and Anne by Henry's previous relations with Mary Boleyn.

Elizabeth thus lost all hereditary title to the throne, and her early years of childhood can hardly have been happier than Mary's. Nor was her legitimacy ever legally established; but after Jane Seymour's death, when Henry seemed likely to have no further issue, she was by act of parliament placed next in order of the succession after Edward and Mary and their issue; and this statutory arrangement was confirmed by the will which Henry VIII. was empowered by statute to make. Queen Catherine Parr introduced some humanity into Henry's household, and Edward and Elizabeth were well and happily educated together, principally at old Hatfield House, which is now the marquess of Salisbury's stables. They were there when Henry's death called Edward VI. away to greater dignities, and Elizabeth was left in the care of Catherine Parr, who married in indecent haste Thomas, Lord Seymour, brother of the protector Somerset. This unprincipled adventurer, even before Catherine's death in September 1548, paid indelicate attentions to Elizabeth. Any attempt to marry her without the council's leave would have been treason on his part and would have deprived Elizabeth of her contingent right to the succession. Accordingly, when Seymour's other misbehaviour led to his arrest, his relations with Elizabeth were made the subject of a very trying investigation, which gave Elizabeth her first lessons in the feminine arts of self-defence. She proved equal to the occasion, partly because she was in all probability innocent of anything worse than a qualified acquiescence in Seymour's improprieties and a girlish admiration for his handsome face. He or his tragic fate may have touched a deeper chord, but it was carefully concealed; and although in later years Elizabeth seems to have cherished his memory, and certainly showed no love for his brother's children, at the time she only showed resentment at the indignities inflicted on

herself.

For the rest of Edward's reign Elizabeth's life was less tempestuous. She hardly rivalled Lady Jane Grey as the ideal Puritan maiden, but she swam with the stream, and was regarded as a foil to her stubborn Catholic sister. She thus avoided the enmity and the still more dangerous favour of Northumberland; and some unknown history lies behind the duke's preference of the Lady Jane to Elizabeth as his son's wife and his own puppet for the throne. She thus escaped shipwreck in his crazy vessel, and rode by Mary's side in triumph into London on the failure of the plot. For a time she was safe enough; she would not renounce her Protestantism until Catholicism had been made the law of the land, but she followed Gardiner's advice to her father when he said it was better that he should make the law his will than try to make his will the law. As a presumptive ruler of England she was, like Cecil, and for that matter the future archbishop Parker also, too shrewd to commit herself to passive or active resistance to the law; and they merely anticipated Hobbes in holding that the individual committed no sin in subordinating his conscience to the will of the state, for the responsibility for the law was not his but the state's. Their position was well enough understood in those days; it was known that they were heretics at heart, and that when their turn came they would once more overthrow Catholicism and expect a similar submission from the Catholics.

It was not so much Elizabeth's religion as her nearness to the throne and the circumstances of her birth that endangered her life in Mary's reign. While Mary was popular Elizabeth was safe; but as soon as the Spanish marriage project had turned away English hearts Elizabeth inevitably became the centre of plots and the hope of the plotters. Had not Lady Jane still been alive to take off the edge of Mary's indignation and suspicion Elizabeth might have paid forfeit for Wyat's rebellion with her life instead of imprisonment. She may have had interviews with French agents who helped to foment the insurrection; but she was strong and wary enough to avoid Henry II.'s, as she had avoided Northumberland's, toils; for even in case of success she would have been the French king's puppet, placed on the throne, if at all, merely to keep it warm for Henry's prospective daughter-in-law, Mary Stuart. This did not make Mary Tudor any more friendly, and, although the story that Elizabeth favoured Courtenay and that Mary was jealous is a ridiculous fiction, the Spaniards cried loud and long for Elizabeth's execution. She was sent to the Tower in March 1554, but few Englishmen were fanatic enough to want a Tudor beheaded. The great nobles, the Howards, and Gardiner would not hear of such a proposal; and all the efforts of the court throughout Mary's reign failed to induce parliament to listen to the suggestion that Elizabeth should be deprived of her legal right to the succession. After two months in the Tower she was transferred to Sir Henry Bedingfield's charge at Woodstock, and at Christmas, when the realm had been reconciled to Rome and Mary was expecting issue, Elizabeth was once more received at court. In the autumn of 1555 she went down to Hatfield, where she spent most of the rest of Mary's reign, enjoying the lessons of Ascham and Baldassare Castiglione, and planting trees which still survive.

She had only to bide her time while Mary made straight her successor's path by uprooting whatever affection the English people had for the Catholic faith, Roman jurisdiction and Spanish control. The Protestant martyrs and Calais between them removed all the alternatives to an insular national English policy in church and in state; and no sovereign was better qualified to lead such a cause than the queen who ascended the throne amid universal, and the Spaniards thought indecent, rejoicings at Mary's death on the 17th of November 1558. "Mere English" she boasted of being, and after Englishmen's recent experience there was no surer title to popular favour. No sovereign since Harold had been so purely English in blood; her nearest foreign ancestor was Catherine of France, the widow of Henry V., and no English king or queen was more superbly insular in character or in policy. She was the unmistakable child of the age so far as Englishmen shared in its

characteristics, for with her English aims she combined some Italian methods and ideas. “An Englishman Italianate,” ran the current jingle, “is a devil incarnate,” and Elizabeth was well versed in Italian scholarship and statecraft. Italians, especially Bernardino Ochino, had given her religious instruction, and the Italians who rejected Catholicism usually adopted far more advanced forms of heresy than Lutheranism, Zwinglianism, or even Calvinism. Elizabeth herself patronized Giacomo Acontio, who thought dogma a “stratagema Satanae,” and her last favourite, Essex 283 was accused of being the ringleader of “a damnable crew of atheists.” A Spanish ambassador early in the reign thought that Elizabeth’s own religion was equally negative, though she told him she agreed with nearly everything in the Augsburg Confession. She was probably not at liberty to say what she really thought, but she made up by saying a great many things which she did not mean. It is clear enough that, although, like her father, she was fond of ritual, she was absolutely devoid of the religious temperament, and that her ecclesiastical preferences were dictated by political considerations. She was sincere enough in her dislike of Roman jurisdiction and of Calvinism; a daughter of Anne Boleyn could have little affection for a system which made her a bastard, and all monarchs agreed at heart with James I.’s aphorism about “no bishop, no king.” It was convenient, too, to profess Lutheran sympathies, for Lutheranism was now an established, monarchical and comparatively respectable religion, very different from the Calvinism against which monarchs directed the Counter-reformation from political motives. Lutheran dogma, however, had few adherents in England, though its political theory coincided with that of Anglicanism in the 16th century. The compromise that resulted from these conflicting forces suited Elizabeth very well; she had little dislike of Catholics who repudiated the papacy, but she was forced to rely mainly on Protestants, and had little respect for any form of ecclesiastical self-government. She valued uniformity in religion, not as a safeguard against heresy, but as a guarantee of the unity of the state. She respected the bishops only as supporters of her throne; and, although the well-known letter beginning “Proud Prelate” is an 18th-century forgery, it is hardly a travesty of Elizabeth’s attitude.

The outlines of her foreign policy are sketched elsewhere (see English History), and her courtships were diplomatic. Contemporary gossip, which was probably justified, said that she was debarred from matrimony by a physical defect; and her cry when she heard that Mary queen of Scots had given birth to a son is the most womanly thing recorded of Elizabeth. Her features were as handsome as Mary’s, but she had little fascination, and in spite of her many suitors no man lost his head over Elizabeth as men did over Mary. She was far too masculine in mind and temperament, and her extravagant addiction to the outward trappings of femininity was probably due to the absence or atrophy of deeper feminine instincts. In the same way the impossibility of marriage made her all the freer with her flirtations, and she carried some of them to lengths that scandalized a public unconscious of Elizabeth’s security. She had every reason to keep them in the dark, and to convince other courts that she could and would marry if the provocation were sufficient. She could not marry Philip II., but she held out hopes to more than one of his Austrian cousins whenever France or Mary Stuart seemed to threaten; and later she encouraged two French princes when Philip had lost patience with Elizabeth and made Mary Stuart his protégée. Her other suitors were less important, except Leicester, who appealed to the least intellectual side of Elizabeth and was always a cause of distraction in her policy and her ministers.

Elizabeth was terribly handicapped by having no heirs of her body and no obvious English successor. She could not afford to recognize Mary’s claim, for that would have been to alienate the Protestants, double the number of Catholics, and, in her own phrase, to spread a winding-sheet before her eyes; for all would have turned to the rising sun. Mary was dangerous enough as it was, and no one would willingly make his rival his heir. Elizabeth could hardly be expected to go out of her way and ask parliament to repeal its own acts for Mary’s sake; probably it would have refused. Nor was it personal enmity on Elizabeth’s part that brought Mary to the

block. Parliament had long been ferociously demanding Mary's execution, not because she was guilty but because she was dangerous to the public peace. She alone could have given the Spanish Armada any real chance of success; and as the prospect of invasion loomed larger on the horizon, fiercer grew the popular determination to remove the only possible centre of a domestic rising, without which the external attack was bound to be a failure. Elizabeth resisted the demand, not from compassion or qualms of conscience, but because she dreaded the responsibility for Mary's death. She wished Paulet would manage the business on his own account, and when at last her signature was extorted she made a scapegoat of her secretary Davison who had the warrant executed.

The other great difficulty, apart from the succession, with which Elizabeth had to deal arose from the exuberant aggressiveness of England, which she could not, and perhaps did not want to, repress. Religion was not really the cause of her external dangers, for the time had passed for crusades, and no foreign power seriously contemplated an armed invasion of England for religion's sake. But no state could long tolerate the affronts which English seamen offered Spain. The common view that the British Empire has been won by purely defensive action is not tenable, and from the beginning of her reign Englishmen had taken the offensive, partly from religious but also from other motives. They were determined to break up the Spanish monopoly in the new world, and in the pursuit of this endeavour they were led to challenge Spain in the old. For nearly thirty years Philip put up with the capture of his treasure-ships, the raiding of his colonies and the open assistance rendered to his rebels. Only when he had reached the conclusion that his power would never be secure in the Netherlands or the New World until England was conquered, did he despatch the Spanish Armada. Elizabeth delayed the breach as long as she could, probably because she knew that war meant taxation, and that taxation was the most prolific parent of revolt.

With the defeat of the Spanish Armada Elizabeth's work was done, and during the last fifteen years of her reign she got more out of touch with her people. That period was one of gradual transition to the conditions of Stuart times; during it practically every claim was put forward that was made under the first two Stuarts either on behalf of parliament or the prerogative, and Elizabeth's attitude towards the Puritans was hardly distinguishable from James I.'s. But her past was in her favour, and so were her sex and her Tudor tact, which checked the growth of discontent and made Essex's rebellion a ridiculous fiasco. He was the last and the most wilful but perhaps the best of her favourites, and his tragic fate deepened the gloom of her closing years. The loneliness of a queen who had no husband or children and no relatives to mention must at all times have been oppressive; it grew desolating in old age after the deaths of Leicester, Walsingham, Burghley and Essex, and Elizabeth died, the last of her race, on the 24th of March 1603.

Bishop Creighton's Queen Elizabeth (1896) is the best biography; there are others by E.S. Beesly (Twelve English Statesmen, 1892); Lucy Aikin, Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth (1818); and T. Wright, Queen Elizabeth and her Times (1838). See also A. Jessopp's article in the Dict. Nat. Biog.

(A. F. P.)

LIFE OF EMERSON

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Essays*, by Ralph Waldo Emerson

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He was descended from a long line of New England ministers, men of refinement and

education. As a school-boy he was quiet and retiring, reading a great deal, but not paying much attention to his lessons. He entered Harvard at the early age of fourteen, but never attained a high rank there, although he took a prize for an essay on Socrates, and was made class poet after several others had declined. Next to his reserve and the faultless propriety of his conduct, his contemporaries at college seemed most impressed by the great maturity of his mind. Emerson appears never to have been really a boy. He was always serene and thoughtful, impressing all who knew him with that spirituality which was his most distinguishing characteristic.

After graduating from college he taught school for a time, and then entered the Harvard Divinity School under Dr. Channing, the great Unitarian preacher. Although he was not strong enough to attend all the lectures of the divinity course, the college authorities deemed the name Emerson sufficient passport to the ministry. He was accordingly "approbated to preach" by the Middlesex Association of Ministers on October 10, 1826. As a preacher, Emerson was interesting, though not particularly original. His talent seems to have been in giving new meaning to the old truths of religion. One of his hearers has said: "In looking back on his preaching I find he has impressed truths to which I always assented in such a manner as to make them appear new, like a clearer revelation." Although his sermons were always couched in scriptural language, they were touched with the light of that genius which avoids the conventional and commonplace. In his other pastoral duties Emerson was not quite so successful. It is characteristic of his deep humanity and his dislike for all fuss and commonplace that he appeared to least advantage at a funeral. A connoisseur in such matters, an old sexton, once remarked that on such occasions "he did not appear at ease at all. To tell the truth, in my opinion, that young man was not born to be a minister."

Emerson did not long remain a minister. In 1832 he preached a sermon in which he announced certain views in regard to the communion service which were disapproved by a large part of his congregation. He found it impossible to continue preaching, and, with the most friendly feelings on both sides, he parted from his congregation.

A few months later (1833) he went to Europe for a short year of travel. While abroad, he visited Walter Savage Landor, Coleridge and Wordsworth, and Thomas Carlyle. This visit to Carlyle was to both men a most interesting experience. They parted feeling that they had much intellectually in common. This belief fostered a sympathy which, by the time they had discovered how different they really were, had grown so strong a habit that they always kept up their intimacy. This year of travel opened Emerson's eyes to many things of which he had previously been ignorant; he had profited by detachment from the concerns of a limited community and an isolated church.

After his return he began to find his true field of activity in the lecture-hall, and delivered a number of addresses in Boston and its vicinity. While thus coming before the open public on the lecture platform, he was all the time preparing the treatise which was to embody all the quintessential elements of his philosophical doctrine. This was the essay _Nature_, which was published in 1836. By its conception of external Nature as an incarnation of the Divine Mind it struck the fundamental principle of Emerson's religious belief. The essay had a very small circulation at first, though later it became widely known.

In the winter of 1836 Emerson followed up his discourse on Nature by a course of twelve lectures on the "Philosophy of History," a considerable portion of which eventually became embodied in his essays. The next year (1837) was the year of the delivery of the _Man Thinking, or the American Scholar_ address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge.

This society, composed of the first twenty-five men in each class graduating from college, has annual meetings which have called forth the best efforts of many distinguished scholars and thinkers. Emerson's address was listened to with the most profound interest. It declared a sort of intellectual independence for America. Henceforth we were to be emancipated from clogging foreign influences, and a national literature was to expand under the fostering care of the Republic.

These two discourses, _Nature_ and _The American Scholar_, strike the keynote of Emerson's philosophical, poetical, and moral teachings. In fact he had, as every great teacher has, only a limited number of principles and theories to teach. These principles of life can all be enumerated in twenty words--self-reliance, culture, intellectual and moral independence, the divinity of nature and man, the necessity of labor, and high ideals.

Emerson spent the latter part of his life in lecturing and in literary work. His son, Dr. Edward Emerson, gave an interesting account of how these lectures were constructed. "All through his life he kept a journal. This book, he said, was his 'Savings Bank.' The thoughts thus received and garnered in his journals were indexed, and a great many of them appeared in his published works. They were religiously set down just as they came, in no order except chronological, but later they were grouped, enlarged or pruned, illustrated, worked into a lecture or discourse, and, after having in this capacity undergone repeated testing and rearranging, were finally carefully sifted and more rigidly pruned, and were printed as essays."

Besides his essays and lectures Emerson left some poetry in which is embodied those thoughts which were to him too deep for prose expression. Oliver Wendell Holmes in speaking of this says: "Emerson wrote occasionally in verse from his school-days until he had reached the age which used to be known as the grand climacteric, sixty-three.... His poems are not and hardly can become popular; they are not meant to be liked by the many, but to be dearly loved and cherished by the few.... His occasional lawlessness in technical construction, his somewhat fantastic expressions, his enigmatic obscurities hardly detract from the pleasant surprise his verses so often bring with them.... The poetic license which we allow in the verse of Emerson is more than excused by the noble spirit which makes us forget its occasional blemishes, sometimes to be pleased with them as characteristic of the writer."

Emerson was always a striking figure in the intellectual life of America. His discourses were above all things inspiring. Through them many were induced to strive for a higher self-culture. His influence can be discerned in all the literary movements of the time. He was the central figure of the so-called transcendental school which was so prominent fifty years ago, although he always rather held aloof from any enthusiastic participation in the movement.

Emerson lived a quiet life in Concord, Massachusetts. "He was a first-rate neighbor and one who always kept his fences up." He traveled extensively on his lecturing tours, even going as far as England. In _English Traits_ he has recorded his impressions of what he saw of English life and manners.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has described him in this wise: "His personal appearance was that of the typical New Englander of college-bred ancestry. Tall, spare, slender, with sloping shoulders, slightly stooping in his later years, with light hair and eyes, the scholar's complexion, the prominent, somewhat arched nose which belongs to many of the New England sub-species, thin lips, suggestive of delicacy, but having nothing like primness, still less of the rigidity which is often noticeable in the generation succeeding next to that of the men in their shirt-sleeves, he would have been noticed anywhere as one evidently a scholarly thinker astray from the alcove or the study, which were his natural habitats. His voice was very sweet, and penetrating without any loudness or mark of effort. His enunciation was beautifully clear, but he often hesitated as if waiting for the right word to present itself. His manner was very quiet, his smile was pleasant, but he did not like explosive laughter any better than Hawthorne did. None who met him can fail to recall that serene and kindly presence, in which there was mingled a certain spiritual remoteness with the most benignant human welcome to all who were privileged to enjoy his companionship."

Emerson died April 27, 1882, after a few days' illness from pneumonia. Dr. Garnett in his excellent biography says: "Seldom had 'the reaper whose name is Death' gathered such illustrious harvest as between December 1880 and April 1882. In the first month of this period George Eliot passed away, in the ensuing February Carlyle followed; in April Lord Beaconsfield died, deplored by his party, nor unregretted by his country; in February of the following year Longfellow was carried to the tomb; in April Rossetti was laid to rest by the sea, and the pavement of Westminster Abbey was disturbed to receive the dust of Darwin. And now Emerson lay down in death beside the painter of man and the searcher of nature, the English-Oriental statesman, the poet of the plain man and the poet of the artist, and the prophet whose name is indissolubly linked with his own. All these men passed into eternity laden with the spoils of Time, but of none of them could it be said, as of Emerson, that the most shining intellectual glory and the most potent intellectual force of a continent had departed along with him."

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF EMERSON'S PRINCIPAL WORKS.

Nature	1836
Essays (First Series)	1841
Essays (Second Series)	1844
Poems	1847
Miscellanies	1849
Representative Men	1850
English Traits	1856
Conduct of Life	1860
Society and Solitude	1870
Correspondence of Thomas	

ENOMOTO WITH THE RUNAWAY TOKUGAWA SHIPS SEIZES YEZO

ON December 11 Machida came to me with a report from Hakodaté that the Tokugawa pirates, as they were styled after their refusal to surrender and their exodus from Yedo Bay on October 4, had landed at that port from the Kaiyô-maru and her consorts. The rebels were led by a member of the French military mission sent out in 1866 who had gone off with them when they left the bay, and it was very annoying for the French Legation that this officer should have violated the neutrality proclaimed by the Minister, and have joined rebels against the authority of a sovereign with whom France maintained friendly relations. A fight had ensued near Hakodaté, in which a large number of imperialists were killed or wounded. The Yokohama foreign press however represented that the Mikado's men had won the victory at a place about 15 miles from the port. According to despatches received from the consul the rebels had had by far the best of it. The foreign residents were in a great state of alarm. The consul wrote thus: "As the enemy approach we shall retire towards the hill; if he comes nearer, we shall go up the hill, and should it come to the last extremity we shall have no resource but to put our trust in an over-ruling Power." Nakai came on the 13th to talk about the new paper money, and the difficulties with foreigners to which it would give rise. Tom Glover's opinion was quoted in favour of a paper circulation, but he did not himself agree that a merchant, who was naturally an interested party, should be regarded as an authority on currency. This paper money had been issued to the troops, who forced the shop-keepers and the hucksters on the high roads to accept it in payment. But this could not go on long, for the paper did not pass current amongst the civilian population. We spoke about the state of foreign relations. He admitted that the old distrust of foreigners still existed; the foreign representatives were regarded as a necessary evil, to be endured, but not to be embraced. Nothing pleased the Mikado's government so much as to see the diplomatists living at Yokohama, and the idea of asking their advice upon any matter was never entertained for a moment. In fact the representatives were looked upon much in the same light as the agents (_rusui_) of the _daimiôs_, _i.e._ persons sent to Japan by their respective governments to receive the Mikado's orders, whenever occasion might arise. The representatives were themselves partly to blame for this state of things. Fine houses, comfortable living and whole skins at Yokohama were doubtless preferable to makeshifts and dangers at Yedo, but for all they knew or could learn of pending international questions they might just as well be resident at Hongkong.

Another day was spent with the mayor of Kanasugi and three or four retainers at the classical theatre Kongo-daiyu in Iigura chô, to see _Nô_ and _Kiôgen_. Minami Torajirô was also among the audience. This was a young Aidzu _samurai_, who had come in the previous April to see me, with his countryman Hirozawa, when I had a great argument with the latter about Japanese politics and especially about the part our Legation had taken. It was the first time a foreigner had been present at this kind of theatrical performance. _Nô_ is a sort of tragedy or historical play, _Kiôgen_ is low comedy. There is no scenery and the

costumes are all in an ancient style. The stage is about 24 feet square, and a long passage on the left connects it with the greenroom from which the actors make their appearance. There are 200 _Nô_, and printed books of the text, known as _utai_, could be bought for a trifling cost. They are delivered in slow recitative to the accompaniment of the music, or rather dissonance, of the fife and small drum. The orchestra, likewise dressed in antique fashion, were seated on campstools at the back of the stage. The _Kiôgen_, which pleased me most, were _Suyéhirogari_, in which a sort of Moses Primrose is sent to Kiôto to buy a fan, and is cheated by the merchant into paying 500 _riô_ for an umbrella, and _Oba ga saké_, in which a fellow having tried in vain to persuade his aunt, a rich old curmudgeon, to give him some _saké_, puts on a devil's mask and frightens her into submission, while he goes to get drunk at the store room where the liquor is kept. He threatens to eat her if she looks his way; her cries,"Oh fearful to behold; spare your retainer's life"; her anger on discovering in the drunken and sleepy demon her rascally nephew, were infinitely diverting. The _Nô_ I could not understand until I borrowed the book from a Japanese lady in the next box, and was enabled to follow the text. This was _Hachi no ki_. Sano Genzayémon, who has been deprived of his feudal estate, entertains a Buddhist priest at night. Having no food to offer him nor fuel to warm the room, he cuts down his own favourite dwarf plum, cherry and pine trees, and makes a fire of the branches. In return for this the holy man persuades the Lord of Kamakura to restore to him his forfeited lands. There were at that time three other companies of _nô-yakusha_; Kanzé-daiyu, Kôshô-daiyu and Kompara-daiyu. The audience consisted entirely of the _samurai_ class.

The two Aidzu princes were brought to the suburb of Senji on December 15. Matsudaira Higo (now, like all other rebels, shorn of his title of _Kami_) was placed in the charge of Inshiû, and Wakasa in that of Chikuzen. Ninnaji no Miya, the commander-in-chief of the imperialist forces engaged in Echigo and Oshiu, was expected to arrive in Yedo on the 17th. And on or about the 16th the foreign representatives were officially notified of the restoration of peace. The guns and stores of H.M.S. "Rattler" which had perforce to be left behind at Sôya when the "Dupleix" brought us away, had been offered to the Mikado's government and accepted by them. This was the news heard from Okubo and Yoshii, whom I met at Nakai's on the 16th.

As a measure of protection for British and French subjects at Hakodaté the "Satellite" and "Vénus" were despatched thither on the 14th, the former conveying our secretary of legation Adams. His "History of Japan," vol. ii., gives an account of what he saw and did there. Up to the 5th of December however that place had not been threatened with an attack from the fugitive Tokugawa navy.

My old writing master Tédzuka, who came to call, gave me the following statistics about his clan. The chief's name was Sengoku Sanuki no Kami, and he ruled over territories assessed at 30,000 _koku_. The actual yield to the _daimiô_ was 16,000 _koku_ of rice; of this 8000 _koku_ were accounted for by fiefs held by retainers; 4000 _koku_ were required for the maintenance of the _daimiô's_ personal establishment, and an equal quantity went in expenses of administration. The latter included official salaries, cost of journeys to court at Yedo, of soldiers in the field, arms, etc. The clan numbered no more than 60 _samurai_ families. Its constitution as regards the offices of _karô_ and _yônin_ was the same as in the case of other clans. In accordance with orders promulgated in No. 5 of the Kiôto Gazette the old practice of hereditary office-holding had been abolished, and a system of promotion by merit

established in its stead. In order to carry out these new arrangements, the hereditary fiefs of the retainers ought he thought to be equalized.

When I went back to Yokohama on the 18th I found that news had been received of the capture, which I had anticipated, of Hakodaté by the runaway Tokugawa ships, and the flight of Shimidzu-dani with all his staff. The consul was, as one would expect, very seriously alarmed. And from the "Satellite's" expedition to the spot one could not look for any results of importance.

On December 21 a great conference was held at the legation in Yokohama of the chief with Daté, Higashi-Kuzé, Komatsu, Kido, Machida and Ikébé Goi (of Yanagawa in Kiûshiû). The first thing they wanted was that Sir Harry would arrange to give Yamaguchi Hanzô a passage on board an English man-of-war to Hakodaté, in order that he might open negotiations with the rebel leaders. The chief seemed to me to fear that this would involve him too much in the opinion of the public as a partizan of the imperial government, and he advised them instead to despatch a common messenger across the strait from Awomori bearing written offers to treat. Seeing that they could not induce him to accede to their request, they acquiesced in his suggestion, but in such a half-hearted manner as to make one doubt whether they would follow his advice. A great discussion took place on the Christian question, in which the Japanese spoke very reasonably, and Sir Harry likewise, until he unfortunately lost his temper over the arguments used by Kido, and made use of very violent language such as I do not care to repeat. The result was that they promised to write Notes to the Foreign Representatives announcing the Mikado's intention of showing clemency to the converts. Next day Ikébé came to me to explain the theory of the imperial paper currency, but I did not understand much of what he said, and we wandered off into other subjects, especially Christianity. The old fellow professed to be not only an admirer of its doctrines, but also a believer. In the afternoon the chief and I went to return Daté's call at what had formerly been the governor's official residence at Tobé, a suburb of Yokohama. They had a long conversation, especially about the Christian question and the representative system, and Sir Harry tried to pump him about the future capital. Would it be at Kiôto, Ozaka or Yedo (Tokei, Tôkiô), for we had of course read what Okubo Ichizô had written on the subject early in the year. The old prince gave him some very polite "digs in the ribs" about his violent language of the previous day, saying that when people became animated in conversation, spectators were apt to think that a dispute was going on, whereas instead of that being the case, it was merely that the speakers were in earnest; and naturally every man desired to express his own views. The chief replied that his animation was caused by the extreme regret he felt at seeing the Japanese do things that were prejudicial to themselves. On this Daté observed that it did them good now and then, to be got angry with (_hara wo tatté morau_). This set the chief "a-thynkynge," and as we were driving home he suddenly said: "I think they would never have spoken to the other representatives about Christianity, had it not been for the little piece of excitement I got up yesterday." I replied: "Well, it may be so but I think you hurt Kido's feelings; he shut up at once and preserved a marked silence." "Did you think so?" says P. "I am sorry to think he was offended." I then said: "If you will excuse my speaking freely, I believe that although that sort of thing may have a good effect in a particular case, it makes the Japanese dread interviews with you." Upon this the chief declared that he would have Kido to breakfast the next morning, and begged me to write him as polite a note of invitation as possible.

EIGHT YEARS OF EXPERIMENT

"For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a potter thumping his wet clay."

In 1890 a new force came into the political field--organized labour. The growth of the cities and of factories in them, the decline of the alluvial and more easily worked gold-fields, and the occupation of the more fertile and accessible lands, all gradually tended to reproduce in the new country old-world industrial conditions. Even the sweating system could be found at work in holes and corners. There need be no surprise, therefore, that the labour problem, when engaging so much of the attention of the civilized world, demanded notice even in New Zealand. There was nothing novel there in the notion of extending the functions of the State in the hope of benefiting the community of the less fortunate classes of it. Already in 1890, the State was the largest landowner and receiver of rents, and the largest employer of labour. It owned nearly all the railways and all the telegraphs just as it now owns and manages the cheap, popular, and useful system of telephones. It entirely controlled and supported the hospitals and lunatic asylums, which it managed humanely and well. It also, by means of local boards and institutions, controlled the whole charitable aid of the country--a system of outdoor relief in some respects open to criticism. It was the largest trustee, managed the largest life insurance business, did nearly all the conveyancing, and educated more than nine-tenths of the children.

It will thus be seen that the large number of interesting experiments sanctioned by the New Zealand Parliament since 1890 involved few new departures or startling changes of principle. The constitution was democratic: it has simply been made more democratic. The functions of the State were wide; they have been made yet wider. The uncommon feature of the last eight years has been not so much the nature as the number and degree of the changes effected and the trials made by the Liberal-Labour fusion which gained power under Mr. Ballance at the close of 1890 and still retains office. The precise cause of their victory was the wave of socialistic, agrarian, and labour feeling which swept over the English-speaking world at the time, and which reached New Zealand.

[Illustration: THE HON. JOHN BALLANCE]

The oft-repeated assertion that the Australasian maritime strike of August, 1890, was not only coincident with the forming of Labour Parties in various colonies, but was itself the chief cause thereof, is not true Colonial Labour Parties have, no doubt, been influenced by two noted strikes, themselves divided by the width of the world. I mean the English dockers' strike and our own maritime strike. But the great Thames strike may be said rather to have given a fillip to Colonial Trades Unionism, apart from politics altogether, than to have created any Party. As for the other conflict, though the utter rout of the colonial maritime strikers in 1890 undoubtedly sent Trades Unionists to the ballot-box sore and with a keen desire to redress the balance by gaining political successes, it was not the sole or the chief cause of their taking to politics. Before it took place New

Zealand politicians knew the Labour organizations were coming into their field. The question was what they would do. The Opposition of 1889-90, though not without Conservative elements--the remnants of a former coalition--was mainly Radical. It had always supported Sir George Grey in his efforts to widen the franchise, efforts which in 1889 were finally crowned by the gain of one-man-one-vote. And in 1889 it choose as its head, John Ballance, perhaps the only man who could head with success a Liberal-Labour fusion. A journalist, but the son of a North Irish farmer, he knew country life on its working side. His views on the land question were not therefore mere theories, but part of his life and belief. Though not a single-taxer, he advocated State tenancy, as opposed to freehold, and his extension of village settlements had made him amongst New Zealand workmen a popular Lands Minister. Experience had made him a prudent financier, a humane temper made him a friend of the Maori. His views on constitutional reform were advanced, on liquor and education reactionary. In Labour questions apart from land settlement he took no special part. He was an excellent debater and a kindly, courteous, considerate chief. In Ballance and his followers in 1890 New Zealand Labour Organizations found a ready-made political Party from which they had much to hope. With it, therefore, they threw in their lot. The result showed the power the agrarian feeling of Unionism and of one-man-one-vote. In New Zealand, all the elections for the House of Representatives take place on one day. In 1890 the day was the 5th December. On the 6th it was clear enough that Ballance would be the Colony's next Premier. His defeated opponents made a short delay, in order to commit the huge tactical mistake of getting the Governor to make seven additions to the Upper House. Then they yielded, and on 24th January, 1891, he took office.

Within his cabinet, he had the staunchest of lieutenants in Mr. John McKenzie aforesaid, whose burly strength combined with that of Mr. Seddon, now Premier, to supply the physical fighting force lacking in their chief. Mr. Cadman, another colleague, was an administrator of exceptional assiduity. But none of these had held office before, and outside his cabinet Ballance had to consolidate a party made up largely of raw material. Amongst it was a novel and hardly calculable element, the Labour Members. At the elections, however, no attempt had been made to reserve the Labour vote for candidates belonging exclusively to Trades Unions, or who were workmen. Of some score of Members who owed their return chiefly to the Labour vote, and who had accepted the chief points of the Labour policy, six only were working mechanics. Moreover, though the six were new to Parliament, several of their closest allies had been there before, and were old members of the Ballance Party. Not only, therefore, was a distinct Labour Party not formed, but there was no attempt to form one. For the rest, any feeling of nervous curiosity with which the artisan parliamentarians were at first regarded soon wore off. They were without exception men of character, intelligence, and common-sense. They behaved as though their only ambition was to be sensible Members of Parliament. As such, they were soon classed, and lookers-on were only occasionally reminded that they held a special brief.

Anything like a detailed history of the struggles which followed would be out of place here. Nor is it possible yet to sum up the results of changes, none of which are eight years old. A mere enumeration of them would take some space: a succinct description would require a fairly thick pamphlet. Some were carried after hot debate; some after very little. Some were resolutely contested in the popular chamber, and

were assented to rather easily in the Upper House; others went through the Lower House without much difficulty, but failed again and again to run the gauntlet of the nominated chamber. The voting of some was on strict party lines: in other instances leading Opposition Members like Captain Russell frankly accepted the principle of measures. Some were closely canvassed in the newspapers and country; others were hardly examined outside Parliament. But, roughly speaking, the chief experiments of the last eight years not already dealt with many be divided into three sections. These relate to (1) Finance; (2) Constitutional Reform; (3) Labour. One of the first and--to a New Zealander's eyes--boldest strokes delivered was against the Property Tax. This, the chief direct tax of the Colony, was an annual impost of 1d. in the £ on the capital value of every citizen's possessions, less his debts and an exemption of £500. Its friends claimed for this tax that it was no respecter of persons, but was simple, even-handed, and efficient. The last it certainly was, bringing as it did into the Treasury annually about as many thousands as there are days in the year. But inasmuch as different kinds of property are by no means equally profitable, and therefore the ability of owners to pay is by no means equal, the simplicity of the Property Tax was not by many thought equity. The shopkeeper, taxed on unsaleable stock, the manufacturer paying on plant and buildings as much in good years as in bad, bethought them that under an Income Tax they would at any rate escape in bad seasons when their income might be less or nothing. The comfortable professional man or well-paid business manager paid nothing on their substantial and regular incomes. The working-farmer settling in the desert felt that for every pound's worth of improvements made by muscle and money he would have to account to the tax-collector at the next assessment. Nevertheless the Conservative politicians rallied round the doomed tax. It was a good machine for raising indispensable revenue. Moreover, it did not select any class of property-owners or any description of property for special burdens. This suited the landowners, who dreaded a Land Tax, for might not a Land Tax contain the germ of that nightmare of the larger colonial landowner--the Single Tax? It suited also the wealthy, who feared graduated taxation, and the lawyers, doctors, agents, and managing directors, whose incomes it did not touch. So when in the autumn the rumour went round that the Ballance Ministry meant to abolish the Property Tax and bring forward Bills embodying a Progressive Land Tax, and Progressive Income Tax, the proposal was thought to represent the audacity of impudence or desperation. When the rumour proved true, it was predicted that the farmers throughout the length and breath of the country would rise in wrath and terror, scared by the very name of Land Tax. Nevertheless Parliament passed the Bills, with the addition of a light Absentee Tax. The smaller farmers, at any rate, took the appeals of the Property Taxers with apathy, suspecting that under a tax on bare land values they would pay less than under a Property Tax which fell on land, improvements, and live stock as well. Since 1891, therefore, progression or graduation has been in New Zealand a cardinal principle of direct taxation.

Land pays no Income Tax, and landowners who have less than £500 worth of bare land value pay no Land Tax. This complete exemption of the very small land owners forms an almost insuperable barrier to the progress of singletaxers. On all land over £500 value 1d. in the £ is paid. The mortgaged farmer deducts the amount of his mortgage from the value of his farm and pays only on the remainder. The money-lender pays 1d. in the £ on the mortgage, which for this purpose is treated as land. An additional graduated tax begins on holdings worth, £5,000.

At that stage it is an eighth of a penny. By progressive steps it rises until, on estates assessed at £210,000, it is 2d. Thus under the graduated and simple Land Tax together, the holders of the largest areas pay 3d. in the £, whilst the peasant farmers whose acres are worth less than £500 pay nothing. The owner who pays graduated tax pays upon the whole land value of his estate with no deduction for mortgage. The Graduated Tax brings in about £80,000 a year; the 1d. Land Tax about £200,000; the Income Tax about £70,000. The assessment and collection cause no difficulty. South Australia had a Land Tax before New Zealand; New South Wales has imposed one since. Both differ from New Zealand's.

Income earners pay on nothing up to £300 a year. Between £300 and £1,300 the tax is 6d. all round; over £1,300 it rises to a shilling. Joint-stock companies pay a shilling on all income.

Another law authorizes local governing bodies to levy their rates on bare land values. Three times the Bill passed the Lower House, only to be rejected in the Upper. It became law in 1896. The adoption of the principle permitted by it is hedged about by various restrictions but some fourteen local bodies have voted in favour thereof.

The unexampled and, till 1895, continuous fall of prices in the European markets made it hard for colonial producers to make both ends meet. The cultivator found his land depreciated because, though he grew more than before, he got less for it. As the volume of produce swelled, so the return for it sank as by some fatal compensation. To pay the old rates of interest is for the mortgaged farmer, therefore, an impossibility. Various schemes for using the credit of the State to reduce current rates of interest have been before the public in more than one colony. The scheme of the New Zealand Government is contained in the Advances to Settlers Act, 1894. Under it a State Board may lend Government money on leasehold and freehold security, but not on urban or suburban land, unless occupied for farming or market-gardening. The loan may amount to three-fifths of the value of the security when freehold, and one-half when leasehold. The rate of interest charged is 5 per cent., but the borrower pays at the rate of 6 per cent. in half-yearly instalments, the extra 1 per cent. being by way of gradual repayment of the principal. Mortgagees must in this way repay the principal in 73 half-yearly instalments, provided they care to remain indebted so long. If able to wipe off their debts sooner, they can do so. The Act came into force in October, 1894. Machinery for carrying it out was quickly set up; applications for loans came in freely, and about a million has been lent, though the State Board, in its anxiety to avoid bad security, has shown a proper spirit of caution.

With one exception, the constitutional changes of the eight years may be dismissed in a very few words. The Upper Chamber, or Legislative Council of New Zealand, is nominative and not elective, nor is there any fixed limit to its numbers. Liable, thus, to be diluted by Liberal nominees, it is not so strong an obstacle to the popular will as are the Elective Councils of certain Australian Colonies. Prior to 1891, however, the nominations in New Zealand were for life. This was objected to for two reasons. A Councillor, who at the age of sixty might be a valuable adviser, might twelve years later be but the shadow of his former self. Moreover, experience showed that Conservatism was apt to strengthen in the nominated legislator's mind with advancing years. So a seven years' tenure has been substituted for life tenure. Then, again, in 1891 the Liberal majority in the

Colony was scarcely represented in the Council at all. In important divisions, Government measures passed by decisive majorities in the popular Chamber could only muster two, three, four, or five supporters in the Council. This not only meant that a hostile majority could reject and amend as it pleased, but that measures were not even fairly debated in the Upper House. Only one side was heard. In 1892 the Ballance Ministry, therefore, asked the Governor to call twelve fresh Councillors. His Excellency demurred to the number. As there was about to be a change of Governors the matter stood over. The new Governor proved as unwilling as his predecessor. Ballance held that in this matter, as in others, the constitutional course was for the Governor to take the advice of his Ministers. His Excellency thought otherwise. By mutual consent the matter was referred to the Colonial Office, where Lord Ripon decided in favour of the Premier. Twelve new Councillors were nominated. Though this submission to the arbitration of the Colonial Office was attacked not only by colonial Conservatives but by Sir George Grey, it was highly approved of both by the Lower House and the mass of the electors, and was regarded as one of Ballance's most important successes.

Another he did not live to see achieved. His Electoral Bill, wrecked twice in the Council, was only passed some months after his death. Under it the one-man-one-vote was carried to its complete issue by the clause providing for one man one registration; that is to say, that no voter could register on more than one roll. Consequently property-owners were not only cut down to one vote in one district at a general election, but were prevented from voting in another district at a by-election. The right to vote by letter was extended from seamen to shearers. But much the greatest extension of the franchise was the giving it to women. This was a curious example of a remarkable constitutional change carried by a Parliament at the election of which the question had scarcely been discussed. Labour, Land, and Progressive Taxation had been so entirely the ascendant questions at the General Election of 1890, that it came as a surprise to most to learn next year that the House of Representatives was in favour of women's suffrage. Even then it was not generally supposed that the question would be settled. Sir John Hall, however, its consistent friend, brought it up in the House, and Ballance, an equally earnest supporter, at once accepted it. After that, the only doubts as to its becoming law sprang from the attitude of the Legislative Council, and from the scruples of certain persons who thought that so great a change should be definitely submitted to the constituencies. Feeling was both strengthened and exacerbated by the enthusiasm of the Prohibition lodges, some of whose members at the same time demanded that the Government should pass the measure, and emphatically assured every one that its passing would forthwith bring about the Government's downfall and damnation. There is no doubt that many of the Ministry's opponents believed this, and that to their mistake was due the escape of the Bill in the Council. It was passed on the eve of the General Elections by the narrowest possible majority. The rush of the women on to the rolls; the interest taken by them in the elections; the peaceable and orderly character of the contests; and the Liberal majority returned at two successive General Elections are all matters of New Zealand history.

Most of the women voters show as yet no disposition to follow the clergy in assailing the national system of free, secular, and compulsory education. They clearly favour temperance reform, but are by no means unanimous for total prohibition. On the whole, the most

marked feature of their use of the franchise is their tendency to agree with their menkind. Families, as a rule, vote together, and the women of any class or section are swayed by its interests, prejudices, or ideals to just about the same extent as the males thereof. Thus, the friends and relatives of merchants and professional men, large landowners, or employers of labour, usually vote on one side; factory girls, domestic servants, wives of labourers, miners, artisans, or small farmers, on the other. Schoolmistresses are as decidedly for secular education as are schoolmasters. It is too soon to pronounce yet with anything like confidence on the results of this great experiment. We have yet to see whether female interest in politics will intensify or fade. At present, perhaps, the right of every adult woman to vote is more remarkable for what it has not brought about than for what it has. It has not broken up existing parties, unsexed women, or made them quarrel with their husbands, or neglect their households. It has not interfered with marriage, or society, or the fashion of dress. The ladies are not clamouring to be admitted to Parliament. They do less platform-speaking than Englishwomen do, though many of them study public affairs--about which, to say truth, they have much to learn. Observers outside the Colony need not suppose that New Zealand women are in the least degree either "wild," or "new," or belong to any shrieking sisterhood. Though one or two have entered learned professions, most of them are engaged in domestic duties. Those who go out into the world do so to work unassumingly as school teachers, factory hands, or household servants. As school teachers they are usually efficient, as domestic servants civil and hard-working, as factory hands neat, industrious, and moral. It is true that they are, without exception, educated to the extent of having had at least good primary school teaching. But though they read--clean, healthy English books--this, so far from making them inclined to favour frantic or immoral social experiments, should have, one may hope, just the opposite effect. Far from being a spectacled, angular, hysterical, uncomfortable race, perpetually demanding extravagant changes in shrill tones, they are, at least, as distinguished for womanly modesty, grace, and affection, as Englishwomen in any other part of the Empire.

There are some who connect the appearance of women in the political arena with the recent passing of an Infants' Life Protection Act, the raising of the age of consent to fifteen, the admission of women to the Bar, the appointment of female inspectors to lunatic asylums, factories, and other institutions, improvements in the laws dealing with Adoption of Children and Industrial Schools, a severe law against the keepers of houses of ill-fame, and with the new liquor laws and the Prohibitionist movement which is so prominent a feature of New Zealand public life.

A handy volume issued by the Government printer contains most of the Labour Laws of New Zealand. They are now twenty-six in number, comprising Acts, amending Acts, and portions of Acts. Their aim is not the abolition of the wages system, but, as far as may be to make that system fair and tolerable, and in protecting the labourer to protect the fair employer. Some twenty of these laws have been passed during the last seven years. Of these an Employers' Liability Act resembles Mr. Asquith's ill-fated Bill. Worked in conjunction with a law for the inspection of machinery and a thorough-going system of factory inspection, it has lessened accidents without leading to litigation. It neither permits contracting-out nor allows employers to escape liability by means of letting out contracts.

A Truck Act declares the right of every wage-earner to be paid promptly, in full, in the current coin of the realm, and to be allowed to spend wages as they choose. Two more enactments deal with the earnings of the workmen of contractors and sub-contractors, make them a first charge on all contract money, give workers employed on works of construction a lien thereon, and compel a contractor's employer to hold back at least one-fourth of the contract money for a month after the completion of a contract, unless he shall be satisfied that all workmen concerned have been paid in full. A Wages Attachment Act limits without entirely abolishing a creditor's right to obtain orders of court attaching forthcoming earnings.

The Factories Act of 1894, slightly extended by an amending Act in 1896, consolidates and improves upon no less than four previous measures, two of which had been passed by the Ballance Government. As compared with similar European and American laws, it may fairly claim to be advanced and minute. Under its pivot clause all workshops, where two or more persons are occupied, are declared to be factories, must register, pay an annual fee, and submit to inspection at any hour of the night or day. A master and servant working together count as two hands. Inspectors have absolute power to demand such cubic space, ventilation, and sanitary arrangements generally as they may consider needful to preserve life and health. The factory age is fourteen; there are no half-timers; and, after a struggle, the Upper House was induced to pass a clause enforcing an education test before any child under fifteen should be allowed to go to factory work. This is but logical in a country wherein primary education is not only free, but compulsory. Children under sixteen must be certified by an inspector to be physically fit for factory life. Women and children under eighteen may not work before 7.45 a.m. or after 6 p.m., nor more than forty-eight hours per week. Whether time-workers or piece-workers, they are equally entitled to the half-holiday after 1 p.m. on Saturday. In the case of time-workers, this half-holiday is to be granted without deduction of wages. The rates of pay and hours of work in factories have to be publicly notified and returned to the inspectors. Overtime may be permitted by inspectors on twenty-eight days a year, but overtime pay must be not less than 6d. an hour extra. The factory-owners who send work out have to make complete returns thereof. All clothing made outside factories for sale is to be ticketed "tenement made," and any person removing the ticket before sale may be fined. No home work may be sublet. A peculiar feature in the Act relates to the board and lodging provided on sheep stations for the nomadic bands of shearers who traverse colonies, going from wool-shed to wool-shed during the shearing season. The huts in which these men live are placed under the factory inspectors, who have power to call upon station-owners to make them decent and comfortable. The Act has clauses insisting on the provision of a separate dining-room for women workers, of fire-escapes, and protection against dangerous machinery. Girls under fifteen may not work as type-setters; young persons of both sexes are shut out of certain dangerous trades; women may not work in factories within a month after their confinement. Such are the leading features of the Factories Act. It is strictly enforced, and has not in any way checked the growth of manufactures in the colony.

The laws which regulate retail shops do not aim at securing what is known as early closing. A weekly half-holiday for all, employer and employed alike; a fifty-four hours' working week for women and young

persons; seats for shop girls, and liberty to use them; sanitary inspection of shops. These were the objects of those who framed the acts, and these have been attained. Under a special section merchants' offices must close at 5 o'clock p.m. during two-thirds of each month. On the weekly half-holiday shops in towns must be closed at 1 o'clock, but each town chooses its own day for closing. Nearly all choose Wednesday or Thursday, so as not to interfere with the Saturday market-day of the farmers. Much feeling was stirred up by the passing of this Act, but it has since entirely died away.

Until 1894 the legal position of Trade Unionists in New Zealand was much less enviable than that of their brethren in England. The English Act of 1875 repealing the old Labour Conspiracy law and modifying the common law doctrine relating thereto, had never been enacted in New Zealand. The Intimidation law (6 George IV.) was still in force throughout Australasia; the common law doctrine relating thereto had not been in any way softened. Within the last few years Australian Trade Unionists had found the old English law unexpectedly hunted up for the purpose of putting them into gaol. Three short clauses and a schedule, passed in 1894, swept from the Statute-Book and the common law of New Zealand all laws and doctrines specially relating to conspiracy among members of Trades Unions who in future will only be amenable to such conspiracy laws as affect all citizens.

In New Zealand most domestic servants and many farm hands and gardeners are engaged through Servants' Registry Offices. A law, passed in 1895, provides for the inspection of these, and regulates the fees charged therein. Office-keepers have to be of good character; have to register and take out a license; have to keep books and records which are officially inspected. They are not allowed to keep lodging-houses or to have any interest in such houses.

To certain students the most interesting and novel of the New Zealand labour laws is that which endeavours to settle labour disputes between employers and Trade Unions by means of public arbitration instead of the old-world methods of the strike and the lock-out. Under this statute, which was passed in 1894, the Trade Unions of the Colony have been given the right to become corporate bodies able to sue and be sued. In each industrial locality a Board of Conciliation is set up, composed equally of representatives of employers and workmen, with an impartial chairman. Disputes between Trade Unions and employers--the Act deals with no others--are referred first of all to these Boards. The exclusion of disputes between individuals, or between unorganized workmen and their masters, is grounded on the belief that such disputes are apt to be neither stubborn nor mischievous enough to call for State interference; moreover, how could an award be enforced against a handful of roving workmen, a mere nebulous cluster of units? At the request of any party to an industrial dispute the District Board can call all other parties before it, and can hear, examine, and recommend. It is armed with complete powers for taking evidence and compelling attendance. Its award, however, is not enforceable at law, but is merely in the nature of friendly advice. Should all or any of the parties refuse to accept it, an appeal lies to the Central Court of Arbitration, composed of a judge of the Supreme Court sitting with two assessors representing capital and labour respectively. The trio are appointed for three years, and in default of crime or insanity can only be removed by statute. Their court may not be appealed from, and their procedure is not fettered by precedent. No disputant may employ counsel unless all agree to do so. The decisions of this Court are

binding in law, and may be enforced by pains and penalties. The arbitration law has been in active operation for about three years, during which time some thirty-five Labour disputes have been successfully settled. As a rule, the decisions of the Local Conciliation Boards are not accepted. Either some of the parties refuse to concur, or some of the recommendations are objected to by all those on one side or the other. In nearly all cases the awards of the Arbitration Court have been quietly submitted to. In three minor cases proceedings have been taken for penalties. Twice these have been dismissed on technical grounds. In the third instance a small penalty was imposed. All the important Labour disputes of the last three years have been brought before the tribunals set up under the Act. The only strike which has occurred and has attracted any attention during this period was by certain unorganized bricklayers working for the government. As the Act applied to neither side an attempt was made to settle the dispute by voluntary arbitration. Some of the men, however, refused to accept the arbitrators' award, and lost their work. But of strikes by Trades Unions there have been none, and there should be none so long as the Act can be made to work.

As to the kind of questions arbitrated upon, they comprise most of the hard nuts familiar to students of the Labour problem. Among them are hours of labour, holidays, the amount of day wages, the price to be paid for piece-work, the proportion of apprentices to skilled artizans, the facilities to be allowed to Trade Union officials for interviews with members, the refusal of Unionists to work with non-Union men, and the pressure exerted by employees to induce workmen to join private benefit societies. A New Zealand employer, it may be mentioned, cannot take himself outside the Act of discharging his Union hands, or even by gradually ceasing to engage Union men, and then pleading that he has none left in his employ. A Union, whose members are at variance with certain employers in a trade, may bring all the local employees engaged in that trade into court, so that the same award may be binding on the whole trade in the district.

Most of the references have been anything but trivial affairs, either as to the numbers of workmen concerned, or the value of the industries, or importance of the points in dispute. It is wrong to suppose that the operation of the Act is confined to industries protected by high customs duties, or to workers in factories. It may be applied wherever workers are members of legally constituted bodies, set up either under the Trade Union Act, or under the Arbitration Statute itself. Unions who want to make use of it, register under it; and some eighty have already done so. Trade Unions who do not specially register may nevertheless be brought before the Arbitration Court by the employers of their members. So far the Act has met with a remarkable measure of success. The Trade Unions are enthusiastic believers in it,--rather too enthusiastic, indeed, for they have shown a tendency to make too frequent a use of it. Some of their officials, too, would do well to be more brief and businesslike in the conduct of cases. On the other hand, employers in most of the localities have made a serious mistake in refusing to elect representatives for the local Conciliation Boards, and thus forcing the Government to nominate members. This has weakened the Boards, has hindered them from having the conciliatory character they ought to have, and has led in part to the frequent appeals to the Central Court of which the employers themselves complain. The lawyers claim to have discovered that the penalty clauses of the Act are badly drafted, and some of them assert that unless these are amended, they will be able to drive a coach

and six through the statute. No doubt technical amendments will be required from time to time. What is still more requisite is an understanding between the more reasonable leaders on both sides of industry, by which arrangements may be made for the more effectual and informal use of the Conciliation Boards. Meanwhile it savours of the absurd to talk and write--as certain fault-finders have done--as though every arbitration under the Act were a disturbance of industry as ruinous as a prolonged strike. Other critics have not stickled to assert that it has mischievously affected the volume of the Colony's industries, a statement which is simply untrue. It is the reviving prosperity of the Colony during the last three years which has led the Trade Unions to make so much use of the Act. In place of striking on a rising market, as they do in other countries, they have gone to arbitration. Public opinion in New Zealand has never been one-sided on the question. It has all along been prepared to give this important experiment a fair trial, and is quite ready to have incidental difficulties cured by reasonable amendment.

The Shipping and Seamen's Act, 1894, and the amending Acts of the two following years, mitigate the old-fashioned severity of punishments for refusal of duty, assaults on the high seas, and other nautical offences. The forecastle and the accommodation thereof become subject to the _fiat_ of the Government inspector, as are factories on shore. Regular payment of wages is stipulated for, overcrowding amongst passengers is forbidden. Complete powers are given to the marine authorities to enforce not only a full equipment of life-boats and life-saving appliances, but boat-drill. Deck loading is restricted, and the Plimsoll mark insisted on. But the portion of the Act which gave rise to the intensest opposition was the proviso by which all sailing vessels are obliged to carry a certain complement of able seamen and ordinary seamen, according to their tonnage, while steamers must carry a given number of able seamen, ordinary seamen, firemen, trimmers, and greasers, according to their horse-power. Foreign vessels, while engaging in the New Zealand coasting-trade, have to pay their crews the rate of wages current on the coast. Parliament was warned that the passing of this Act would paralyze the trade of the Colony, but passed it was--with certain not unreasonable amendments--and trade goes on precisely as before.

In 1891, moreover, the colonial laws relating to mining generally, and to coal-mining especially, were consolidated and amended. An interesting feature in the New Zealand Coal Mines' Act is the provision by which mine-owners have to contribute to a fund for the relief of miners or the families of miners in cases where men are injured or killed at work. Every quarter the owners have to pay a halfpenny per ton on the output, if it be bituminous coal; and a farthing a ton, if it be lignite. Payment is made into the nearest Post Office Savings Bank and goes to the credit of an account called "The Coal Miners' Relief Fund." From 1891 mineral rights are reserved in lands thereafter alienated by the Crown.

Most of the Labour laws are watched and administered by the Department of Labour, a branch of the public service created in 1891. It costs but £7,000 or £8,000 a year, much of which is recouped by factory fees and other receipts. It also keeps labour statistics, acts as a servants' registry office, and by publishing information, and by shifting them from congested districts, endeavours to keep down the numbers of the unemployed. In this, though it is but a palliative, it has done useful and humane work, aided--so far as the circulation of

labour goes--by the State-owned railways.

From what has gone before, readers will readily understand that the New Zealand Government has usually in its employ several thousand labourers engaged in road-making, bridge-building, draining, and in erecting and repairing public buildings. To avoid the faults of both the ordinary contract and the day-wage system, a plan, clumsily called The Co-operative Contract System, has been adopted by the present Premier, Mr. Seddon. The work is cut up into small sections, the workmen group themselves in little parties of from four to eight men, and each party is offered a section at a fair price estimated by the Government's engineers. Material, when wanted, is furnished by the Government, and the tax-payer thus escapes the frauds and adulteration of old contract days. The result of the system in practice is that where workmen are of, at any rate, average industry and capacity, they make good, sometimes excellent, wages. In effect they are groups of piece-workers, whose relation with each other is that of partners. Each band elects a trustee, with whom the Government officials deal. They are to a large extent their own masters, and work without being driven by the contractor's foreman. They are not encouraged to work more than eight hours a day; but as what they get depends on what they do, they do not dawdle during those hours, and if one man in a group should prove a loafer, his comrades, who have to suffer for his laziness, soon get rid of him. The tendency is for first-class men to join together, and for second-class men to similarly arrange themselves. Sometimes, of course, the officers, in making estimates of the price to be paid for work, make mistakes, and men will earn extravagantly high wages, or get very poor returns. But as the sections are small, this does not last for long, and the balance is redressed. After some years' experience, it seems fairly proved that the average of earnings is not extravagant, and that the taxpayer loses nothing by the arrangement as compared with the old contract system, while the change is highly popular with workmen throughout the Colony.

Those who know anything of politics anywhere, will not need to be told that the changes and experiments here sketched have been viewed with suspicion, alarm, contempt, or anger, by a large class of wealthy and influential New Zealanders. It is but fair that, in a sketch like this, some emphasis should be laid upon their dissent and protests. Into the personal attacks of which very much of their criticism has consisted this is not the place to enter. A summary of the Conservative view of the progressive work ought, however, to have a place. Disqualified as I might be thought to be from attempting it, I prefer to make use of an account written and published in 1896 by an English barrister, who, in the years 1894-95, spent many months in the Colony studying with attention its politics and public temper. As his social acquaintanceships lay chiefly among the Conservatives, he had no difficulty in getting frank expressions of their views. In the following sentences he sums up the more moderate and impersonal of these, as he heard and analysed them:--

> "... It must not be supposed that the Conservatives of New Zealand, any more than those of the mother country, are apologists for 'sweating.' Indeed, as Mr. Reeves himself has acknowledged, the labour legislation with which he is associated was inaugurated by the Government's predecessors, and in carrying his Bills he had the cordial support of Captain Russell, the

leader of the Opposition. At the same time it is urged that this protective legislation has been carried to an unreasonable extent, and people allege, no doubt with a certain amount of exaggeration, that they feel themselves regulated in all the relations of life. The measure which has created the most irritation seems to be the Shop Assistants Act. Employers say that Mr. Reeves has made every man 'a walking lawsuit,' and that they are chary of having one about their premises. Moreover, this constant succession of labour laws, and the language of some of their supporters, have created, so they say, in the minds of the working classes the impression that the squatters, manufacturers, and the classes with which they associate, are tyrants and oppressors, and their lives are embittered by the feeling that they are regarded as enemies of the people. Further, they say that the administrative action of the Government tends to keep up the price of labour, that the price of labour is unreasonably high, and that this fact, coupled with the necessity of keeping all the provisions of the labour laws in mind, and the spirit which they have generated, makes them disinclined to employ labour in the improvement of their lands. As to the Government's land policy, while it is admitted that small settlers are desirable, it is not admitted that large properties are necessarily a curse. What is resented more fiercely than anything else is the fact that they are liable to have their own properties appropriated at the arbitrary will of the Minister of lands, and though the Government promises to work the law reasonably, neither this nor any other of their declarations is regarded with confidence. It is asserted that the Government is flooding the country with incompetent settlers, who imagine that anyone can get a living out of the land; that the resumed properties have been purchased and cut up in such a way that a cry for a reduction of rents will soon become inevitable, and that the Cheap Money Scheme has created a class of debtors, who, in conceivable circumstances, might be able to apply effectual political pressure for the reduction of their interest. In point of fact they do not share the Progressist idea, that much can be done by legislation to ameliorate the condition of the masses of the population, nor do they see that in a country like New Zealand, where labour is dear, food cheap, and the climate mild and equable, their condition need necessarily be so deplorable. They still cherish the old theories of individualism. The humanitarian ideals of Mr. Reeves, not being idealists, they regard with little interest. What they see is the Government of their Colony, which they had been accustomed to control, in the hands of men whose characters they despise or detest, and the House of Representatives, which was once the most dignified and distinguished assembly in the Colonies, now become (in their circle at any rate) a byword of reproach--full of men who vote themselves for a three months' session salaries which many of them would be unable to earn in any other walk of life."

Despite the Socialistic tendency of the Acts thus denounced, it must not be thought that there is any strong party of deliberate State Socialists in the Colony at all corresponding to the following of Bebel and Liebknecht in Germany, or even the Independent Labour Party in England. There is not. The reforms and experiments which show themselves so many in the later chapters of the story of New Zealand have in all cases been examined and taken on their merits, and not otherwise. They are the outcome of a belief which, though much more boldly trusted and acted upon by the Progressives than by the Conservatives, is not now the monopoly of one political party. The

leaders of the rival parties, the robust Mr. Seddon and the kindly Captain Russell, both admit one main principle. It is that a young democratic country, still almost free from extremes of wealth and poverty, from class hatreds and fears and the barriers these create, supplies an unequalled field for safe and rational experiment in the hope of preventing and shutting out some of the worst social evils and miseries which afflict great nations alike in the old world and the new.

To sum up the experiments themselves, it may be said that the Colony has now reached the stage when the State, without being in any way a monopolist, is a large and active competitor in many fields of industry. Where it does not compete it often regulates. This very competition must of course expose it to the most severe tests and trials. Further progress will chiefly depend on the measure of success with which it stands these, and on the consequent willingness or unwillingness of public opinion to make trial of further novelties.

ELEGY

By Charles Beaumont

*[Transcriber Note: This Project Gutenberg etext was produced from Imagination Stories of
Science and Fantasy February 1953. Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.]*

[Sidenote: It was an impossible situation: an asteroid in space where no asteroid should have been--with a city that could only have existed back on Earth!]

"Would you mind repeating that?"

"I said, sir, that Mr. Friden said, sir, that he sees a city."

"A city?"

"Yes sir."

Captain Webber rubbed the back of his hand along his cheek.

"You realize, of course, that that is impossible?"

"Yes sir."

"Send Mr. Friden in to see me, at once."

The young man saluted and rushed out of the room. He returned with a somewhat older man who wore spectacles and frowned.

"Now then," said Captain Webber, "what's all this Lieutenant Peterson tells me about a city? Are you enjoying a private little joke, Friden?"

Mr. Friden shook his head emphatically. "No sir."

"Then perhaps you'd like to explain."

"Well, sir, you see, I was getting bored and just for something to do, I thought I'd look through the screen--not that I dreamed of seeing anything. The instruments weren't adjusted, either; but there was something funny, something I couldn't make out exactly."

"Go on," said Captain Webber, patiently.

"So I fixed up the instruments and took another look, and there it was, sir, plain as could be!"

"There _what_ was?"

"The city, sir. Oh, I couldn't tell much about it, but there were houses, all right, a lot of them."

"Houses, you say?"

"Yes sir, on an asteroid."

Captain Webber looked for a long moment at Mr. Friden and began to pace nervously.

"I take it you know what this might mean?"

"Yes sir, I do. That's why I wanted Lieutenant Peterson to tell you about it."

"I believe, Friden, that before we do any more talking I'll see this city for myself."

* * * * *

Captain Webber, Lieutenant Peterson and Mr. Friden walked from the room down a long corridor and into a smaller room. Captain Webber put his eye to a circular glass and tapped his foot.

He stepped back and rubbed his cheek again.

"Well, you were right. That _is_ a city--or else we've all gone crazy. Do you think that we have?"

"I don't know, sir. It's not impossible."

"Lieutenant, go ask Mr. Milton if he can land us on an asteroid. Give him all the details and be back in ten minutes." Captain Webber sighed. "Whatever it is," he said, "it will be a relief. Although I never made a special announcement, I suppose you knew that we were lost."

"Oh yes, sir."

"And that we ran almost entirely out of fuel several months ago, in fact shortly after we left?"

"We knew that."

The men were silent.

"Sir, Mr. Milton says he thinks he can land us but he can't promise

exactly where."

"Tell Mr. Milton that's good enough."

Captain Webber waited for the young man to leave, then looked again into the glass.

"What do you make of it, sir?"

"Not much, Friden, not much. It's a city and that's an asteroid; but how the devil they got there is beyond me. I still haven't left the idea that we're crazy, you know."

Mr. Friden looked.

"We're positioning to land. Strange--"

"What is it?"

"I can make things out a bit more clearly now, sir. Those are earth houses."

Captain Webber looked. He blinked.

"Now, _that_," he said, "_is_ impossible. Look here, we've been floating about in space for--how long is it?"

"Three months, sir."

"Exactly. For three months we've been bobbling aimlessly, millions of miles from earth. No hope, no hope whatever. And now we're landing in a city just like the one we first left, or almost like it. Friden, I ask you, does that make any sense at all?"

"No, sir."

"And does it seem logical that there should be an asteroid where no asteroid should be?"

"It does not."

They stared at the glass, by turns.

"Do you see that, Friden?"

"I'm afraid so, sir."

"A lake. A lake and a house by it and trees ... tell me, how many of us are left?"

Mr. Friden held up his right hand and began unbending fingers.

"Yourself, sir, and myself; Lieutenant Peterson, Mr. Chitterwick, Mr. Goeblin, Mr. Milton and...."

"Great scott, out of thirty men?"

"You know how it was, sir. That business with the Martians and then, our own difficulties--"

"Yes. Our own difficulties. Isn't it ironic, somehow, Friden? We band together and fly away from war and, no sooner are we off the earth but we begin other wars.... I've often felt that if Appleton hadn't been so aggressive with that gun we would never have been kicked off Mars. And why did we have to laugh at them? Oh, I'm afraid I haven't been a very successful captain."

"You're in a mood, sir."

"Am I? I suppose I am. Look! There's a farm, an actual farm!"

"Not really!"

"Why, I haven't seen one for twenty years."

The door flew open and Lieutenant Peterson came in, panting. "Mr. Milton checked off every instruction, sir, and we're going down now."

"He's sure there's enough fuel left for the brake?"

"He thinks so, sir."

"Lieutenant Peterson."

"Yes sir?"

"Come look into this glass, will you."

The young man looked.

"What do you see?"

"A lot of strange creatures, sir. Are they dangerous? Should we prepare our weapons?"

"How old are you, Lieutenant?"

"Nineteen, Captain Webber."

"You have just seen a herd of cows, for the most part--" Captain Webber squinted and twirled knobs "--Holsteins."

"Holsteins, sir?"

"You may go. Oh, you might tell the others to prepare for a crash landing. Straps and all that."

The young man smiled faintly and left.

"I'm a little frightened, Friden; I think I'll go to my cabin. Take charge and have them wait for my orders."

Captain Webber saluted tiredly and walked back down the long corridor. He paused as the machines suddenly roared more life, rubbed his cheek and went into the small room.

"Cows," said Captain Webber bracing himself.

* * * * *

The fiery leg fell into the cool air, heating it, causing it to smoke; it burnt into the green grass and licked a craterous hole. There were fireflags and firesparks, hisses and explosions and the weary groaning sound of a great beast suddenly roused from sleep.

The rocket landed. It grumbled and muttered for a while on its finny tripod, then was silent; soon the heat vanished also.

"Are you all right, sir?"

"Yes. The rest?"

"All but Mr. Chitterwick. He broke his glasses and says he can't see."

Captain Webber swung himself erect and tested his limbs. "Well then, Lieutenant, has the atmosphere been checked?"

"The air is pure and fit to breathe, sir."

"Instruct the others to drop the ladder."

"Yes sir."

A door in the side of the rocket opened laboriously and men began climbing out: "Look!" said Mr. Milton, pointing. "There are trees and grass and--over there, little bridges going over the water."

He pointed to a row of small white houses with green gardens and stony paths.

Beyond the trees was a brick lodge, extended over a rivulet which foamed and bubbled. Fishing poles protruded from the lodge window.

"And there, to the right!"

A steel building thirty stories high with a pink cloud near the top. And, separated by a hedge, a brown tent with a barbeque pit before it, smoke rising in a rigid ribbon from the chimney.

Mr. Chitterwick blinked and squinted his eyes. "What do you see?"

Distant and near, houses of stone and brick and wood, painted all colors, small, large; and further, golden fields of wheat, each blown by a different breeze in a different direction.

"I don't believe it," said Captain Webber. "It's a _park_--millions of miles away from where a park could possibly be."

"Strange but familiar," said Lieutenant Peterson, picking up a rock.

Captain Webber looked in all directions. "We were lost. Then we see a city where no city should be, on an asteroid not shown on any chart, and we manage to land. And now we're in the middle of a place that belongs in history-records. We may be crazy; we may all be wandering around in space and dreaming."

The little man with the thin hair who had just stepped briskly from a

treeclump said, "Well, well," and the men jumped.

[Illustration]

The little man smiled. "Aren't you a trifle late or early or something?"

Captain Webber turned and his mouth dropped open.

"I hadn't been expecting you, gentlemen, to be perfectly honest," the little man clucked, then: "Oh dear, see what you've done to Mr. Bellefont's park. I do hope you haven't hurt him--no, I see that he is all right."

Captain Webber followed the direction of the man's eyes and perceived an old man with red hair seated at the base of a tree, apparently reading a book.

"We are from Earth," said Captain Webber.

"Yes, yes."

"Let me explain: my name is Webber, these are my men."

"Of course," said the little man.

Mr. Chitterwick came closer, blinking. "Who is this that knows our language?" he asked.

"Who--Greypoole, Mr. Greypoole. Didn't _they_ tell you?"

"Then you are _also_ from Earth?"

"Heavens yes! But now, let us go where we can chat more comfortably." Mr. Greypoole struck out down a small path past scorched trees and underbrush. "You know, Captain, right after the last consignment something happened to my calendar. Now, I'm competent at my job, but I'm no technician, no indeed: besides, no doubt you or one of your men can set the doodad right, eh? Here we are."

They walked onto a wooden porch and through a door with a wire screen; Lieutenant Peterson first, then Captain Webber, Mr. Friden and the rest of the crew. Mr. Greypoole followed.

"You must forgive me--it's been a while. Take chairs, there, there. Now, what news of--home, shall I say?" The little man stared.

Captain Webber shifted uncomfortably. He glanced around the room at the lace curtains, the needle-point tapestries and the lavender wallpaper.

"Mr. Greypoole, I'd like to ask some questions."

"Certainly, certainly. But first, this being an occasion--" the little man stared at each man carefully, then shook his head "--ah, do you all like wine? Good wine?"

He ducked through a small door.

Captain Webber exhaled and rose.

"Now, don't start talking all at once," he whispered. "Anyone have any ideas? No? Then quick, scout around--Friden, you stay here; you others, see what you can find. I'm not sure I like the looks of this."

The men left the room.

* * * * *

Mr. Chitterwick made his way along a hedgerow, feeling cautiously and maintaining a delicate balance. When he came to a doorway he stopped, squinted and entered.

The room was dark and quiet and odorous. Mr. Chitterwick groped a few steps, put out his hand and encountered what seemed to be raw flesh; he swiftly withdrew his hand. "Excuse," he said, then, "Oh!" as his face came against a slab of moist red meat. "Oh my!"

Mr. Chitterwick began to tremble and he blinked furiously, reaching out and finding flesh, cold and hard, unidentifiable.

When he stepped upon the toe of a large man with a walrus mustache, he wheeled, located the sunlight and ran from the butcher shop....

* * * * *

The door of the temple opened with difficulty, which caused Mr. Milton to breathe unnaturally. Then, once inside, he gasped.

Row upon row of people, their fingers outstretched, lips open but immobile and silent, their bodies prostrate on the floor. And upon a strange black altar, a tiny woman with silver hair and a long thyrsus in her right hand.

Nothing stirred but the mosaic squares in the walls. The colors danced here; otherwise, everything was frozen, everything was solid.

Even the air hung suspended, stationary.

Mr. Milton left the temple....

* * * * *

There was a table and a woman on the table and people all around the woman on the table. Mr. Goeblin did not go a great distance from the doorway: he rubbed his eyes and stared.

It was an operating room. There were all the instruments, some old, most old, and the masked men and women with shining scissors and glistening saws in their hands. And up above, the students' aperture: filled seats, filled aisles.

Mr. Goeblin put his other hand about the doorknob.

A large man stood over the recumbent figure, his lusterless eyes regarding the crimson-puce incision, but he did not move. The nurses did not move, or the students. No one moved, especially the smiling middle-aged woman on the table.

Mr. Goeblin moved....

* * * * *

"Hello!" said Lieutenant Peterson, after he had searched through eight long aisles of books, "Hello!"

He pointed his gun menacingly.

There were many books with many titles and they all had a fine grey dust about them. Lieutenant Peterson paused to examine a bulky volume, when he happened to look above him.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

The mottled, angular man perched atop the ladder did not respond. He clutched a book and looked at the book and not at Lieutenant Peterson.

"Come down--I want to talk with you!"

The man on the ladder did nothing unusual: he remained precisely as he had been.

Lieutenant Peterson climbed up the ladder, scowling; he reached the man and jabbed with a finger.

Lieutenant Peterson looked into the eyes of the reading man and descended hastily and did not say goodbye....

* * * * *

Mr. Greypoole reentered the living room with a tray of glasses. "This is apricot wine," he announced, distributing the glasses, "But--where are the others? Out for a walk? Ah well, they can drink theirs later. Incidentally, Captain, how many Guests did you bring? Last time it was only twelve. Not an extraordinary shipment, either: they all preferred the ordinary things. All but Mrs. Dominguez--dear me, she was worth the carload herself. Wanted a zoo, can you imagine--a regular zoo, with her put right in the bird-house. Oh, they had a time putting that one up!"

Mr. Greypoole chuckled and sipped at his drink.

"It's people like Mrs. Dominguez who put the--the life?--into Happy Glades. Or do you find that disrespectful?"

Captain Webber shook his head and tossed down his drink.

Mr. Greypoole leaned back in his chair and crossed a leg. "Ah," he continued, "you have no idea how good this is. Once in a while it does get lonely for me here--no man is an island, or how does it go? Why, I can remember when Mr. Waldmeyer first told me of this idea. 'A grave responsibility,' he said, 'a _grave_ responsibility.' Mr. Waldmeyer has a keen sense of humor, needless to say."

Captain Webber looked out the window. A small child on roller skates stood still on the sidewalk. Mr. Greypoole laughed.

"Finished your wine? Good. Explanations are in order, though first perhaps you'd care to join me in a brief turn about the premises?"

"Fine. Friden, you stay here and wait for the men." Captain Webber winked a number of times and frowned briefly, then he and Mr. Greypoole walked out onto the porch and down the steps.

Mr. Friden drummed his fingers upon the arm of a chair, surveyed his empty glass and hiccoughed softly.

* * * * *

"I do wish you'd landed your ship elsewhere, Captain. Mr. Bellefont was quite particular and, as you can see, his park is hopelessly disfigured."

"We were given no choice, I'm afraid. The fuel was running out."

"Indeed? Well then, that explains everything. A beautiful day, don't you find, sir? Fortunately, with the exception of Professor Carling, all the Guests preferred good weather. Plenty of sunshine, they said, or crisp evening. It helps."

They walked toward a house of colored rocks.

"Miss Daphne Trilling's," said Mr. Greypoole, gesturing. "They threw it up in a day, though it's solid enough."

When they had passed an elderly woman on a bicycle, Captain Webber stopped walking.

"Mr. Greypoole, we've _got_ to have a talk."

Mr. Greypoole shrugged and pointed and they went into an office building which was crowded with motionless men, women and children.

"Since I'm so mixed up myself," the captain said, "maybe I'd better ask--just who do you think _we_ are?"

"I'd thought you to be the men from the Glades of course."

"I don't have the slightest idea what you're talking about. We're from the planet Earth. They were going to have another war, the 'Last War' they said, and we escaped in that rocket and started off for Mars. But something went wrong--fellow named Appleton pulled a gun, others just didn't like the Martians--we needn't go into it; they wouldn't have us so Mars didn't work out. Something else went wrong then, soon we were lost with only a little store of fuel and supplies. Then Mr. Friden noticed this city or whatever it is and we had enough fuel to land so we landed."

Mr. Greypoole nodded his head slowly, somehow, sadder than before.

"I see.... You say there was a war on Earth?"

"They were going to set off X-Bomb; when they do, everything will go to pieces. Or everything has already."

"What dreadful news! May I inquire, Captain, when you have learned where you are--what do you intend to do?"

"Why, live here, of course!"

"No, no--try to understand. You could not conceivably fit in here with us."

Captain Webber glanced at the motionless people. "Why not?" Then he shouted, "What is this place? _Where am I?_"

Mr. Greypoole smiled.

"Captain, you are in a cemetery."

* * * * *

"Good work, Peterson!"

"Thanks, sir. When we all got back and Friden didn't know where you'd gone, well, we got worried. Then we heard you shouting."

"Hold his arms--there. You heard this, Friden?"

Mr. Friden was trembling slightly. He brushed past a man with a van Dyke beard and sat down on a leather stool. "Yes sir, I did. That is, I think I did. What shall we do with him?"

"I don't know, yet. Take him away, Lieutenant, for now. I want to think a bit. We'll talk to Mr. Greypoole later on."

Lieutenant Peterson pulled the smiling little man out into the street and pointed a gun at him.

Mr. Chitterwick blinked into the face of a small child.

"Man's insane, I guess," said Mr. Milton, pacing.

"Yes, but what about all _this_?" Mr. Goeblin looked horrified at the stationary people.

"I think I can tell you," Mr. Friden said. "Take a look, Captain."

The men crowded about a pamphlet which Mr. Friden had placed on the stool.

Toward the top of the pamphlet and in the center of the first page was a photograph, untinted and solemn; it depicted a white cherub delicately poised on a granite slab. Beneath the photograph, were the words: HAPPY GLADES.

Captain Webber turned the pages and mumbled, glancing over his shoulder every once in a while.

"What is it, sir?" asked Mr. Chitterwick of a frozen man in a blue suit with copper buttons.

"It's one of those old level cemeteries!" cried Mr. Milton. "I remember seeing pictures like it, sir."

Captain Webber read aloud from the pamphlet.

"For fifty years," he began, "an outstanding cultural and spiritual

asset to this community, HAPPY GLADES is proud to announce yet another innovation in its program of post-benefits. NOW YOU CAN ENJOY THE AFTER-LIFE IN SURROUNDINGS WHICH SUGGEST THE HERE-AND-NOW. Never before in history has scientific advancement allowed such a plan."

Captain Webber turned the page.

"For those who prefer that their late departed have really _permanent, eternal_ happiness, for those who are dismayed by the fragility of all things mortal, we of HAPPY GLADES are proud to offer:

"1. The permanent duplication of physical conditions identical to those enjoyed by the departed on Earth. Park, playground, lodge, office building, hotel or house, etc., may be secured at varying prices. All workmanship and materials specially attuned to conditions on ASTEROID K_{7} and guaranteed for PERMANENCE.

"2. PERMANENT conditioning of late beloved so that, in the midst of surroundings he favored, a genuine Eternity may be assured.

"3. Full details on HAPPY GLADES' newest property, Asteroid K_{7}, may be found on page 4."

The captain tossed the pamphlet to the floor and lit a cigarette. "Did anyone happen to notice the date?"

Mr. Milton said, "It doesn't make any sense! There haven't been cemeteries for ages. And even if this were true, why should anyone want to go all the way through space to a little asteroid? They might just as well have built these things on Earth."

"Who would want all this when they're dead, anyway?"

"You mean all these people are dead?"

For a few moments there was complete and utter silence in the lobby of the building.

* * * * *

"Are those things true, that we read in your booklet?" asked Captain Webber after Lieutenant Peterson had brought in the prisoner.

"Every word," said the little man bowing slightly, "is monumentally correct."

"Then we want you to begin explaining."

Mr. Greypoole tushed and proceeded to straighten the coat of a middle-aged man with a cigar.

Mr. Goeblin shuddered.

"No, no," laughed Mr. Greypoole, "_these_ are only imitations. Mr. Conklin upstairs was head of a large firm; absolutely in love with his work, you know--that kind of thing. So we had to duplicate not only the office, but the building and even replicas of all the people in the building. Mr. Conklin himself is in an easy chair on the twentieth story."

"_And?_"

"Well, gentlemen, as you know, Happy Glades is the outstanding mortuary on Earth. And, to put it briefly, with the constant explorations of planets and moons and whatnot, our Mr. Waldmeyer hit upon this scheme: Seeking to extend the ideal hereafter to our Guests, we bought out this little asteroid. With the vast volume and the tremendous turnover, as it were, we got our staff of scientists together and they offered this plan--to duplicate the exact surroundings which the Guest most enjoyed in Life, assure him privacy, permanence (a _very_ big point, as you can see), and all the small things not possible on Earth."

"Why here, why cart off a million miles or more when the same thing could have been done on Earth?"

"My communication system went bad, I fear, so I haven't heard from the offices in some while--but, I am to understand there is a war beginning? _That_ is the idea, Captain; one could never really be sure of one's self down there, what with all the new bombs and things being discovered."

"Hmm," said Captain Webber.

"Then too, Mr. Waldmeyer worried about those new societies with their dreadful ideas about cremation--you can see what that sort of thing could do to the undertaking business? His plan caught on, however, and soon we were having to turn away Guests."

"And where do you fit in, Mr. Greypoole?"

The little man seemed to blush; he lowered his eyes. "I was head caretaker, you see. But I wasn't well--gastric complaints, liver, heart palpitations, this and that; so, I decided to allow them to ... _change_ me. They turned all manner of machines on my body and pumped me full of fluids and by the time I got here, why, I was almost, you might say, a machine myself! Fortunately, though, they left a good deal of Greypoole. All I know is that whenever the film is punctured, I wake and become a machine, do my prescribed duties in a complex way and--"

"The film?"

"The covering that seals in the conditioning. Nothing can get out, nothing get in--except things like rockets. Then, it's self-sealing, needless to say. But to get on, Captain. With all the technical advancements, it soon got to where there was no real work to be done here; they threw up the film and coated us with their preservative or, as they put it, Eternifier, and--well, with the exception of my calendar and the communications system, everything's worked perfectly, including myself."

* * * * *

No one said anything for a while. Then Captain Webber said, with great slowness, "You're lying. This is all a crazy, hideous plot." The little man chuckled at the word plot.

"In the first place, no cemetery or form of cemetery has existed on Earth for--how long, Friden?"

Mr. Friden stared at his fingers. "Years and years."

"Exactly. There are communal furnaces now."

Mr. Greypoole winced.

"And furthermore," continued the captain, "this whole concept is ridiculous."

Mr. Chitterwick threw down the pamphlet and began to tremble. "We should have stayed home," he remarked to a young woman who did not answer.

"Mr. Greypoole," Webber said, "I think that you know more than you're saying. You didn't seem very surprised when you learned we weren't the men you expected; you don't seem very surprised now that I tell you that your 'Happy Glades' and all the people connected with it have been dead for ages. So, why the display of interest in our explanations, why--"

The faint murmur, "A good machine checks and double checks," could be heard from Mr. Greypoole, who otherwise said nothing.

"I speak for my men: we're confused, terribly confused. But whatever this is, we're stuck, can't you see? All we want is a place to begin again--" Captain Webber paused, looked at the others and went on in a softer tone. "We're tired men, Mr. Greypoole; we're poorly equipped, but we do have weapons and if this is some hypnotic kind of trap...."

The little man waved his hand, offendedly.

"There are lakes and farms and all we need to make a new start--more than we'd hoped for, much more."

"What _had_ you hoped for, Captain?"

"Something. Nothing. Just escape--"

"But I see no women--how could you begin again, as you suggest?"

"Women? Too weak; they would not have lasted. We brought along eggs and machines--enough for our needs."

Mr. Greypoole clucked his tongue. "Mr. Waldmeyer certainly did look ahead," he muttered, "he certainly _did_."

"Will we be honest now? Will you help us?"

"Yes, Captain, I will help you. Let us go back to your rocket." Mr. Greypoole smiled. "Things will be better there."

Captain Webber signaled. They left the building and walked by the foot of a white mountain.

* * * * *

They passed a garden with little spotted trees and flowers, a brown desert of shifting sands and a striped tent; they walked by strawberry fields and airplane hangars and coal mines; tiny yellow cottages, cramped apartments, fluted houses and Tudor houses and houses without

description....

Past rock pools and a great zoo full of animals that stared out of vacant eyes; and everywhere, the seasons changing gently: crisp autumn, cottony summer, windy spring and winters cool and white....

The six men in uniforms followed the little man with the thin hair. They did not speak as they walked, but looked around, stared, craned, wondered....

And the old, young, middle-aged, white, brown, yellow people who did not move wondered back at the men with their eyes....

"You see, Captain, the success of Mr. Waldmeyer's plan?"

Captain Webber rubbed his cheek.

"I don't understand," he said.

"But you do see, all of you, the perfection here, the quality of Eternal Happiness which the circular speaks of?"

"Yes ... we see that."

"Here we have happiness and brotherhood, here there have never been wars or hatreds or prejudices. And now you who were many and left Earth to escape war and hatred, who were many by your own word and are now only six, you want to begin life _here_?"

Cross-breezes ruffled the men's hair.

"To _begin_, when from the moment of your departure you had wars of your own, and killed, and hurled mocking prejudice against a race of people not like you, a race who rejected and cast you out into space again! From your own account! No gentlemen, I am truly sorry. It may be that I misjudged those of you who are left, or rather, that Happy Glades misjudged you. You may mean well, after all--and, of course, the location of this asteroid was so planned by the Board as to be uncharted forever. But--oh, I am sorry." Mr. Greypoole sighed.

"What does he mean by that?" asked Mr. Friden and Lieutenant Peterson.

Captain Webber was gazing at a herd of cows in the distance.

"What do you mean, you're 'sorry'?" demanded Mr. Friden.

"Well...."

"Captain Webber!" cried Mr. Chitterwick, blinking.

"Yes, yes?"

"I feel queer."

Mr. Goeblin clutched at his stomach.

"So do I!"

"And me!"

Captain Webber looked back at the fields, then at Mr. Greypoole. His mouth twitched in sudden pain.

"We feel awful, Captain!"

"I'm sorry, gentlemen. Follow me to your ship, quickly." Mr. Greypoole motioned curiously with his hands and began to step briskly.

* * * * *

They circled a small pond where a motionless boy strained toe-high on an extended board. And the day once again turned to night as they hurried past a shadowed cathedral.

When they were in sight of the scorched trees, Mr. Milton doubled up and screamed.

"Captain!"

Mr. Goeblin struck his forehead. "I told you, I told you we shouldn't have drunk that wine! Didn't I tell you?"

"It was the wine--and we all drank it. _He_ did it, _he_ poisoned us!"

"Follow me!" cried Mr. Greypoole, making a hurried gesture and breaking into a run. "Faster!"

They stumbled hypnotically through the park, over the Mandarin-bridges to the rock.

"Tell them, Captain, tell them to climb the ladder."

"Go on up, men."

"But we're poisoned, sir!"

"_Hurry!_ There's--an antidote in the ship."

The crew climbed into the ship.

"Captain," invited Mr. Greypoole.

Captain Webber ascended jerkily. When he reached the open lock, he turned. His eyes swept over the hills and fields and mountains, over the rivers and houses and still people. He coughed and pulled himself into the rocket.

Mr. Greypoole followed.

"You don't dislike this ship, do you--that is, the surroundings are not offensive?"

"No; we don't dislike the ship."

"I am glad of that--if _only_ I had been allowed more latitude! But everything functions so well here; no real choice in the matter, actually. No more than the Sealing Film. And they _would_ leave me with these human emotions! I see, of course, why the communications system

doesn't work, why my calendar is out of commission. Kind of Mr. Waldmeyer to arrange for them to stop when his worst fears finally materialized. Are the men all seated? No, no, they mustn't writhe about the floor like that. Get them to their stations--no, to the stations they would most prefer. And hurry!"

Captain Webber ordered Mr. Chitterwick to the galley, Mr. Goeblin to the engineering chair, Mr. Friden to the navigator's room....

"Sir, what's going to happen? _Where's the antidote?_"

Mr. Milton to the pilot's chair....

"The pain will last only another moment or so--it's unfortunately part of the Eternifier," said Mr. Greypoole. "There, all in order? Good, good. Now, Captain, I see understanding in your face; that pleases me more than I can say. My position is so difficult! But you can see, when a machine is geared to its job--which is to retain permanence on HAPPY GLADES--well, a machine is a machine. Where shall we put _you_?"

Captain Webber leaned on the arm of the little man and walked to the open lock.

"You _do_ understand?" asked Mr. Greypoole.

Captain Webber's head nodded halfway down, then stopped; and his eyes froze forever upon the City.

"A pity...."

The little man with the thin hair walked about the cabins and rooms, straightening, dusting; he climbed down the ladder, shook his head and started down the path to the wooden house.

When he had washed all the empty glasses and replaced them, he sat down in the large leather chair and adjusted himself into the most comfortable position.

His eyes stared in waxen contentment at the homely interior, with its lavender wallpaper, needle-point tapestries and tidy arrangement.

He did not move.

ENTER THE HERO

A COMEDY

BY THERESA HELBURN

ENTER THE HERO was first produced in San Francisco by the St. Francis Little Theater Players, on January 16th, 1918, with the following cast:

RUTH CAREY _Ruth Hammond_.
ANNE CAREY _Helene Sullivan_.
HAROLD LAWSON _Arthur Maitland_.
MRS. CAREY _Julia Deane_.

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ENTER THE HERO

A COMEDY BY THERESA HELBURN

[_The scene presents an upstairs sitting room in a comfortable house in a small city. The wall on the spectator's left is broken by a fireplace, and beyond that a door leading into the hall. At the back of the stage is a deep bay window from which one may have a view up and down the street. A door in the right wall leads to Anne Carey's bedroom. The sitting room, being Anne's particular property, is femininely furnished in chintz. A table desk with several drawers occupies an important place in the room, which is conspicuously rich in flowers._

The curtain rises on an empty stage. Ruth Carey, a pretty girl of eighteen years, enters hurriedly, carrying a large box; she wears a hat and coat.]

RUTH. Oh, Anne, here's _another_ box of flowers! Anne, where are you?

VOICE FROM ANNE'S BEDROOM. In here. I thought you had gone out.

RUTH [_opening door left_]. I was just going when the expressman left

these--and I wanted to see them. [_Looking into the bedroom._] Oh, how pretty your dress is. Turn round. Just adorable! May I open these?

THE VOICE. Yes, but hurry. It's late.

RUTH [_throwing her sister a kiss_]. You dear! It's almost like having a fiancé of my own. Three boxes in two days! He's adorably extravagant. Oh, Anne, exquisite white roses! Come, look!

[_Anne Carey appears in the bedroom door. She is a girl of twenty-two. Her manner in this scene shows nervousness and suppressed excitement._]

ANNE. Yes, lovely. Get a bowl, Ruth. Quickly.

RUTH. I will. Here's a card. [_She hands Anne an envelope, goes to the door, then stops._] What does he say, Anne? May I see?

[_Anne, who has read the card quickly with a curious little smile, hands it back to her without turning._]

RUTH [_reading_]:

"The red rose whispers of passion
And the white rose breathes of love;
Oh, the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

"But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips,
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

Oh, how beautiful! Did he make that up, do you suppose? I didn't know he was a real poet.

ANNE [_who has been pinning some of the roses on her dress_]. Any one in love is a poet.

RUTH. It's perfectly beautiful! [_She takes a pencil and little notebook out of her pocket._] May I copy it in my "Harold Notebook"?

ANNE. Your _what_?

RUTH. I call it my "Harold Notebook." I've put down bits of his letters that you read me, the lovely bits that are too beautiful to forget. Do you mind?

ANNE. You silly child!

RUTH. Here, you may see it.... That's from the second letter he wrote you from Rio Janeiro. I just couldn't get over that letter. You know I made you read it to me three times. It was so--so delicate. I remembered this passage--see. "A young girl seems to me as exquisite and frail as a flower, and I feel myself a vandal in desiring to pluck and possess one. Yet, Anne, your face is always before me, and I know now what I was too stupid to realize before, that it was you and you only, who made life bearable for me last winter when I was a stranger and alone." Oh, Anne--[_Sighing rapturously._] that's the sort of love letters I've

dreamed of getting. I don't suppose I ever shall.

ANNE. [_still looking over the notebook with her odd smile_]. Have you shown this to any one?

RUTH. Only to Caroline--in confidence. [_Pauses to see how Anne will take it._] But really, Anne, every one knows about Harold. You've told Madge and Eleanor, and I'm sure they've told the others. They don't say anything to us, but they do to Caroline and she tells me. [_Watching Anne's face._] You're not angry, are you, Anne?

ANNE. Yes, rather. [_Then eagerly._] What do they say?

RUTH. Oh, all sorts of things. Some of them horrid, of course! You can't blame them for being jealous. Here you are having just the sort of experience that any one of them would give their eye teeth to have. _I'd_ be jealous if you weren't my sister. As it is, I seem to get some of the glory myself.

ANNE [_pleads, but disparaging_]. But every girl has this experience sooner or later.

RUTH. Oh, not in this way. Everything that Harold does is beautiful, ideal. Jane Fenwick showed me some of Bob's letters. They were so dull, so prosaic! All about his salary and the corn crop. I was disgusted with them. So was she, I think, when she saw Harold's letters.

ANNE. Oh, you showed them to Jane, too?

RUTH [_a bit frightened_]. No, really I didn't. Caroline did. I lent her my notebook once overnight, and she gave Jane a peek--in the _strictest_ confidence. Jane really needed it. She was getting so cocky about Bob. Girls are funny things, aren't they?

ANNE [_who has been keenly interested in all of Ruth's gossip_]. What do you mean?

RUTH. It isn't so much the man, as the idea of a man--some one to dream about, and to talk about. When I think of getting engaged--I suppose I shall get engaged some day--I never think of being really, really kissed by a man--

ANNE. What do you think of?

RUTH. I always think of telling Caroline about it, showing my ring to her and to Madge. Oh, Madge is green with envy. I believe she thought Harold sort of liked her. [_Anne turns away._] She was so excited when she saw him in New York. She said she would have got off the bus and chased him, but he went into a house.... Anne, why didn't you tell us--me, at least--that Harold was back from South America, before we heard it from Madge?

ANNE. Just because.... I wanted to avoid all this.... It was hard enough to have him within a few hours' distance and know he could not get to me. But it was easier when no one else knew. Don't you understand?

RUTH. Yes, dear, of course I do--but still--

ANNE [_impatiently_]. Now, Ruth, it's quarter past four. You promised--

RUTH. I'm going ... right straight off ... unless--Oh, Anne, mayn't I stay and have just one peek. I won't let him see me, and then I'll run straight away?

ANNE. Oh, for heaven's sake, don't be naughty and silly! Clear out now, quickly, or--[_Changing her tone suddenly._] Ruth, dear, put yourself in my place. Think how you would feel if you were going to see the man you loved for the first time. That's what it really is. Think of it! Two years ago when he went away we were just the merest friends--and now--

RUTH. And now you're engaged to be married! Oh, isn't it the most romantic thing! Of course you want to be alone. Forgive me. Oh, Anne, how excited you must be!

ANNE [_with rather histrionic intensity_]. No, I'm strangely calm. And yet, Ruth, I'm afraid, terribly afraid.

RUTH. Why, what of?

ANNE [_acting_]. I don't know ... of everything ... of the unknown. All this has been so wonderful, if anything should happen I don't think I could bear it. I think I should die.

RUTH. Nonsense, dear, what can happen? You're just on edge. Well, I'll be off. I'll join Mother at Aunt Nellie's. Give my love to Harold. You know I've never called him anything but Mr. Lawson to his face. Isn't that funny? Good-by, dear. [_Throwing Anne a kiss._] You look so sweet.

ANNE [_her hands on Ruth's shoulders for an impressive moment_]. Good-by, Ruth. Good-by.

> [_They kiss. Ruth goes. Left alone, a complete change comes over Anne. She drops the romantic attitude. She is nervously determined. She quickly arranges the flowers, takes out the box, etc., straightens the room, and surveys herself rapidly in the mirror. There is a sound of wheels outside. Anne goes to the bay window and looks out. Then she stands erect in the grip of an emotion that is more like terror than anticipation. Hearing the sound of footsteps on the stair she is panic-stricken and about to bolt, but at the sound of voices she pulls herself together and stands motionless._]

MAN'S VOICE [_outside_]. In here? All right!

> [_Harold Lawson enters, a well set up, bronzed, rather commonplace young man of about twenty-eight. He sees no one on his entry, but as he advances into the room, Anne comes down from the bay window._]

HAROLD. Hello, Miss Carey, how are you? Splendid to see you again, after all this time. [_Anne looks at him without speaking, which slightly embarrasses him._] You're looking fine. How's your mother--and little Ruth?

ANNE [_slowly_]. Welcome home.

HAROLD. Oh, thanks. It's rather nice to be back in God's country. But it's not for long this time.

ANNE. Are you going away again?

HAROLD. Yes. I've another appointment. This one in India, some big salt mines. Not bad, eh? I made pretty good in Brazil, they tell me.

ANNE [_nervously_]. Sit down.

HAROLD. Thanks. Hot for September, isn't it? Though I ought to be used to heat by this time. Sometimes the thermometer would run a hundred and eight for a week on end. Not much fun, that.

ANNE. No, indeed.

HAROLD [_settling back comfortably to talk about himself_]. You know I loathed it down there at first. What with all the foreigners and the rotten weather and the bugs--thought I'd never get into the swing. Wanted to chuck engineering for any old job that was cool, but after a while--

ANNE. How long have you been home?

HAROLD. About three weeks. I'd really been meaning to come out here and have a look round my old haunts, but there was business in New York, and I had to go South and see my family--you know how time flies. Then your note came. It was mighty jolly of you to ask me out here. By the way, how did you know I was back?

ANNE [_after a pause_]. Madge Kennedy caught sight of you in New York.

HAROLD. Did she really? How is little Madge? And that odd brother of hers. Is he just as much of a fool as ever? I remember once he said to me--

ANNE. Oh, I didn't ask you here to talk about Madge Kennedy's family.

HAROLD [_taken aback_]. No ... no, of course, not. I--I've been wondering just why you did ask me. You said you wanted to talk to me about something.

ANNE [_gently_]. Weren't you glad to come?

HAROLD. Why, of course I was. Of course. And then your note fired my curiosity--your asking me to come straight to you before seeing any one else.

ANNE. Aren't you glad to be here with me?

HAROLD. Why surely, of course, but--[_Pause._]

ANNE. You see, people seemed to expect you would come to see me first of all. I rather expected it myself. Don't you understand?

HAROLD [_very uncomfortably_]. No.... I'm afraid I don't....

ANNE. From the way you acted before you went away I thought you, yourself, would want to see me first of all.

HAROLD. Before I went away? What do you mean?

ANNE. You know well enough what I mean. The parties those last weeks--the theater we went to--the beautiful flowers you sent Mother--the letter--

HAROLD. But--but--why, I was going away. You and your people had been awfully nice to me, a perfect stranger in town. I was simply trying to do the decent thing. Good Lord! You don't mean to say you thought--

ANNE [_watching him very closely_]. Yes, it's true, I thought--and every one else thought--I've been waiting these two years for you to come back.

[_She drops her face into her hands. Her shoulders shake._]

HAROLD [_jumping up_]. Great Heavens! I never imagined--Why, Miss Carey, I--oh, I'm terribly sorry! [_She continues to sob._] Please don't do that--please! I'd better go away--I'll clear out--I'll go straight off to India--I'll never bother you again.

[_He seized his hat, and is making, in a bewildered way, for the door, when she intercepts him._]

ANNE. No. You mustn't go away!

HAROLD. But what can I do?

ANNE [_striking a tragic attitude_]. You mean to say you don't care at all--that you have never cared?

HAROLD. Really, Miss Carey, I--

ANNE. For heaven's sake, don't call me Miss Carey. Call me Anne.

HAROLD. Miss Carey.... Anne.... I.... Oh, you'd better let me go--let me get away before any one knows I'm here--before they think--

ANNE. It's too late. They think already.

HAROLD. Think what? What do you mean?

ANNE. Oh, this is terrible! Sit down, Harold, and listen to me. [_She pushes him into a chair and begins to talk very rapidly, watching intently the effect of her words upon him._] You see, when you went away, people began to say things about us--you and me--about your caring. I let them go on. In fact I believed them. I suppose it was because I wanted so much to believe them. Oh, what a fool I've been! What a fool!

[_She covers her face with her hands. He gets up intending vaguely to comfort her, but she thinks he is making another move to go, and jumps to her feet._]

ANNE. And now you want to clear out like a thief in the night, and leave me to be laughed at! No, no, you can't do that! You must help me. You've hurt me to the very soul. You mustn't humiliate me before the world.

HAROLD. I'll do anything I can, Miss Carey.

ANNE. Anne!

HAROLD. Anne, I mean. But how?

ANNE [_after a moment's thought, as if the idea had just come to her_]. You must stay here. You must pretend for a few days--for a week at most, that we're engaged.

HAROLD. I can't do that, you know. Really, I can't.

ANNE [_going to him_]. Why not? Only a little while. Then you'll go away to India. We'll find it's been a mistake. I'll break it off,--it will only be a pretense, of course, but at least no one will know what a fool I've been.

HAROLD [_after a moment's hesitation_]. Miss Carey--Anne, I mean, I'll do anything I can, but not that! A man can't do that. You see, there's a girl, an English girl, down in Brazil, I--

ANNE. Oh, a girl! Another! Well, after all, what does that matter? Brazil is a long way off. She need never know.

HAROLD. She might hear. You can't keep things like this hid. No. I wouldn't risk that. You'd better let me clear out before your family gets home. No one need ever know I've been here.

[_Again he makes a move toward the door. Anne stands motionless._]

ANNE. You can't go. You can't. It's more serious than you imagine.

HAROLD. Serious? What do you mean?

ANNE. Come here. [_He obeys. She sits in a big chair, but avoids looking at him. There is a delicate imitation of a tragic actress in the way she tells her story._] I wonder if I can make you understand? It means so much to me that you should--so much! Harold, you know how dull life is here in this little town. You were glad enough to get away after a year of it, weren't you? Well, it's worse for a girl, with nothing to do but sit at home--and dream--of you. Yes, that's what I did, until, at last, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I wrote you.

HAROLD [_quickly_]. I never got the letter, Miss Carey. Honor bright, I didn't.

ANNE. Perhaps not, but you answered it.

HAROLD. Answered it? What are you talking about?

ANNE. Would you like to see your answer? [_She goes to the desk, takes a packet of letters out of a drawer, selects one, and hands it to him._] Here it is--your answer. You see it's post-marked Rio Janeiro.

HAROLD [_taking it wonderingly_]. This does look like my writing. [_Reads._] "Anne, my darling--" I say, what does this mean?

ANNE. Go on.

HAROLD [_reading_]. "I have your wonderful letter. It came to me like rain in the desert. Can it be true, Anne, that you do care? I ask myself

a hundred times what I have done to deserve this. A young girl seems to me as exquisite and frail as a flower--" Great Scott! You don't think _I_ could have written such stuff! What in the world!

ANNE [_handing over another letter_]. Here's the next letter you wrote me, from the mine. It's a beautiful one. Read it.

HAROLD [_tears it open angrily, and reads_]. "I have been out in the night under the stars. Oh, that you were here, my beloved! It is easy to stand the dust and the turmoil of the mine without you, but beauty that I cannot share with you hurts me like a pain--"

[_He throws the letter on the table and turns toward her, speechless._]

ANNE [_inexorably_]. Yes, that's an exceptionally beautiful one. But there are more--lots more. Would you like to see them?

HAROLD. But I tell you, I never wrote them. These aren't my letters.

ANNE. Whose are they, then?

HAROLD [_walking up and down furiously_]. God knows! This is some outrageous trick. You've been duped, you poor child. But we'll get to the bottom of this. Just leave it to me. I'll get detectives. I'll find out who's back of it! I'll--

[_He comes face to face with her and finds her looking quietly at him with something akin to critical interest._]

HAROLD. Good Lord. What's the matter with me! You don't believe those letters. You couldn't think I wrote them, or you wouldn't have met me as you did, quite naturally, as an old friend. _You understand!_ For heaven's sake, make it clear to me!

ANNE. I am trying to.... I told you there had to be ... answers.... I was afraid to send my letters to you, but there had to be answers. [_Harold stares at her._] So I wrote them myself.

HAROLD. You wrote them yourself?!?

ANNE. Yes.

HAROLD. These? These very letters?

ANNE. Yes. I had to.

HAROLD. Good God! [_He gazes at the litter of letters on the desk in stupefied silence._] But the handwriting.

ANNE. Oh, that was easy. I had the letter you wrote to Mother.

HAROLD. And you learned to imitate my handwriting?

ANNE [_politely_]. It was very good writing.

HAROLD [_in sudden apprehension_]. No one has seen these things,--have they?

ANNE. They arrived by mail.

HAROLD. You mean people saw the envelopes. Yes, that's bad enough.... But you haven't shown them to any one? [_At her silence he turns furiously upon her._] Have you?... Have you?

ANNE [_who enjoys her answer and its effect upon him_]. Only parts--never a whole letter. But it was such a pleasure to be able to talk about you to some one. My only pleasure.

HAROLD. Good heavens! You told people I wrote these letters? That we were engaged?

ANNE. I didn't mean to, Harold. Really, I didn't. But I couldn't keep it dark. There were your telegrams.

HAROLD. My telegrams?!?

[_She goes to desk and produces a bundle of dispatches._]

ANNE [_brazen in her sincerity_]. You used to wire me every time you changed your address. You were very thoughtful, Harold. But, of course, I couldn't keep those secret like your letters.

HAROLD [_standing helplessly, with the telegrams loose in his fingers_]. My telegrams! Good Lord! [_He opens one and reads_.] "Leaving Rio for fortnight of inspection in interior. Address care Señor Miguel--" _My_ telegrams!

[_He flings the packet violently on the table, thereby almost upsetting a bowl of roses which he hastens to preserve._]

ANNE. And then there were your flowers. I see you are admiring them.

[_Harold withdraws as if the flowers were charged with electricity._]

HAROLD. What flowers?

ANNE. These--these--all of them. You sent me flowers every week while you were gone.

HAROLD [_overcome_]. Good God!

[_He has now reached the apex of his amazement and becomes sardonic._]

ANNE. Yes. You were extravagant with flowers, Harold. Of course I love them, but I had to scold you about spending so much money.

HAROLD. Spending so much money? And what did I say when you scolded me?

ANNE [_taken aback only for a moment by his changed attitude_]. You sent me a bigger bunch than ever before--and--wait a minute--here's the card you put in it.

[_She goes to the same fatal desk and produces a package of florists' cards._]

HAROLD. Are all those my cards too?

ANNE. Yes.

HAROLD [_laughing a bit wildly_]. I'm afraid I was a bit extravagant!

ANNE. Here's the one! You wrote: "If all that I have, and all that I am, is too little to lay before you, how can these poor flowers be much?"

HAROLD. I wrote that? Very pretty--very. I'd forgotten I had any such knack at sentiments.

ANNE. And then, right away, you sent me the ring.

HAROLD [_jumps, startled out of his sardonic pose_]. Ring! What ring?

ANNE. My engagement ring. You really were very extravagant that time, Harold.

HAROLD [_looking fearfully at her hands_]. But I don't see.... You're not wearing...?

ANNE. Not there--here, next to my heart. [_She takes out a ring which hangs on a chain inside her frock and presses it to her lips. Looking at him deeply._] I adore sapphires, Harold.

[_A new fear comes into Harold's eyes. He begins to humor her._]

HAROLD. Yes. Yes. Of course. Everyone likes sapphires, Anne. It is a beauty. Yes. [_He comes very close to her, and speaks very gently, as if to a child._] You haven't shown your ring to any one, have you, Anne?

ANNE. Only to a few people--One or two.

HAROLD. A few people! Good heavens! [_Then he controls himself, takes her hands gently in his, and continues speaking, as if to a child._] Sit down, Anne; we must talk this over a little,--very quietly, you understand, very quietly. Now to begin with, when did you first--

ANNE [_breaks away from him with a little laugh_]. No, I'm not crazy. Don't be worried. I'm perfectly sane. I had to tell you all this to show how serious it was. Now you know. What are you going to do?

HAROLD. Do? [_He slowly straightens up as if the knowledge of her sanity had relieved him of a heavy load._] I'm going to take the next train back to New York.

ANNE. And leave me to get out of this before people all alone?

HAROLD. You got into it without my assistance, didn't you? Great Scott, you forged those letters in cold blood--

ANNE. Not in cold blood, Harold. Remember, I cared.

HAROLD. I don't believe it. [_Accusingly._] You enjoyed writing those letters!

ANNE. Of course I enjoyed it. It meant thinking of you, talking of--

HAROLD. Rot! Not of me, really. You didn't think I am really the sort of person who could write that--that drivel!

ANNE [_hurt_]. Oh, I don't know. After a while I suppose you and my dream got confused.

HAROLD. But it was the rankest--

ANNE. Oh, I'm not so different from other girls. We're all like that. [_Repeating Ruth's phrase reminiscently._] We must have some one to dream about--to talk about. I suppose it's because we haven't enough to do. And then we don't have any--any real adventures like--shop girls.

HAROLD [_surprised at this bit of reality_]. That's a funny thing to say!

ANNE. Well, it's true. I know I went rather far. After I got started I couldn't stop. I didn't want to, either. It took hold of me. So I went on and on and let people think whatever they wanted. But if you go now and people find out what I've done, they'll think I'm really mad--or something worse. Life will be impossible for me here, don't you see--impossible. [_Harold is silent._] But if you stay, it will be so easy. Just a day or two. Then you will have to go to India. Is that much to ask? [_Acting._] And you save me from disgrace, from ruin!

[_Harold remains silent, troubled._]

ANNE [_becoming impassioned_]. You must help me. You _must_. After I've been so frank with you, you can't go back on me now. I've never in my life talked to any one like this--so openly. You _can't_ go back on me! If you leave me here to be laughed at, mocked at by every one, I don't know what I shall do. I shan't be responsible. If you have any kindness, any chivalry.... Oh, for God's sake, Harold, help me, help me!

[_Kneels at his feet._]

HAROLD. I don't know.... I'm horribly muddled.... All right, I'll stay!

ANNE. Good! Good! Oh, you are fine! I knew you would be. Now everything will be so simple. [_The vista opens before her._] We will be very quiet here for a couple of days. We won't see many people, for of course it isn't announced. And then you will go ... and I will write you a letter....

HAROLD [_disagreeably struck by the phrase_]. Write me a letter? What for?

ANNE [_ingenuously_]. Telling you that I have been mistaken. Releasing you from the engagement ... and you will write me an answer ... sad but manly ... reluctantly accepting my decision....

HAROLD. Oh, I am to write an answer, sad but manly--Good God! Suppose you don't release me after all.

ANNE. Don't be silly, Harold. I promise. Can't you trust me?

HAROLD. Trust you? [_His eyes travel quickly from the table littered with letters and dispatches to the flowers that ornament the room, back to the table and finally to the ring that now hangs conspicuously on her

breast. She follows the look and instinctively puts her hand to the ring._] Trust you? By Jove, no, I don't trust you! This is absurd, I don't stay another moment. Say what you will to people. I'm off. This is final.

ANNE [_who has stepped to the window_]. You can't go now. I hear Mother and Ruth coming.

HAROLD. All the more reason. [_He finds his hat._] I bolt.

ANNE [_blocking the door_]. You can't go, Harold! Don't corner me. I'll fight like a wildcat if you do.

HAROLD. Fight?

ANNE. Yes. A pretty figure you'll cut if you bolt now. They'll think you a cad--an out and out cad! Haven't they seen your letters come week by week, and your presents? And you have written to Mother, too--I have your letter. There won't be anything bad enough to say about you. They'll say you jilted me for that English girl in Brazil. It will be true, too. And it will get about. She'll hear of it, I'll see to that--and then--

HAROLD. But it's a complete lie! I can explain--

ANNE. You'll have a hard time explaining your letters and your presents--and your ring. There's a deal of evidence against you--

HAROLD. See here, are you trying to blackmail me? Oh, this is too ridiculous!

ANNE. They're coming! I hear them on the stairs! What are you going to tell them?

HAROLD. The truth. I must get clear of all this. I tell you--

ANNE [_suddenly clinging to him_]. No, no, Harold! Forgive me, I was just testing you. I will get you out of this. Leave it to me.

HAROLD [_struggling with her_]. No, I won't leave anything to you, _ever_.

ANNE [_still clinging tightly_]. Harold, remember I am a woman--and I love you.

[_This brings him up short a moment to wonder, and in this moment there is a knock at the door._]

ANNE [_abandoning Harold_]. Come in. [_There is a discreet pause._]

MRS. CAREY'S VOICE [_off stage_]. May we come in?

ANNE [_angrily_]. Yes!

[_Harold, who has moved toward the door, meets Mrs. Carey as she enters. She throws her arms about his neck and kisses him warmly. She is followed by Ruth._]

MRS. CAREY. Harold! My door boy!

RUTH [_clutching his arm_]. Hello, Harold. I am so glad.

[_Harold, temporarily overwhelmed by the onslaught of the two women, is about to speak, when Anne interrupts dramatically._]

ANNE. Wait a moment, Mother. Before you say anything more I must tell you that Harold and I are no longer engaged!

[_Mrs. Carey and Ruth draw away from Harold in horror-struck surprise._]

MRS. CAREY. No longer engaged? Why.... What...?

HAROLD. Really, Mrs. Carey, I--

ANNE [_interrupts, going to her mother_]. Mother, dear, be patient with me, trust me, I beg of you--and please, please don't ask me any questions. Harold and I have had a very hard--a very painful hour together. I don't think I can stand any more.

[_She is visibly very much exhausted, gasping for breath._]

MRS. CAREY. Oh, my poor child, what is it? What has he done?

[_She supports Anne on one side while Ruth hurries to the other._]

HAROLD. Really, Mrs. Carey, I think I can explain.

ANNE. No, Harold, there's no use trying to explain. There are some things a woman feels, about which she cannot reason. I know I am doing right.

HAROLD [_desperately_]. Mrs. Carey, I assure you--

ANNE [_as if on the verge of a nervous crisis_]. Oh, please, _please_, Harold, don't protest any more. I am not blaming you. Understand, Mother, I am not blaming him. But my decision is irrevocable. I thought you understood. I beg you to go away. You have just time to catch the afternoon express.

HAROLD. Nonsense, Anne, you must let me--

ANNE [_wildly_]. No, no, Harold, it is finished! Don't you understand? Finished! [_She abandons the support of her mother and Ruth and goes to the table._] See, here are your letters. I am going to burn them. [_She throws the packet into the fire._] All your letters--[_She throws the dispatches into the fire._] Don't, please, continue this unendurable situation any longer. Go, I beg of you, go!

[_She is almost hysterical._]

HAROLD. But I tell you I must--

ANNE [_falling back in her mother's arms_]. Make him go, Mother! Make him go!

MRS. CAREY. Yes, go! Go, sir! Don't you see you are torturing the child. I insist upon your going.

RUTH. Yes, she is in a dreadful state.

[_Here Mrs. Carey and Ruth fall into simultaneous urgings._]

HAROLD [_who has tried in vain to make himself heard_]. All right, I'm going, I give up!

[_He seizes his hat and rushes out, banging the door behind him. Anne breaks away from her mother and sister, totters rapidly to the door and calls down gently._]

ANNE. Not in anger, I beg of you, Harold! I am not blaming you. Good-by.

[_The street door is heard to bang. Anne collapses in approved tragedy style._]

ANNE [_gasping_]. Get some water, Ruth. I shall be all right in a moment.

[_Ruth rushes into the bedroom._]

MRS. CAREY. Oh, my dear child, calm yourself. Mother is here, dear. She will take care of you. Tell me, dear, tell me.

[_Ruth returns with the water. Anne sips a little._]

ANNE. I will, Mother--I will ... everything ... later. [_She drinks._] But now I must be alone. Please, dear, go away ... for a little while. I must be alone [_Rising and moving to the fire._] with the ruin of my dreams.

[_She puts her arms on the chimney shelf and drops her head on them._]

RUTH. Come, Mother! Come away!

MRS. CAREY. Yes, I am coming. We shall be in the next room, Annie, when you want us. Right here.

ANNE [_as they go out, raises her head and murmurs_]. Dust and ashes! Dust and ashes!

[_As soon as they have gone, Anne straightens up slowly. She pulls herself together after the physical strain of her acting. Then she looks at the watch on her wrist and sighs a long triumphant sigh. Her eye falls on the desk and she sees the package of florists' cards still there. She picks them up, returns with them to the fire and is about to throw them in, when her eye is caught by the writing on one. She takes it out and reads it. Then she takes another--and another. She stops and looks away dreamily. Then slowly, she moves back to the desk, drops the cards into a drawer and locks it. She sits brooding at the desk and the open paper before her seems to fascinate her. As if in a dream she picks up a pencil. A creative look comes into her eyes. Resting her chin on her left arm, she begins slowly to write, murmuring to herself._]

ANNE [_reading as she writes_]. "Anne, my dearest.... I am on the train ... broken, shattered.... Why have you done this to me ... why have you

darkened the sun ... and put out the stars ... put out the stars?... Give me another chance, Anne.... I will make good.... I promise you.... For God's sake, Anne, don't shut me out of your life utterly.... I cannot bear it.... I...."

[_The Curtain
has fallen slowly as she writes._]

ETCHED THOUGHTS BY THE ETCHING CLUB.

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In the Number of _Maga_ of January 1842, we reviewed one of the labours of the Etching Club--_The Deserted Village_. We congratulated the lovers of art upon the resumption of the needle, and showed the advantages which, in some important respects, it has over the graver. Etching, as it is less mechanical, is more expressive. We have from it the immediate impress of the painter's mind; that peculiar autographic character which marks every turn and shade of thought, even transition of thought and feeling, in what may, at first view, seem vagaries of lines; which, we know not how, (nor is the artist himself at the time conscious of the operation,) discriminate innumerable niceties, each having its own effect, and yet tending to one whole. We rarely come at once, _uno ictu_, to a decision. The operation is progressive--from conception to conception, from feeling to feeling, from many shades of uncertainty to decision. The first fresh hand upon any work is obedient to the mind in this process; and hence it is that we so value, so admire, the sketches and drawings of the great masters. We see not only the full complete sentiment of the subject, but how they came to it; we trace it back through all its varieties, and feel a sensible delight in being in possession of the very mind of the master. Were this not the case, how are we to account for the charm felt in turning over a portfolio of old drawings? How exquisitely beautiful are those of Raffaelle and Titian! The sale of the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence proves the high estimation in which these are ever held. Thousands of pounds for a few drawings! What sums were given for Claude's "Liber Veritatis!" and why?--Because these original drawings of the old masters possess this very autographic character that we have described. And this is precisely the case with etching. Nor is it only the case with those of the Italian, but those of every school; and, singularly enough, the Flemish and Dutch painters, whose high finish and elaborate colouring give such great value to their works, were eminently successful in the free and expressive style of etching. Rembrandt we need not speak of--wondrous indeed are his works of the needle. How exquisite are the etchings of Berghem, Both and Karel du Jardin! and, to show how characteristic they are, how different are they from each other! It is to be regretted that this art is of modern invention. What treasures might we not have possessed, had this inestimable secret been known to the ancients! We should not be left to conjecture the merits of Apollodorus, Zeuxis, Parrhasius, Timanthes, Apelles. We might have had outlines--first thoughts--"etched thoughts," by Phidias himself. And, as the art of design was earlier than any of those names--even coeval with, or prior to, Homer himself--those who engraved and worked in metal their shields,

might have handed down to us etchings of Troy itself, and particulars of the siege. Do we lose or gain by not having the ancient book of beauty? But we must be content with what we have, and, in the regret, see the value of the present, looking to future value. Etching, is still old enough to interest by its portraiture of ages gone by. The inventor is not known. Perhaps the earliest specimen is the well-known "Cannon" by Albert Durer, dated 1518; and there is one by him, "Moses receiving the Tables of the Law," dated 1524. The art was soon after practised by Parmegiano, and extended to general use. Yet it is clear that the real power and merit of etching was not known to the inventor, nor to those who, in its early state, applied themselves to it. The first aim seems to have been exact imitation of the graver. Le Bosse, in his treatise on engraving, makes the perfection of the art consist in the close similitude of the graver's work. It was this which at first cramped the artist, and delayed the progress of etching, and gave it not only the appearance, but the reality of inferiority--and often times the name and reputation of inferiority is as prejudicial as the thing itself, and we verily believe that it still has its effect upon the public taste. Artists have not sufficiently taken to etching. We have had more amateurs excel in it than professional artists. There was a collection of amateur etchings at Strawberry Hill, given to Walpole by the etchers. The greater part of them is excellent, though they are mostly copies from other works, but not all. There are some surprising imitations of Rembrandt. The best are by Lady Louisa Augusta Neville, afterwards Lady Carlisle.

Then, again, the union of etching and engraving has certainly retarded the art, and has given it another character. If that union has engrafted freedom on engraving, it has given to the needle too much precision--it has taken from it the working out effects. We have elsewhere noticed that the taste for the precise and labored engraving in landscape, introduced by Woollet, drove out from the field that which was very superior to it. The prints from Claude and Poussin, by Vivares Wood, Mason, and Chatelet, and published by Pond, are infinitely more characteristic of the masters than the works which succeeded them. But we speak here only of imitation. It is in the original handling of artists themselves, not in translated works, and according to the translating phraseology, "done by different hands," that we are to look for the real beauty and power of the art. It is this handwriting of the artist's original mind that constitutes the real beauty; we would not have a touch of the graver to any work professing to be an etching--the graver cannot be used with impunity. If it will admit of any adventitious aid, it may perhaps be, in a very subordinate degree, mezzotint and aquatint. But etching rather improves Prince Rupert's invention than is advantaged by it. The sootiness of mezzotint is dangerous--in bad hands it is the "black art" of Prince Rupert, though the term was applied to a metal of the prince's invention, not to his discovery of mezzotint.

Modern times have brought the art of engraving to a wonderful perfection. Its mechanical work is most exquisite, and reaches the whole effect of picture surprisingly. If the publishing public knew as well what to engrave as our engravers know how to engrave, we should not see our printsellers' windows teem with worthless works beautifully executed. We often wonder, as we stop occasionally to look at the display, where the purchasers are found for things that pain the eye and weary the mind to see--history, or landscape, or familiar life, it matters not, nearly all without feeling, elaborate nothings--obtrusions, unless we are disposed to examine only the work of the engraver; and

even then we must lament to see it thrown away, or rather employed in disseminating bad taste. How rarely is it we see even a subject of any value or interest attempted! It is, as in our play-writing, not the subject, but the peculiarity of some actor, that is to be written up to; so the peculiarities of some few flashy favourite artists employ our best engravers, who ought to be far otherwise employed, in making transcripts from the best works, ancient or modern, by which taste may be improved, the mind enlarged, and the heart made to feel as it ought. If our flashy prints are the index of the public taste in this country, we have little of which to boast; and we undoubtedly keep our artists from rising to any worthy aim, by showing them how satisfied we can be with mediocrity, and even some degrees below it. There is, in etching, a lightness and playfulness of execution which excuses, if it does not quite reconcile us to a bad subject. We lose the idea of effort in the freedom. To present to the eye a laboured nothing, is to disgust by the sense of labour alone. We calculate the time and cost, and look for an object worthy the outlay in vain, and become thoroughly dissatisfied. We have a great mind to describe the process of etching, that the lovers of art who read _Maga_, and happen to be ignorant of it, may try their hands--it is very fascinating work, and even the uncertainty in the first attempts, and the very failures, give pleasure in the operation. There is something more pleasant in hoping our labour will turn out well, than knowing it. If there be any whose time hangs heavy on their hands, let them take up etching. Johnson lamented that men did not work with their needles, considering the employment of the hands a great aid to thought--and so it is. Now the etching-needle is the one a man may take up without becoming ridiculous. As there are so many "Handmaids" to the art, from which the whole mystery may be learned, we forbear. We have, however, turned to our friend Gerard Larresse for the purpose of setting down, _secundum artem_, a practical account, and find it not: but we like little old treatises better than modern, there is something unsophisticated in their manner of giving information, and there is no study of periods, which, in their music, steal away the understanding; so we refer to Faithorne. But nevertheless our friend Gerard, if he does not give information, supplies amusement. He thinks every thing best told by an emblem--so receive, reader, his pictorial account of the art; we cannot give his plate, so be content with _his_ description of it, that is, Etching. "This beautiful virgin, sitting at a table, has before her a copperplate, lying on a sand-bag; and near it stands a little monkey, placing a lighted lamp before her. She is attended by Prudence and Diligence, and Practice is setting the tools on an oil-stone. Her chair is of ebony, adorned with figures of Sincerity and Assiduity, wrought in ivory, and mutually embracing; behind which stands Judgment, showing her a little further, Painting, accompanied by Apollo and Diana; he holding up his torch, in order to enlighten Sculpture, and she hers reversed, with purpose to extinguish it; the Genii, in the mean time, are every where busy in providing necessary materials. The eldest offers her a drawing, either redded or whited on the back, and a point or needle for tracing it on the plate; this drawing represents the design he is going about. Others, in an inner apartment, are employed in heating a plate on a chafing-dish, and laying the ground even with a feather. Here, one is etching--there, another biting a plate; others taking and reviewing proofs, with great attention and pleasure--while Fame, having a proof of a portrait in her hand, with her trumpet sounds out at a window the praises of masters or engravers. Honour, crowned with laurel, and bearing a small pyramid, is entering the room, ushering in Annona or Prosperity, who has a cornucopia, or horn filled with fruits. Round the room are set on pedestals divers busts of famous etchers and engravers; as Marc Antonio, Audlan, Edelinck, Vander Meulen,

and several other Italian and French, as well as Dutch and German masters. In the off-skip, Europe, Asia, and Africa appear standing in surprise at the sound of the trumpet." There is nothing like example! Who sees in this prophetic enigma, in his "chair of ebony," other than "Ebony" himself, the "_most accomplished Christopher_," beaming with "sincerity," and placid in his "assiduity," with "Judgment" waiting upon him at command, wielding neither crutch nor pen, but, in affable condescension, the contemned needle etching the portrait of his own "Colonsay," and his own famous exploit, to show that one needle in the hand of genius can make a man and a horse too; though nine tailors and nine needles scarcely make up the complement of a man--yet would these nine in one, the renowned of Brentford, scarcely have matched "Christopher on Colonsay!" And as for Fame blowing out of the window, he, in spite of himself and his modesty, is his own trumpeter, and, as _Maga_ reaches them, surprises "Europe, Asia, Africa," and America too. Such is the emblematical representation of etching, and we have embellished it with a first-rate performer.

And now let us turn to "Etched Thoughts by the Etching Club." We find a new name or two added to the list--C.G. Lewis, the renowned and best of etchers; and Severn, whose etchings are new to us, not so his other works of art. We remember his "Ship of the Ancient Mariner," and his expressive, sentimental, figures; and poor Fearnley--now no more--we remember greatly admiring a somewhat large picture of his--"A River-Scene in Norway,"--evidently painted immediately from nature, powerfully, expressively given. Somehow or other he did not take in this country, and quitted it, leaving behind him very beautiful studies strangely undervalued, and sold for little. The fact is, he was too true to the solemnity and sobriety of nature to please a public led away by gaudy display and meretricious colouring. Yet was he a man of more genius--in landscape--than any nine out of ten of our best artists that have, these last ten years, attempted to show nature or art upon our academical walls. Poor Fearnley! We have heard that elsewhere he was appreciated and successful. Stone and Herbert are good additions. Happy is it when the feelings of the artist and poet are in unison; happier still when the poet is himself the artist: and such is the case here. So that, in many cases, they are really "Etched Thoughts"--not etched translations of thoughts; and the work of the pen is not inferior to that of the needle. In the "Deserted Village" was a continuous story; every plate was in connexion with its preceding. In this publication, every artist seems to have been left to his own choice of subject, and to his free fancy.

Cope first comes under our notice. He commences the work with "Love," and a quotation from Spenser. As an etching, it is powerful, but we doubt if quite true: there should be something to account, in such a twilight scene, for the strong light upon the "Ladye-love!" Nor are we quite satisfied with the love of the lover, or the reception it meets with. The man or his guitar, one of the two, if not both, must be out of tune. His "Veteran's Return" tells its tale, and a somewhat mournful one; it is in illustration of some very good and pathetic lines by a member of the club, H.J. Townsend; and as, we believe, they are not to be met with out of "Etched Thoughts," we extract them for the gratification of the reader:--

THE VETERAN'S RETURN.

The old yew, deck'd in even's parting beams,

From his red trunk reflects a ruddier ray;
While, flickering through the lengthen'd shadow, gleams
Of gold athwart the dusky branches play.
The jackdaws, erst so bustling on the tower,
Have ceased their cawing clamour from on high;
And the brown bat, as nears the twilight hour,
Circles--the lonely tenant of the sky.

The soldier there, ere pass'd to distant climes,
On Sabbath morn his early mates would meet;
There list the chant of the familiar chimes,
And the fond glance of young affection greet.
There, too, at eve--before the twilight grey
Led the dark hours, when sprites are wont to walk--
With his sweet Nancy how he joy'd to stray,
And tell his rustic love in homely talk.

Now, home return'd, far other thoughts he owns,
Though still the same the scene that meets his view!
The same sun glistens o'er the lichen'd stones--
Scarce one year more seems to have gnarl'd the yew.
There, too, the hamlet where his boyhood pass'd
Sends, as of old, its curls of smoke to ken--
So near, his stalwart arm a stone might cast
Among the cots that deck the coppiced glen!

But ere the joys of that domestic glade
Can wipe the tear from off his rugged brow,
A stone beneath the yew-tree's ebon shade
Deep o'er his heart a heavier shade doth throw.
(Oh! sad indeed, when thus such tidings come
That stun, even when by slow degrees they steal,)
That tablet tells how cold within the tomb
Are hands whose fond warm grasp he long'd to feel.

The "Painter of the Olden Time."--"His shop is his element, and he cannot, with any enjoyment to himself, live out of it.--Dr South." This is very good. The painter has his back to you, and is at work apparently on a wall. Little wots he of the world without. He is embodying angels, and spreading angelic light; himself, slipshod and loosely girdled, centring the radiance he creates. How differently arrayed are body and mind! By the title, we presume Mr Cope means to satirize some modern fops of the profession. Of all Mr Cope's etchings in the volume, we mostly admire "Love's Enemies." It is from the well-known passage of Shakspeare, "Ah me! for aught that ever I could read," &c. The conception is excellent. War, Death, and Sickness are taking off their prisoner Cupid, chained, from the door of an aged couple willing enough to part with him, while their poor broken-hearted daughter, with disheveled hair, hides her face with her hands; and, above her, the hard father's uplifted crutch is ready to speed the departure. It is lightly etched, in very good keeping; so that the grouping is clear, and the moral is perceptible at a glance. His "Rejected Addresses" is of another cast. Here he is in the common and beggarly world: yet represents he no common beggar; for, though he be often so named, he is one of rare accomplishments. "He can write a capital letter, enough to make any of the 'quality people' cry. The begging-letter people give him a shilling for a letter. He is now on the tramp." The man was a lawyer, and so astute that he can so adjust himself and his shadow, that he will hide

in it from your scrutiny any habitual expression of his villany. And Cope has been most happy in this idea.

"Morning Prayer" is introduced with a few elegant lines, we presume by Mr Cope himself. They have no name to them. The figure is graceful, the effect tender; but we confess we have been so satiated with such subjects in the Annuals, that we do not relish this as perhaps we ought. From the same cause, we do not dwell upon "The Mother." "The Wanderer--the beggar and his dog," is good. The impostor beggar was in sunshine, and which he turned to his purpose: he could cope with the world's broad glare. This is no impostor; and the atmosphere he breathes is suited to his fortunes. The rejecting hand, with its shadow of the dry skinny fingers, is well conceived.

"The Readers," from Boccaccio, is not happy. The figures are not Italian; nor is the costume of the age of the book. His "Girl and Cupid" is a little gem, reminding us of Schidoni. We presume these lines are by the etcher--

> "Love, in the virgin breast of beauty lying,
> Laughs at the fate for her he doth prepare--
> Will swiftly turn her sweetest smiles to sighing,
> And flee when she is fixed in despair."

We have seen so many ladies with up-turned eyes, called in the annual catalogues "Meditation," that we will not interrupt the calm of Mr Cope's. C.G. Lewis has but one plate, "A Woodland Dell." A quiet spot of shade and flickering sunshine--a streamlet, and a rural bridge. It is sweetly etched, true to the character.

Richard Redgrave, in more than one instance in the book, shows that he has power over the deep and solemn pathetic, as well as over the tender. His first plate is "The Survivors of the Storm." The story is from Petronius, as told by Jeremy Taylor. A floating body of one of a shipwrecked crew lies pillowed on a wave, and is met with by the survivors in their boat. Solemn and awe-stricken is their expression. The plate is of a fine tone, befitting death in that awful shape. This story of Petronius was the subject of a poetical piece, which we remember to have read in a volume of poems by Thomas Flatman, one of the "mob of gentlemen" condemned by Pope, who, nevertheless, did not care about borrowing from him pretty much of his version of the "Animula, blandula, vagula"--the Emperor Adrian's address to his soul. We remember the commencement of the piece:--

> "After a blustering tedious night,
> The winds all hush'd, and the rude tempest o'er,
> Rolling far off upon a briny wave,
> Compassionate Philander spied
> A floating carcass ride,
> That seem'd to beg the kindness of a grave.
> At near approach he thought he knew the man," &c.

His "Fairy Revels" make a light and elegant plate. A fairy group in a frame of leaves. He is here both painter and poet.

> "Hast thou not seen the summer breeze,
> The eddying leaves, and downy feather,
> Whirl round a while beneath the trees,
> Then bear aloft to heaven together?

With just such motion, gliding light,
These fairies vanish'd from my sight."

Poor unfortunate Dadd! some years ago he exhibited a picture of this subject, somewhat similarly treated, that was exquisitely ideal.

The "Ellen Orford," from Crabbe's _Borough_, is good in the effect; but it has not the pathos that usually distinguishes Redgrave. "Rizpah watching her Sons," is very fine. The night, the glaring torchlight, to scare away the approaching wolves, and the paler, more distant light in the sky, with the melancholy mourning Rizpah, are of the best conception. "The Sick Child" has quite the effect of a Rembrandt plate; yet it is very tender--a scene fit for the angelic visit, and pure and devout of thought and purpose is that angel--we do not like the mother. The best description is from Mr Redgrave's own pen.

"THE SICK CHILD.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."--PSALM xci.

"In a chamber, faintly crying,
With its mother o'er it sighing,
Lay a baby pale and wan;
Ever turning--restless turning--
Much she dreaded fever burning,
Sickness slow or sickness hasting,
Cough, convulsion, ague wasting.
Bitter tears there fell upon
The pale face of her little son.

"The evening chimes had ceased their ringing,
And the even song was singing
In the old kirk grey with years;
Through the air sweet words came welling--
Words of peace, unto that dwelling;
Hymns they sang, how angels shielded
Those who ne'er to sin had yielded:--
And her pale face lost its fears--
That lonely mother dried her tears.

"In her arms the babe soon slumber'd;
That little son, whose days seem'd number'd,
Smiled upon his mother sleeping.
The Lord indeed had sorely tried her,
But his angel knelt beside her;
Heavenly breezes cool'd the fever
Of her child--He shall not leave her!
And this mother ceased her weeping."

The "Expected Return" is quite in Redgrave's best manner

"Fancy, impatient of all painful thoughts,
Pictured the bliss should welcome his return;
* * * * *
And hope and memory made a mingled joy."--SOUTHEY

This is a lovely figure; a loving and lovable gentle creature! and many such have we seen by Redgrave's hand. Not Raffaelle himself could more truly paint the pure mind--that precious jewel, innocence, in its most lovely casket.

Severn has two plates, which may be called companions; racy and good are they, and of one vintage. We are not quite satisfied with either face or figure of the maiden in the "Roman Vintage." Hers is not a face of feeling; nay, we would almost beg Mr Severn's pardon, and pronounce her a bit of a fool. The "Neapolitan" is much better. They are executed in a very bold, broad, free style of etching, and effective. Horsley's "English Peasant" might be allowed to be a little weatherbeaten; but, at first sight, we should say that he was not of the temperance society when the aquafortis was on the table. It is black, from being overbitten. Yet, after a while, we see through the darkness into the character. He is an honest fellow, but a little "disguised." His "Twilight" is very good, yet perhaps is the light a little too sharp and strong for that hour. The subject is from verses by Redgrave, and good and quaintlike old gentle rhymes they are. But how comes it that the figures are both feminine?--that does not accord with the lines.

> "Time was no more for them: the sun had gone,
> The stars from sunset glow began to peer;
> Yet 'neath those stars that pair still linger'd on,
> Unconscious of the night, fast drawing near!
> His voice to her was daylight, and her smile
> A sunny morning breaking o'er his soul:
> Such hours of bliss come only once--the while
> Long-silent love speaks forth without control,
> And of its hopes and fears first telleth out the whole."

"Welsh Gossips."--

"At every word a reputation dies."

For the credit of Wales, we hope Mr Horsley did not sketch these from nature; yet is there a fearful look of natural acrimony in the one, and sheer busybodyism in the other. The plate is beautifully etched. His "Moonlight" is not quite clear enough--there are too many sparkling lights. The "Shady Seat" is prettily designed; the lady looks rather too alarmed, and, for the subject, perhaps there is not enough of shadow--certainly not "enough for two." We at once recognize Stonhouse in the "Evening effects of Solitude," and his "Neath Abbey." The former he thus describes:--

> "There, woods impervious to the breeze,
> Thick phalanx of embodied trees--
> Here, stillness, height, and solemn shade
> Invite, and contemplation aid."

We are sure that Neath Abbey is from nature, for it has the sooty and smoked character of that manufacture-ruined ruin. But we must not pass by his "Dorothea" from Don Quixote. Nothing can be more happily expressed than the deep shady retirement of the wood; there are nice gradations of shades, which is the very character of retirement, and Dorothea is herself in it, not a bright figure in a black mass--and good is the figure too, but the feet are unfinished.

Mr Creswick is a large contributor, and least fortunate in his first: it is not the scene so well given in verse by his friend Townsend; for it is too pretty, too tight. It wants the "lane;" it is the road-side.

"THE WAYSIDE.

"A lane, retired from noisy haunts of men,
Whose ruts the solitary lime cart tracks,
Whose hedge-sides, propp'd by many a mossy stone,
Are checker'd o'er with foxglove's purple bloom,
Or graceful fern, or snakehood's curling sheath,
Or the wild strawberry's crimson peeping through.
There, where it joins the far-outstretching heath,
A lengthen'd nook presents its glassy slope,
A couch with nature's velvet verdure clad,
Trimm'd by the straggling sheep, and ever spread
To rest the weary wanderer on his way.
There, oft the ashes of the camp-fire lie,
Marking the gipsy's chosen place of rest.
Black roots of half-charr'd furze, and capons' bones--
Relic of spoils from distant farmers' coop--
Point to the revels of preceding night.
And fancy pictures forth the swarthy group,
Their dark eyes flashing in the ruddy glare;
While laughter, louder after long constraint,
From every jocund face is pealing round.

His "Summer" is a simple unaffected scene, such as may be met with any where, if you have but "eyes to see:" and pretty much like it, but inferior--for if it be not more common in subject, it is in treatment--is the "Old Farm-House," from that delighting and most natural painter with her pen, Miss Mitford. Very exquisite in his "Moonlight"--so true, with all the quivering and blending light of nature, where all things are at once lucid and in shade--as Virgil happily expresses it, "luce sub incertâ linae." Sweet, too, and in the deep solemn repose of religious eve, is the "Village Church"--from lines by Rogers. He is not so happy in his "Smithy;" neither is the scene of interest nor the effect pleasing. But he makes up for all by his "Outward Bound." The home is left in the calmest, stillest of days; though the "outward bound" has sails, they rather wait for, than feel, the wind; there is the village church still in view, and will yet be an hour and more. The sky is, though really printers' ink, like many a sooty vapour converted into light-shedding yet faint clouds--we can see the colour--it is a grey, in which is gold and ultra-marine. The boat is conveying the "outward bound" to the vessel; there is the moving and the waiting. It is poetical. "The Castle" we do not much admire; it is a villa castle, and on no agreeable river. "Low Water" is quite another thing; it is a beautiful etching. He thus describes it with his pen--

"The flowing tides that spread the land,
And turn to sea again."

The "River Scene," illustrating lines from Southey, is delicately touched, and a pleasing scene; yet we feel sure it is not from nature. Why, we can hardly tell. Is it that there is a bridge, apparently without a bank on one side to rest upon? "The Terrace," from lines by Andrew Marvel, is a most fascinating upright plate. It is perfectly

true, giving all the thousand intricacies and shades of such a scene; and there is grace in the forms, and the figures well suit the whole. All is gentleness and ease; not a light is too strong, or a shadow too deep; there is no violence--which too many are apt to express when they would give powerful effect. His "Fishing Scene on the Coast of Ireland" is not to our taste, yet is it not without meaning--it is windy and sunny. "The Oriental Palace" is solemn, with its ancient yew in the silence of the crescent moon; but the ruin is to fill up, and does no good.

We have read with pleasure, and extracted, some of Mr Townsend's poetry; let us now see his etching. "Boyhood:" those who delight in the easy, every-day, every-hour play of boyhood, will enjoy this plate. A boy is, with a peacock's feather, tickling a child asleep in the arms of a grave old lady--so sedate have we seen grimalkin look whilst encouraging her kitten, lightly and coquettishly, to play with a ball of cotton. "The Beach" is a well-sketched coast scene, and shows Mr Townsend to have an eye for nature's scenery, as well as nature's sympathies. Very good is "The Model"--an artist sketching in the figure of a Lascar. But his best plate is "Sad Tidings." It is a very sweet figure--youth, elegance, tenderness, are there--and such an even melancholy light, or rather such a mournful evenness of light and shade, that, as a whole, it is neither light nor dark, and should have no other name than melancholy. He had the judgment and forbearance to hide the face--we know it is lovely, and that is enough; it is this, in part, which separates "Sad Tidings" from such subjects as they are usually treated. There are two etchings by Frederic Tayler--"The Chase" from Somerville, and "The Auld Grey" from Burns--both are lightly etched and good; but they have not that free and certain hand which marks Mr Tayler's style in his drawings, where one wash of the brush hits off his object with great truth. "The Gypsy Boy," by Mr Knight, is very masterly in chiaroscuro, and certainly characteristic of the race. Effect of chiaroscuro seems to be his aim. It is marked in his "Old Fable" (which always means the newest) of "The Peasant and the Forest." It is thus given: "A peasant once went into an old forest of shady oaks, and humbly entreated the same to grant him a small branch to make a handle for his axe, and thereby enable him to pursue his labours at home. The forest very graciously acceded to his request, and the peasant soon formed the required handle; but presently he began to lay about him in every direction, using the very substance with which the forest had furnished him out of its own bosom, and in a short time hewed down its whole growth."

Which are we bound most to admire--John Bell's pen or John Bell's needle? It is a difficulty. "The Devil's Webbe" is admirable in both. What a spider-like wretch is he, watching the toils that he has spread!

> "This webbe our passions be, and eke the flies
> Be we poor mortals: in the centre coyles
> Old Nick, a spider grimme, who doth devyse
> Ever to catch us in his cunning toyles.
> Look at his claws--how long they are, and hooked!
> Look at his eyes--and mark how grimme and greedie!
> Look at his horrid fangs--how sharp and crooked!
> Then keep thy distance so, I this arreede ye,
> Oh sillie Flie! an thou wouldst keep thee whole;
> For an he catch thee, he will eate thy soul."

And there they are! the winged insect lovers of pleasure, and of gain and strife--in one word, of sin--entangled in the ladder webb; while

such a monster is in the centre, watching his larder. John Bell is instinctively a moral weaver. Fine-spun are his philosophical threads; we stop not to enquire if they will bear the tug of life. He is trying them, however, on the "tug of war." Pen and needle are set to work philosophically, methodically, benignly. In this he is but a unit out of many thousands. His opinions are not singular. Amiable moralist!--delightful is the dream, sweetly sounding the wisdom; but is it practicable? John Bell's warfare, "The Assault," is, without a doubt, "confusion worse confounded;" it is not easy, at a view, to find legs and arms and heads in their anatomical order. We must trace the human figure as through its map. Perhaps this is purposely done to resemble a battle the more truly, where limbs are apt to fly out of their places. But John Bell thinks--

> "The play's the thing
> Wherewith to touch the conscience of the king."

So he pours forth from his "Unpublished Play" a choice tirade against the royal play of human ninepins:--

> "And then a battle, too--no doubt it is
> A right fine thing; or rather to have been there.
> But all things have their price; and this, methinks,
> Is rather dear sometimes. Oh! glory's but
> The tatter'd banner in a cobwebb'd hall,
> Open'd not once a-year--a doubtful tomb,
> With half the name effaced. Of all the bones
> Have whiten'd battle-fields, how many names
> Live in the chronicle? and which were in the right?
> One murder hangs a man upon a rope,
> A hundred thousand maketh him a god,
> And builds him up a temple in the air
> Out of men's skulls. A loving mother bears
> A thousand pangs to bring into the world
> One child; your warrior sends a thousand out,
> Then picks his teeth."
>
> JOHN BELL--_Unpublished Play_.

Such was Shakspeare's momentary humour, when he put it into Falstaff's mouth to ask what honour is "to him that died o' Wednesday." It is a humour that won't last--'tis against nature--man is more than half belligerent, and has a "murder" in him (to give it a bad name) "that will out." Even the peaceable Ephraim took up the handspike, and used it too, with "friend, keep thee in thy own ship." The "friend" was hyprocrisy--the use of the handspike, natural; the very elements are at war, and were made to be so--storms are as necessary as sunshine. But excellent able John Bell likes sunshine best; and who does not like him the better for that? And sweet sunshine has he shed around "The good Mayde"--a sunshine that makes its own magic circle, within which evil spirits or evil men shall not come. Tempt on, ye wizards--she looketh upwards, yet think not she will fall or miss her way--the Unseen guideth her steps. Bell's account of the matter is, however, far better. Let him publish his quaint poem, all of it; the specimens warrant the request.

> "Thus doth the goode Mayde, with a stedfaste eye,
> Walke through the troubles vaine, and peryls dire,
> That doe beset mayde's path with haytes full slie,
> The trappes and gynnes of mischief's cunning syre.

Ne nought to her is riches' golden shower,
Ne gaudy baites of dresse and rich attyre,
Ne lover's talke, ne flatteries' worthless store,
Ne scandal's forked tongue--that ancient liar,
Ne music's magic breath, ne giddy wheel
Of gay lascivious daunce, ne ill-raised mirthe,
Ne promised state doth cause her mind to reel,
Or lure from thoughts of heaven to joys of earthe."

Our poet, a moralist etcher, reverts to the old subject; and we have "The Progresse of Warre," in a series, as part of a frieze for his Temple of Peace. This is most clear--for he who runs may read; yet, on a second view, we doubt that--for we see, what we did not at first see, writing under each tablet that is by no means intelligible. Having, with Mr Bell, seen an end of the battle, it is fit time, with Mr Herbert, to discuss "The Day after the Battle." "Next day did many widows come"--that verse of _Chevy Chase_ is the subject. The slaughtered knight, the widow, and the dog, tell the tale, and tell it well too. The widow is the best figure. We have had enough of battle and all its horrors; let us turn to tranquillizing nature, where the undisturbed lichen may grow upon the rocks, and the branches of unpruned trees throw out their sheltering leafage, and the innocent insects know it is their home; and even in the seeming silence, if you listen, may you hear the still voice of a busy creation, a world of a few summer hours--yet seemeth it to them an eternity of enjoyment. And such a scene we have in the "Woody Scene," by Thomas Fearnley--poor Fearnley!--and is it not lightly, elegantly touched with the needle? the scene realized? Or, would you see a wilder spot, turn to his "Norwegian Scenery," and see the saw-mill, or whatever the building be, at the very entrance of the deep wood in its gloom, with the mountain torrent pouring over the rocks. In this sequestered spot, man has built him a home, and turned to human uses the rebellious waters, even on the very skirts of the wilderness; and there he is, for his hours are not all of toil, gloriously angling, for he has hooked his fish. Poor Fearnley! would he could have remained in this country! Had he been moderately patronised, he might have added an honourable name to our dictionary of painters.

And what has become of Webster? We remember well his "Boys let loose from School." Here he is--and but one plate--"Anticipation"--well named. The pie is come home, and the boy's eyes open, and his mouth waters. The story is quaintly told by Townsend thus:--Lights and shadows of boyish days! how bright and deep they are! The schoolmaster's frown may be charmed away by the gift of a new top, or a score of marbles. But what are these in the cotter's life to the stirring vicissitudes of a pie! ----Before its departure for the bakehouse, did he not ponder admiringly on the delicate tact that mingled the bony scraps with.

'Herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses?'

"Since then, _imagination_ has been at play; and, in accordance with its suggestions, his bib and tucker have been donned, as trusty adjutants to the formidable wooden spoon. Thus armed, while sister Phillis--the creative genius of the savoury structure--regards the baker's boy with her modest glance, young Corydon, with his prophetic anticipation, is ogling the baker's burden. If his knife be as sharp as his appetite, 'twill want no whetting! We must expect that, in the afternoon, when anticipation shall have faded through the stages of its fulfilment, if no longer entranced by the pleasures of Hope, he will solace himself

with those of Memory." And there, sure enough, is the grinning baker's boy, and the pie admirably baked; and the boy of the bib and tucker, and the wooden spoon, realizing it through his nostrils, and magnifying it through his eyes; and there is the neat-handed Phillis, who cares little for the eating. Feminine and gluttonous seldom come together. "The little glutton" is ever the male. This was in Webster's own way, and he has hit it off truly; he has seen it hundreds of times, and knew as well as Townsend who should have the wooden spoon. We find we have omitted to notice one plate, and that by Redgrave. We did not expect landscape by his hand. It is, however, very clever; there is a light over the dark church-tower which a little offends. Keep down that a little, and you recognize the true effect of nature. It is a view of Worcester. "A spot," says Mr Redgrave, "memorable as the scene of that battle signalized by Oliver Cromwell as the 'crowning mercy;' and whence the young Charles II. commenced the series of romantic and perilous adventures which terminated in his safety."

Our work of criticism is at an end; not so our pleasure. We shall look at this choice volume again and again; and as we have somewhat arrogantly, and with a conceit of our ability and right so to do, taken the Etching Club under our especial care, regard, and patronage, we shall think ourselves at liberty to encourage and to exhort them whenever we see fit. We therefore do exhort them to go on, to give a taste for painters' etchings, to improve themselves, too; and let each make it a rule to himself never to take the trouble to touch a subject that is not worth doing; nor to tell a story not worth telling, however such may seem to look pretty or with effect upon copper or paper; by all means to avoid "annual sentimentalities," and commonplace "acting charades;" and never to forget that expression is the soul of the art. For the present, we dismiss them with thanks--like the prudent physician, who, as Fielding says, always stands by to see nature work, and contents himself by clapping her on the back, by way of approbation, when she does well.

MY HOME LIFE.
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Volume 4, No. 21, August, 1891

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

It has been suggested to me that an article descriptive of my ways and doings at home might be acceptable to readers of this journal; and it has furthermore been proposed that I should write the said article myself. There is a straightforward simplicity of purpose about this proposition which commends it to me. Also, it has the recommendation of being quite novel.

As a rule, the person whose home life is to be made the subject of an article is "interviewed" by a gentleman of the press, who cross-examines the victim like an old Bailey counsel, and proceeds to take an inventory of his furniture, like a bailiff.

Now, it seems to me that the conditions under which such a visit is paid and received are radically unsatisfactory. The person interviewed must be more or less uncomfortably self-conscious, and one cannot help doubting whether the interviewer ever succeeds in seeing his subject

and his subject's surroundings in exactly their normal _dishabille_. It would ask more than Roman virtue not to make the best of one's self and one's house when both were sitting for a portrait; and difficult as it is to look natural and feel natural in front of a photographer's camera, it is ten times more trying _vis-a-vis_ of a reporter's note-book. As for the temptation to "pose," whether consciously or unconsciously, it must be well-nigh irresistible. For my own part, I am but too certain that, instead of receiving such a visitor in my ordinary working costume, and in a room littered with letters and papers, I should have inevitably put on a more becoming gown, and have "tidied up" the library, when the appointed day and hour arrived. Not, however, being put to this test, I will do my best to present myself literally "At Home," and in my habit as I live.

Westbury-on-Trym is a village in Gloucestershire separated from Clifton by about a mile and a half of open down, and distant about four miles from Bristol terminus. It lies in a hollow at the foot of two steep hills, one of which is crowned with the woods of Blaise Castle, and the other with a group of buildings consisting of the parish church, a charming little Gothic structure known as "The Hall," and the national schoolhouse. The church is a fine perpendicular edifice of considerable antiquity, with a square tower surmounted, in true West of England style, by a small turret, having a tiny Gothic spire at one corner. The parishioners are proud of their church, and with justice. It contains some good stained-glass windows, two interesting mediæval monuments, and an exceptionally fine organ. "The Hall" is quite modern, having been built and endowed, in 1867, by a generous parishioner. The large room seats three hundred people, and is fitted up with an organ as large and beautiful as that in the church close by. Village concerts, penny readings, Lent lectures, charity bazaars, and the like are held here. The building also contains a reading-room and a small library for the use of the working classes. My own first attempts at public reading were made on this village platform, twenty years ago.

A little river flows through the valley, and is crossed by a single bridge in the lower part of the village. This is the Trym,--an untidy Trym enough, nowadays,--opaque, muddy, and little better than a ditch. Yet it was a navigable river some centuries ago, and, according to tradition, was not unknown to trout. On leaving the village, it takes a southwesterly course through a pleasant bottom of meadow lands, and thence between wooded slopes and a romantic "Coombe," much beloved of artists, till it finally empties itself into the Avon, not far from the mouth of that tidal river.

There are still some remains of a building at the foot of Westbury Hill, which in olden times was second only in age and importance to the church,--namely, "The College." This "College" was a religious house, founded as far back as A.D. 798, and probably rebuilt some five centuries later by that famous merchant and public benefactor, William Canynge, of Bristol, who died there as Dean of the College, and was buried in the church. Twenty-five years ago, when I first made its acquaintance, this "College" (a large modernized building with corner turrets) still presented a stately front to the road. At the back was a square bell-tower covered from top to bottom with ivy, and a spacious garden shut in by high walls. It was then a boy's school, and the big garden used to echo with shouts and laughter on summer evenings. The bell-tower is the most ancient part of the building, and according to local tradition, a subterranean passage leads from the

cellarage in the basement to the church on the hillside above. The story is likely enough to be correct; for a passage of some kind there certainly is, and it leads apparently in the direction of the church. A working-man who, with some three or four others, had once tried to explore it, told me several years ago that, beyond the first few yards, the tunnel was completely blocked, and the air so foul that it put the lights out. Whether any subsequent attempt has been made to force a passage, I do not know; but the whole place is sadly changed since the time when I used to cast longing glances at the old green tower from the lane that skirted the garden wall, wishing that I might some day get permission to sit in a corner under a shady tree on the other side of that wall, and sketch the tower. The school has long since broken up for good, and boys and masters have gone their ways. The old house, after standing vacant for years, was bought at last by a little local builder, who ran up a row of smart shops in front of the old turreted façade; let off the house itself in lodgings to poor families; and re-sold the old bell-tower to the village blacksmith. The garden wall being pulled down on that side, the tower now stands at the end of a row of new cottages, forlorn and solitary in the midst of alien surroundings, a forge and anvil in the basement.

As regards the "great houses" of the place, Westbury-on-Trym enjoys a curious monopoly of handsome private mansions. These mansions--spacious, finely built, each standing in its own park-like grounds--were built for the most part by wealthy Bristol merchants during the two last centuries--men of wealth, who needed to reside within an easy drive of the city, and who were content to amass great fortunes without also desiring to become land-owners. The Bristol merchants of the present day no longer care to live so near their business. Railways and steamers enable them to go farther afield; and so the fine old houses of Westbury, Henbury, Redland, Shirehampton, Brislington, and other parishes round about the great commercial centre, have gradually passed into the possession of a class of moneyed gentry who, having neither trade nor land, are attracted by the fine climate and beautiful scenery of this part of England. Some few of these old mansions are renowned for the valuable collections of paintings and other works of art which they contain; as, for instance, at Blaise Castle, there is a fine series of specimens of the old masters purchased at the close of the great war during the first quarter of the present century by Mr. Harford, grandfather of the present owner; a series which comprises a fine Guido, several specimens of the Caracci, Salvator Rosa, etc. At Kings-Weston Park, we find the family portraits of the de Cliffords purchased, together with the very fine old house built by Vanbrugh in the time of Charles II., by the late owner, Philip Miles, Esq. At Leigh Court, the gallery, with its famous Leonardo, is known throughout Europe, while many other art treasures are to be found in the possession of private owners round about the neighborhood.

It is not to be supposed that the writer and subject of this present paper resides in semi-royal state in one of these magnificent old houses. On the contrary, she lives, and has lived for more than a quarter of a century, with a very dear friend, in a small, irregularly built house, which together they have from time to time enlarged and improved, according to their pleasure. That friend--now in her eighty-seventh year--used, in days long gone by, to gather round her table many of the wits and celebrities of fifty years ago; but for her, as for myself, our little country home has been as dear for its seclusion as for the charm of its neighborhood.

The Larches stands, with some few other houses of like dimensions, on a space of high-level ground to the eastward of the village. It is approached by a narrow lane, beyond which lie fields and open country. Having at first been quite a small cottage, it has been added to by successive owners, and is, consequently, quite destitute of external or internal uniformity. My own library, and the bedrooms above it, are, for the present, the latest additions to the structure; though I hope some day to build on a little room which I shall not venture to call a museum, but which shall contain my Egyptian antiquities and other collections.

The little house stands in one acre of ground, closely walled in, and surrounded by high shrubs and lofty larch trees. It is up and down a straight path in the shade of these larch trees that I take my daily exercise; and if I am to enter into such minor particulars as are dear to the writers and readers of "At Home" articles, I may mention that a dial-register is affixed to the wall of a small grape-house at one end of this path, by means of which I measure off my regular half-mile before breakfast, my half mile after breakfast, and the mile or more with which I finish up my pedestrian duties in the late afternoon. To walk these two miles _per diem_ is a Draconian law which I impose upon myself during all seasons of the year. When the snow lies deep in winter, it is our old gardener's first duty in the morning to sweep "Miss Edwards' path," as well as to clear two or three large spaces on the lawn, in which the wild birds may be fed. The wild birds, I should add, are our intimate friends and perennial visitors, for whom we keep an open _table d'hôte_ throughout the year. By feeding them in summer we lose less fruit than our neighbors; and by feeding them in winter we preserve the lives of our little summer friends, whose songs are the delight of ourselves and our neighbors in the springtime. There are dozens of nests every summer in the ivy which clusters thickly around my library windows; and we even carry our hospitality so far as to erect small rows of model lodging-houses for our birds high up under the eaves, which they inhabit in winter, and in which many couples of sparrows and starlings rear their young throughout the summer.

We will now leave the garden, and go into the house, which stands high on a grassy platform facing the sunny west. We enter by a wooden porch, which, as I write, is thickly covered with roses. As soon as the front door is opened, the incoming visitor finds himself in the midst of modern Egypt, the walls of the hall being lined with Damascus tiles and Cairene woodwork, the spoils of some of those Meshrabeeyeh windows which are so fast disappearing both in Alexandria and Cairo. In a recess opposite the door stands a fine old chair inlaid with ivory and various colored woods, which some two hundred years ago was the Episcopal chair of a Coptic bishop. The rest of the hall furniture is of Egyptian inlaid work. Every available inch of space on the walls is filled and over-filled with curiosities of all descriptions. On one bracket stand an old Italian ewer and plate in wrought brass work; on another, a Nile "Kulleh" or water bottle, and a pair of cups of unbaked clay; on others again, jars and pots of Indian, Morocco, Japanese, Siût, and Algerian ware. Here also, are a couple of funerary tablets in carved limestone, of ancient Egyptian work; a fragment of limestone cornice from the ruins of Naukratis; and various specimens of Majolica, old Wedgewood, and other ware, as well as framed specimens of Rhodian and Damascus tiles.

If my visitor is admitted at all, which for reasons which I will presently state is extremely doubtful, he passes through the hall, leaving the dining-room to his right and the drawing-room to his left, and is ushered along a passage, also lined with lattice-work, through a little ante-room, and into my library. This is a fair-sized room with a bay of three windows at the upper end facing eastward. My writing-table is placed somewhat near this window; and here I sit with my back to the light facing whomsoever may be shown into the room.

Sitting thus at my desk, the room to me is full of reminiscences of many friends and many places. The walls are lined with glazed bookcases containing the volumes which I have been slowly amassing from the time I was fourteen or fifteen years of age. I cast my eyes round the shelves, and I recognize in their contents the different lines of study which I have pursued at different periods of my life. Like the geological strata in the side of a cliff, they show the deposits of successive periods, and remind me, not only of the changes which my own literary tastes have undergone, but also of the various literary undertakings in which I have been from time to time engaged. The shelves devoted to the British poets carry me back to a time when I read them straight through without a break, from Chaucer to Tennyson. A large number of histories of England and works of British biography are due to a time when I was chiefly occupied in writing the letterpress to "The Photographic Historical Portrait Gallery,"--a very beautiful publication illustrated with photographs of historical miniatures, which never reached a second volume, and is now, I believe, extremely scarce. An equally voluminous series of histories of Greece and Rome, and of translations of the Greek and Latin poets, marks the time when I first became deeply interested in classic antiquity. To this phase also belong the beginnings of those archæological works which I have of late years accumulated almost to the exclusion of all other books, as well as my collection of volumes upon Homer, which nearly fill one division of a bookcase. When I left London some six and twenty years ago to settle at Westbury-on-Trym, I also added to my library a large number of works on the fine arts, feeling, as every lover of pictures must do, that it is necessary, in some way or another, to make up for the loss of the National Gallery, the South Kensington Museum, and other delightful places which I was leaving behind. At this time, also, I had a passion for Turner, and eagerly collected his engraved works, of which I believe I possess nearly all. I think I may say the same of Samuel Prout. Of Shakespeare I have almost as many editions as I have translations of Homer; and of European histories, works of reference generally, a writer who lives in the country must, of course, possess a goodly number. Of rare books I do not pretend to have many. A single shelf contains a few good old works, including a fine black-letter Chaucer, the Venetian Dante of 1578, and some fine examples of the Elizabethan period. I soon found, however, that this taste was far too expensive to cultivate. Last of all, in what I may call the upper Egyptological stratum of my books, come those on Egypt and Egyptian archæology, a class of works deeply interesting to those who make Egyptology their study, but profoundly dull to everybody else.

Such are my books. If, however, I were to show my visitor what I consider my choicest treasures, I should take down volumes which have been given to me by friends, some now far distant, others departed. Here, for instance, is the folio edition of Doré's "Don Quichotte," on the fly-leaf of which he signs himself as my "_ami affectueux_;" or some of the works of my dear friend of many years, John Addington

Symonds, especially "Many Moods," which he has dedicated to myself. Or I would take down the first volume of "The Ring and the Book," containing a delightful inscription from the pen of Robert Browning; or the late Lord Lytton's version of the Odes of Horace, in which is inserted an interesting letter on the method and spirit of his translation, addressed to me at the time of its publication. Next to this stands a presentation copy of Sir Theodore Martin's translation of the same immortal poems. To most persons these would be more interesting than other and later presentation volumes from various foreign savants--Maspero, Naville, Ebers, Wiedemann, and others.

I am often asked how many books I possess, and I can only reply that I have not the least idea, having lost count of them for many years. Those which are in sight are attired in purple and fine linen, beautiful bindings having once upon a time been one of my hobbies; but behind the beautiful bindings, many of which were executed from my own designs, are other books in modest cloth and paper wrappers; so that the volumes are always two rows, and sometimes even three rows deep. If I had not a tolerably good memory, I should certainly be very much perplexed by this arrangement, the more especially as my only catalogue is in my head.

I fear I am allowing myself to say too much about my books; yet, after all, they represent a large part of myself. My life, since I have lived at The Larches, has been one of ever-increasing seclusion, and my books have for many years been my daily companions, teachers, and friends. Merely to lean back in one's chair now and then--merely to lean back and look at them--is a pleasure, a stimulus, and in some sense a gain. For, as it seems to me, there is a virtue which goes out from even the backs of one's books; and though to glance along the shelves without taking down a single volume be but a Barmecide feast, yet the tired brain is consciously refreshed by it.

Although the room is essentially a bookroom, there are other things than books to which one can turn for a momentary change of thought. In yonder corner, for instance, stands an easel, the picture upon which is constantly changed. To-day, it will be a water-color sketch by John Lewis; to-morrow, an etching by Albert Dürer or Seymour Haden; the next day, an oil painting by Elihu Vedder, or perhaps an ancient Egyptian funerary papyrus, with curious pen-and-ink vignettes of gods and genii surmounting the closely written columns of hieroglyphic text.

For, you see, I have no wall space in my library upon which to hang pictures; and yet, I am not happy, and my thoughts are not rightly in tune, unless I have a picture or two in sight, somewhere about the room. In the corners, hidden away behind pedestals and curtains, a quick eye may detect stacks of pictures, ready to be brought out and put on the easel when needed. On the pedestals stand plaster casts of busts from antique originals in the Louvre, the Uffizzi Gallery, and the British Museum; and yonder, beside the arched entrance between the ante-room and the library, stands a small white marble torso of a semi-recumbent river god which I picked up years ago from amid the dusty stores of a little curiosity-shop in one of the small by-streets near Soho Square. It is a splendid fragment, so powerfully and learnedly modelled, that no less a critic than the late Charles Blanc once suggested to me that it might be a trial-sketch by a pupil of Michael Angelo, or even by the master himself. Curiously enough, this little masterpiece, which has lost both arms from below the shoulders

and both legs from above the knee, was wrecked before its completion; the face, the beard, the hair and the back being little more than blocked out, whereas, the forepart of the trunk is highly finished. On the opposite side of the archway, in an iron tripod, stands a large terra-cotta amphora found in the cellar of a Roman villa discovered in 1872, close behind the Baths of Caracalla.

As I happened to be spending that winter in Rome, I went, of course, to see the new "scavo," and there were the big jars standing in the cellar, just as in the lifetime of the ancient owner. I need scarcely say that I bought mine on the spot.

It is such associations as these which are the collector's greatest pleasures. Each object recalls the place and circumstances of its purchase, brings back incidents of foreign travel, and opens up long vistas of delightful memories. For me, every bit of old pottery on the tops of the bookcases has its history. That Majolica jar painted with the Medici arms, and those Montelupo plates, were bought in Florence; those brass salvers with heads of Doges in repoussé work were picked up in a dark old shop on one of the side canals of Venice. The tall jars, yellow, green, white, and brown, with grotesque dragon mouths and twisted handles, are of Gallipoli make, and I got them at a shop in an out-of-the-way court at the top of a blind alley in Stamboul.

I have said that there are reasons why an intending visitor might, perchance, fail to penetrate as far as this den of books and bric-à-brac, and I might allege a considerable number, but they may all be summed up in the one deplorable fact that there are but twenty-four hours to the day, and seven days to the week. Time is precious to me, and leisure is a thing unknown. If, however, the said visitor is of congenial tastes, has gained admittance, and finds me less busy than usual, he will, perhaps, be let into the secret of certain hidden treasures, the existence of which is unsuspected by the casual caller. For dearer to me than all the rest of my curios are my Egyptian antiquities; and of these, strange to say, though none of them are in sight, I have enough to stock a modest little museum. Stowed away in all kinds of nooks and corners, in upstairs cupboards, in boxes, drawers, and cases innumerable, behind books, and invading the sanctity of glass closets and wardrobes, are hundreds, nay, thousands, of those fascinating objects in bronze and glazed ware, in carved wood and ivory, in glass, and pottery, and sculptured stone, which are the delight of archæologists and collectors. Here, for instance, behind the "_Revue Archeologique_" packed side by side as closely as figs in a box, are all the gods of Egypt,--fantastic little porcelain figures plumed and horned, bird-headed, animal-headed, and the like. Their reign, it is true, may be over in the Valley of the Nile, but in me they still have a fervent adorer. Were I inclined to worship them with due antique ceremonial, there are two libation tables in one of the attics ready to my hand, carved with semblances of sacrificial meats and drinks; or here, in a tin box behind the "_Retrospective Review_," are specimens of actual food offerings deposited three thousand years ago in various tombs at Thebes--shrivelled dates, lentils, nuts, and even a slice of bread. Rings, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, amulets, mirrors, and toilet objects, once the delight of dusky beauties long since embalmed and forgotten; funerary statuettes, scarabs, rolls of mummy cloth, and the like are laid by "in a sacred gloom" from which they are rarely, if ever, brought forth into the light of day. And there are stranger things than these,--fragments of spiced and bituminized humanity to be

shown to visitors who are not nervous, nor given to midnight terrors. Here is a baby's foot (some mother cried over it once) in the Japanese cabinet in the ante-room. There are three mummied hands behind "_Allibone's Dictionary of English Authors_," in the library. There are two arms with hands complete--the one almost black, the other singularly fair,--in a drawer in my dressing-room; and grimmest of all, I have the heads of two ancient Egyptians in a wardrobe in my bedroom, who, perhaps, talk to each other in the watches of the night, when I am sound asleep. As, however, I am not writing a catalogue of my collection, I will only mention that there is a somewhat battered statue of a Prince of Kush standing upright in his packing-case, like a sentry in a sentry-box, in an empty coach-house at the bottom of the garden.

It may, perhaps, be objected to my treatment of this subject that I have described only my "home," and that, being myself, I have not described Miss Edwards. This is a task which I cannot pretend to perform in a manner satisfactory either to myself or the reader. My personal appearance has, however, been so fully depicted in the columns of some hundreds of newspapers, that I have but to draw upon the descriptions given by my brethren of the press, in order to fill what would otherwise be an inevitable gap in the present article. By one, for instance, I am said to have "coal-black hair and flashing black eyes"; by another, that same hair is said to be "snow-white"; while a third describes it as "iron-gray, and rolled back in a large wave." On one occasion, as I am informed, I had "a commanding and Cassandra-like presence"; elsewhere, I was "tall, slender, and engaging"; and occasionally I am merely of "middle height" and, alas! "somewhat inclined to _embonpoint_." As it is obviously so easy to realize what I am like from the foregoing data, I need say no more on the subject.

With regard to "my manners and customs" and the course of my daily life, there is little or nothing to tell. I am essentially a worker, and a hard worker, and this I have been since my early girlhood. When I am asked what are my working hours, I reply:--"All the time when I am not either sitting at meals, taking exercise, or sleeping"; and this is literally true. I live with the pen in my hand, not only from morning till night, but sometimes from night till morning. I have, in fact, been a night bird ever since I came out of the schoolroom, when I habitually sat up reading till long past midnight. Later on, when I adopted literature as a profession, I still found that "To steal a few hours from the night" was to ensure the quietest time, and the pleasantest, for pen and brain work; and, for at least the last twenty-five years, I have rarely put out my lamp before two or three in the morning. Occasionally, when work presses and a manuscript has to be despatched by the earliest morning mail, I remain at my desk the whole night through; and I can with certainty say that the last chapter of every book I have ever written has been finished at early morning. In summertime, it is certainly delightful to draw up the blinds and complete in sunlight a task begun when the lamps were lighted in the evening.

And this reminds me of a little incident--too trivial, perhaps, to be worth recording--which befell me so long ago as 1873. I had visited the Dolomites during the previous summer, not returning to England till close upon Christmastime, and I had been occupied during the greater part of the spring in preparing that account of the journey entitled "Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys." Time ran somewhat

short towards the last, as my publishers were anxious to produce the volume early in June; and when it came to the point of finishing off, I sat up all through one beautiful night in May, till the farewell words were written. At the very moment when, with a sigh of satisfaction, I laid down my pen, a wandering nightingale on the pear-tree outside my library window, burst into such a flood of song as I have never heard before or since. The pear-tree was in full blossom; the sky behind it was blue and cloudless; and as I listened to the unwonted music, I could not help thinking that, had I been a pious scribe of the Middle Ages who had just finished a laboriously written life of some departed saint, I should inevitably have believed that the bird was a ghostly messenger sent by the good saint himself to congratulate me upon the completion of my task.

Recent Sculpture by Jacob Epstein: Leicester Galleries

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The London Mercury, Vol. I, Nos. 1-6, November 1919 to April 1920*, by Various

Mr. Epstein is a great portrait sculptor. He has a wonderful power of "living into" his models. He produces not only a likeness, but also that kind of likeness which we can enjoy without knowing the original, and in a certain sense even more than the original when known. For he sees what we should scarcely be able to see without his vigorous assistance. Standing before one of his portrait heads we have the consciousness of some magnetising influence, evoking all kinds of subterranean thoughts and emotions; we are drawn out of ourselves into our external objective vortex.

It is objective and yet essentially the creation of Mr. Epstein's "realistic" vision. Realistic is a difficult and dangerous word, but we know what is meant by it, although often when we try to explicate that knowledge still further we arrive at something which the word does not, or should not, or need not, mean. It should not mean, for instance, photographic, or immoral, or ugly. It may contain a consciousness of all these elements without being them, for to be conscious of them surely means to supersede and dominate them. "Realistic," of course, might be extended so as to cover everything, but in the present instance of ordinary usage it is limited to one particular aspect of things, which, curiously enough, is rather a negative than a positive one. It is the positive consciousness of negatives such as difficulty, failure, struggle, pain: it is the intense and overpowering desire to know them fully, to drain the imaginative experience of them to the dregs, because once they have taken a hold on our awareness, only by that means can we triumph over them.

Not only does Mr. Epstein endeavour to bring home to himself and to us in his character studies a sense of individualised conflict (though he is never gloomy), he often approves of sternness and ruggedness as good in themselves; he enjoys the titanic groping of life. And it is perfectly true that without some sort of a fight existence would be hopelessly inert and hyper-æsthetic; but we do want sometimes the calm and untroubled pleasure of attainment. Indeed only the complete process conjoining the two opposites is completely good, yet we inevitably stress now the one, now the other facet, placing in the centre of our

consciousness either the fact of struggle and failure or the fact of success: for art is itself part of the process. And Mr. Epstein's art stresses the "realistic" side, not only in the sense that he is in desire revolting from it, but also that he appreciates it, enjoying the process as much as the arrival at the goal. For instance, he has made several studies of his own baby, over whom he has kept his head severely. Indeed he seems to have been too ferociously interested in the animalism and precocious ugliness of a small baby to have been at all tempted to idealise; at the same time he is impressed with the baby's vigour and vitality.

Sometimes it seems to me he loses sight of the whole in the elaboration of expressive detail. In the bust of Lord Fisher in the War Museum Exhibition he has obviously attempted to produce the leathery, wrinkled texture of an old man's skin, because he saw it as a significant feature. But in the effort to get this difficult effect he has lost sight of the significance and produced a mere verisimilitude of wrinkledness. Similarly in his _Christ_, the feature which arrests us most is the clay-like gruesomeness of the loosened wrappings. We shudder at the faint suggestion of decomposition and we are wounded by the slit in the opened palm of the hand. But practically the whole force of the composition has spent itself in these subsidiary details.

Paintings by Duncan Grant: Wm. B. Paterson and Carfax & Co. Ltd., 5 Old Bond Street

This is a very important exhibition, and confirms the report which has been current for some time that Mr. Duncan Grant is an artist of unusual originality. I am deliberately emphatic, not only because I am very enthusiastic about some of these pictures, but also because I feel sure that many people will have been "put off" from the first by a few of them, in which Mr. Duncan Grant, under the influence of the modern abstractionist and pattern-making theories, has taken undue liberties with the human body. Even in these pictures there is much that is very fine, but it is quite independent of the stupid distortions which only have a marring or comic effect. But consider, for instance, the Still Life No. 23, _Bowl, Skull, and Jar_. Whatever other criticism may be levelled against it, it is immune from the charge of arbitrariness. Personally, I have nothing but praise for it, as being a magnificent piece of lyrical painting. There are several other pictures--landscapes, still lives, interiors--possessing the same exquisite qualities, notably Nos. 2, 4, 7, 9, 12, 21. The last named, styled _Juggler and Tight Rope Walker_, which is in many ways the most brilliant of the whole collection, does evince here and there a certain exaggeration. This, however, can be overlooked because it does not rivet our attention.

On the other hand, in No. 29, _Venus and Adonis_, the placing of the lady's neck on her left-hand shoulder, with the consequent elongation of the right-hand shoulder, stirs up in our minds a whole swarm of general reflections, so that our æsthetic enjoyment of other real values in the picture is practically swamped. It is true that in caricatures we allow without cavil all sorts of liberties. But only because the result is expressive, and actually where we appreciate the caricature we do not notice any distortion, we see the work as convincingly _true_.

The Black Country. Drawings by Edward Wadsworth: The Leicester Galleries. (January.)

Mr. Wadsworth has almost found himself in his Black Country pictures, or better he has found a real object which coincides with his particular "vorticist" predilection. Continually is he obsessed with a certain forked-lightning pattern which zigzags over the world. Where it does not he often puts it there and, partially removing the world, leaves a pattern. However, in the slag heaps and belching chimneys and curved canals and splintered roofs of the Black Country, at any rate sometimes, this pattern comes back to earth, and the result is a striking picture. Vorticism and Futurism, in so far as they are art tendencies, represent the scientist and business man of the nineteenth century emerging painfully into emotional expression. Mr. Wadsworth and the "Futurists" have not been the first to discover science and industry artistically, but hitherto stress has been laid on the general impressiveness, the mystery and atmospheric volume of the subject. Mr. Wadsworth's particular contribution concerns the sheer joy in brutal mechanical movement and in the deadly bulk and solidity of industrial products and by-products. His best drawings are of ladle slag heaps, consisting of metallic-looking boulders hurled out into a desolation that yet teems with the energy that made and discarded them.

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We have to congratulate Mr. D. Y. Cameron and Mr. George Henry on their election as Associates of the Royal Academy.

HOWARD HANNAY

EDISON'S METHOD IN INVENTING

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Edison, His Life and Inventions*, by Frank Lewis Dyer and Thomas Commerford Martin

WHILE the world's progress depends largely upon their ingenuity, inventors are not usually persons who have adopted invention as a distinct profession, but, generally speaking, are otherwise engaged in various walks of life. By reason of more or less inherent native genius they either make improvements along lines of present occupation, or else evolve new methods and means of accomplishing results in fields for which they may have personal predilections.

Now and then, however, there arises a man so greatly endowed with natural powers and originality that the creative faculty within him is too strong to endure the humdrum routine of affairs, and manifests itself in a life devoted entirely to the evolution of methods and devices calculated to further the world's welfare. In other words, he becomes an inventor by profession. Such a man is Edison. Notwithstanding the fact that nearly forty years ago (not a great while after he had emerged from the ranks of peripatetic telegraph operators) he was the owner of a large and profitable business as a manufacturer of the telegraphic apparatus invented by him, the call of his nature was too strong to allow of profits being laid away in the bank to accumulate. As he himself has said, he has "too sanguine a temperament to allow money to stay in solitary confinement." Hence, all superfluous cash was devoted to experimentation. In the course of years he grew more and more impatient of the shackles that bound him to business routine, and,

realizing the powers within him, he drew away gradually from purely manufacturing occupations, determining deliberately to devote his life to inventive work, and to depend upon its results as a means of subsistence.

All persons who make inventions will necessarily be more or less original in character, but to the man who chooses to become an inventor by profession must be conceded a mind more than ordinarily replete with virility and originality. That these qualities in Edison are superabundant is well known to all who have worked with him, and, indeed, are apparent to every one from his multiplied achievements within the period of one generation.

If one were allowed only two words with which to describe Edison, it is doubtful whether a close examination of the entire dictionary would disclose any others more suitable than "experimenter--inventor." These would express the overruling characteristics of his eventful career. It is as an "inventor" that he sets himself down in the membership list of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. To attempt the strict placing of these words in relation to each other (except alphabetically) would be equal to an endeavor to solve the old problem as to which came first, the egg or the chicken; for although all his inventions have been evolved through experiment, many of his notable experiments have called forth the exercise of highly inventive faculties in their very inception. Investigation and experiment have been a consuming passion, an impelling force from within, as it were, from his petticoat days when he collected goose-eggs and tried to hatch them out by sitting over them himself. One might be inclined to dismiss this trivial incident smilingly, as a mere childish, thoughtless prank, had not subsequent development as a child, boy, and man revealed a born investigator with original reasoning powers that, disdaining crooks and bends, always aimed at the centre, and, like the flight of the bee, were accurate and direct.

It is not surprising, therefore, that a man of this kind should exhibit a ceaseless, absorbing desire for knowledge, and an apparently uncontrollable tendency to experiment on every possible occasion, even though his last cent were spent in thus satisfying the insatiate cravings of an inquiring mind.

During Edison's immature years, when he was flitting about from place to place as a telegraph operator, his experimentation was of a desultory, hand-to-mouth character, although it was always notable for originality, as expressed in a number of minor useful devices produced during this period. Small wonder, then, that at the end of these wanderings, when he had found a place to "rest the sole of his foot," he established a laboratory in which to carry on his researches in a more methodical and practical manner. In this was the beginning of the work which has since made such a profound impression on contemporary life.

There is nothing of the helter-skelter, slap-dash style in Edison's experiments. Although all the laboratory experimenters agree in the opinion that he "tries everything," it is not merely the mixing of a little of this, some of that, and a few drops of the other, in the HOPE that SOMETHING will come of it. Nor is the spirit of the laboratory work represented in the following dialogue overheard between two alleged carpenters picked up at random to help on a hurry job.

"How near does she fit, Mike?"

"About an inch."

"Nail her!"

A most casual examination of any of the laboratory records will reveal evidence of the minutest exactitude insisted on in the conduct of experiments, irrespective of the length of time they occupied. Edison's instructions, always clear cut and direct, followed by his keen oversight, admit of nothing less than implicit observance in all details, no matter where they may lead, and impel to the utmost minuteness and accuracy.

To some extent there has been a popular notion that many of Edison's successes have been due to mere dumb fool luck--to blind, fortuitous "happenings." Nothing could be further from the truth, for, on the contrary, it is owing almost entirely to the comprehensive scope of his knowledge, the breadth of his conception, the daring originality of his methods, and minuteness and extent of experiment, combined with unwavering pertinacity, that new arts have been created and additions made to others already in existence. Indeed, without this tireless minutiae, and methodical, searching spirit, it would have been practically impossible to have produced many of the most important of these inventions.

Needless to say, mastery of its literature is regarded by him as a most important preliminary in taking up any line of investigation. What others may have done, bearing directly or collaterally on the subject, in print, is carefully considered and sifted to the point of exhaustion. Not that he takes it for granted that the conclusions are correct, for he frequently obtains vastly different results by repeating in his own way experiments made by others as detailed in books.

"Edison can travel along a well-used road and still find virgin soil," remarked recently one of his most practical experimenters, who had been working along a certain line without attaining the desired result. "He wanted to get a particular compound having definite qualities, and I had tried in all sorts of ways to produce it but with only partial success. He was confident that it could be done, and said he would try it himself. In doing so he followed the same path in which I had travelled, but, by making an undreamed-of change in one of the operations, succeeded in producing a compound that virtually came up to his specifications. It is not the only time I have known this sort of thing to happen."

In speaking of Edison's method of experimenting, another of his laboratory staff says: "He is never hindered by theory, but resorts to actual experiment for proof. For instance, when he conceived the idea of pouring a complete concrete house it was universally held that it would be impossible because the pieces of stone in the mixture would not rise to the level of the pouring-point, but would gravitate to a lower plane in the soft cement. This, however, did not hinder him from making a series of experiments which resulted in an invention that proved conclusively the contrary."

Having conceived some new idea and read everything obtainable relating to the subject in general, Edison's fertility of resource and originality come into play. Taking one of the laboratory note-books, he will write in it a memorandum of the experiments to be tried,

illustrated, if necessary, by sketches. This book is then passed on to that member of the experimental staff whose special training and experience are best adapted to the work. Here strenuousness is expected; and an immediate commencement of investigation and prompt report are required. Sometimes the subject may be such as to call for a long line of frequent tests which necessitate patient and accurate attention to minute details. Results must be reported often--daily, or possibly with still greater frequency. Edison does not forget what is going on; but in his daily tours through the laboratory keeps in touch with all the work that is under the hands of his various assistants, showing by an instant grasp of the present conditions of any experiment that he has a full consciousness of its meaning and its reference to his original conception.

The year 1869 saw the beginning of Edison's career as an acknowledged inventor of commercial devices. From the outset, an innate recognition of system dictated the desirability and wisdom of preserving records of his experiments and inventions. The primitive records, covering the earliest years, were mainly jotted down on loose sheets of paper covered with sketches, notes, and data, pasted into large scrap-books, or preserved in packages; but with the passing of years and enlargement of his interests, it became the practice to make all original laboratory notes in large, uniform books. This course was pursued until the Menlo Park period, when he instituted a new regime that has been continued down to the present day. A standard form of note-book, about eight and a half by six inches, containing about two hundred pages, was adopted. A number of these books were (and are now) always to be found scattered around in the different sections of the laboratory, and in them have been noted by Edison all his ideas, sketches, and memoranda. Details of the various experiments concerning them have been set down by his assistants from time to time.

These later laboratory note-books, of which there are now over one thousand in the series, are eloquent in the history they reveal of the strenuous labors of Edison and his assistants and the vast fields of research he has covered during the last thirty years. They are overwhelmingly rich in biographic material, but analysis would be a prohibitive task for one person, and perhaps interesting only to technical readers. Their pages cover practically every department of science. The countless thousands of separate experiments recorded exhibit the operations of a master mind seeking to surprise Nature into a betrayal of her secrets by asking her the same question in a hundred different ways. For instance, when Edison was investigating a certain problem of importance many years ago, the note-books show that on this point alone about fifteen thousand experiments and tests were made by one of his assistants.

A most casual glance over these note-books will illustrate the following remark, which was made to one of the writers not long ago by a member of the laboratory staff who has been experimenting there for twenty years: "Edison can think of more ways of doing a thing than any man I ever saw or heard of. He tries everything and never lets up, even though failure is apparently staring him in the face. He only stops when he simply can't go any further on that particular line. When he decides on any mode of procedure he gives his notes to the experimenter and lets him alone, only stepping in from time to time to look at the operations and receive reports of progress."

The history of the development of the telephone transmitter, phonograph,

incandescent lamp, dynamo, electrical distributing systems from central stations, electric railway, ore-milling, cement, motion pictures, and a host of minor inventions may be found embedded in the laboratory note-books. A passing glance at a few pages of these written records will serve to illustrate, though only to a limited extent, the thoroughness of Edison's method. It is to be observed that these references can be but of the most meagre kind, and must be regarded as merely throwing a side-light on the subject itself. For instance, the complex problem of a practical telephone transmitter gave rise to a series of most exhaustive experiments. Combinations in almost infinite variety, including gums, chemical compounds, oils, minerals, and metals were suggested by Edison; and his assistants were given long lists of materials to try with reference to predetermined standards of articulation, degrees of loudness, and perfection of hissing sounds. The note-books contain hundreds of pages showing that a great many thousands of experiments were tried and passed upon. Such remarks as "N. G."; "Pretty good"; "Whistling good, but no articulation"; "Rattly"; "Articulation, whispering, and whistling good"; "Best to-night so far"; and others are noted opposite the various combinations as they were tried. Thus, one may follow the investigation through a maze of experiments which led up to the successful invention of the carbon button transmitter, the vital device to give the telephone its needed articulation and perfection.

The two hundred and odd note-books, covering the strenuous period during which Edison was carrying on his electric-light experiments, tell on their forty thousand pages or more a fascinating story of the evolution of a new art in its entirety. From the crude beginnings, through all the varied phases of this evolution, the operations of a master mind are apparent from the contents of these pages, in which are recorded the innumerable experiments, calculations, and tests that ultimately brought light out of darkness.

The early work on a metallic conductor for lamps gave rise to some very thorough research on melting and alloying metals, the preparation of metallic oxides, the coating of fine wires by immersing them in a great variety of chemical solutions. Following his usual custom, Edison would indicate the lines of experiment to be followed, which were carried out and recorded in the note-books. He himself, in January, 1879, made personally a most minute and searching investigation into the properties and behavior of plating-iridium, boron, rutile, zircon, chromium, molybdenum, and nickel, under varying degrees of current strength, on which there may be found in the notes about forty pages of detailed experiments and deductions in his own handwriting, concluding with the remark (about nickel): "This is a great discovery for electric light in the way of economy."

This period of research on nickel, etc., was evidently a trying one, for after nearly a month's close application he writes, on January 27, 1879: "Owing to the enormous power of the light my eyes commenced to pain after seven hours' work, and I had to quit." On the next day appears the following entry: "Suffered the pains of hell with my eyes last night from 10 P.M. till 4 A.M., when got to sleep with a big dose of morphine. Eyes getting better, and do not pain much at 4 P.M.; but I lose to-day."

The "try everything" spirit of Edison's method is well illustrated in this early period by a series of about sixteen hundred resistance tests of various ores, minerals, earths, etc., occupying over fifty pages of one of the note-books relating to the metallic filament for his lamps.

But, as the reader has already learned, the metallic filament was soon laid aside in favor of carbon, and we find in the laboratory notes an amazing record of research and experiment conducted in the minute and searching manner peculiar to Edison's method. His inquiries were directed along all the various roads leading to the desired goal, for long before he had completed the invention of a practical lamp he realized broadly the fundamental requirements of a successful system of electrical distribution, and had given instructions for the making of a great variety of calculations which, although far in advance of the time, were clearly foreseen by him to be vitally important in the ultimate solution of the complicated problem. Thus we find many hundreds of pages of the note-books covered with computations and calculations by Mr. Upton, not only on the numerous ramifications of the projected system and comparisons with gas, but also on proposed forms of dynamos and the proposed station in New York. A mere recital by titles of the vast number of experiments and tests on carbons, lamps, dynamos, armatures, commutators, windings, systems, regulators, sockets, vacuum-pumps, and the thousand and one details relating to the subject in general, originated by Edison, and methodically and systematically carried on under his general direction, would fill a great many pages here, and even then would serve only to convey a confused impression of ceaseless probing.

It is possible only to a broad, comprehensive mind well stored with knowledge, and backed with resistless, boundless energy, that such a diversified series of experiments and investigations could be carried on simultaneously and assimilated, even though they should relate to a class of phenomena already understood and well defined. But if we pause to consider that the commercial subdivision of the electric current (which was virtually an invention made to order) involved the solution of problems so unprecedented that even they themselves had to be created, we cannot but conclude that the afflatus of innate genius played an important part in the unique methods of investigation instituted by Edison at that and other times.

The idea of attributing great successes to "genius" has always been repudiated by Edison, as evidenced by his historic remark that "Genius is 1 per cent. inspiration and 99 per cent. perspiration." Again, in a conversation many years ago at the laboratory between Edison, Batchelor, and E. H. Johnson, the latter made allusion to Edison's genius as evidenced by some of his achievements, when Edison replied:

"Stuff! I tell you genius is hard work, stick-to-it-iveness, and common sense."

"Yes," said Johnson, "I admit there is all that to it, but there's still more. Batch and I have those qualifications, but although we knew quite a lot about telephones, and worked hard, we couldn't invent a brand-new non-infringing telephone receiver as you did when Gouraud cabled for one. Then, how about the subdivision of the electric light?"

"Electric current," corrected Edison.

"True," continued Johnson; "you were the one to make that very distinction. The scientific world had been working hard on subdivision for years, using what appeared to be common sense. Results worse than nil. Then you come along, and about the first thing you do, after looking the ground over, is to start off in the opposite direction,

which subsequently proves to be the only possible way to reach the goal. It seems to me that this is pretty close to the dictionary definition of genius."

It is said that Edison replied rather incoherently and changed the topic of conversation.

This innate modesty, however, does not prevent Edison from recognizing and classifying his own methods of investigation. In a conversation with two old associates recently (April, 1909), he remarked: "It has been said of me that my methods are empirical. That is true only so far as chemistry is concerned. Did you ever realize that practically all industrial chemistry is colloidal in its nature? Hard rubber, celluloid, glass, soap, paper, and lots of others, all have to deal with amorphous substances, as to which comparatively little has been really settled. My methods are similar to those followed by Luther Burbank. He plants an acre, and when this is in bloom he inspects it. He has a sharp eye, and can pick out of thousands a single plant that has promise of what he wants. From this he gets the seed, and uses his skill and knowledge in producing from it a number of new plants which, on development, furnish the means of propagating an improved variety in large quantity. So, when I am after a chemical result that I have in mind, I may make hundreds or thousands of experiments out of which there may be one that promises results in the right direction. This I follow up to its legitimate conclusion, discarding the others, and usually get what I am after. There is no doubt about this being empirical; but when it comes to problems of a mechanical nature, I want to tell you that all I've ever tackled and solved have been done by hard, logical thinking." The intense earnestness and emphasis with which this was said were very impressive to the auditors. This empirical method may perhaps be better illustrated by a specific example. During the latter part of the storage battery investigations, after the form of positive element had been determined upon, it became necessary to ascertain what definite proportions and what quality of nickel hydrate and nickel flake would give the best results. A series of positive tubes were filled with the two materials in different proportions--say, nine parts hydrate to one of flake; eight parts hydrate to two of flake; seven parts hydrate to three of flake, and so on through varying proportions. Three sets of each of these positives were made, and all put into separate test tubes with a uniform type of negative element. These were carried through a long series of charges and discharges under strict test conditions. From the tabulated results of hundreds of tests there were selected three that showed the best results. These, however, showed only the superiority of certain PROPORTIONS of the materials. The next step would be to find out the best QUALITY. Now, as there are several hundred variations in the quality of nickel flake, and perhaps a thousand ways to make the hydrate, it will be realized that Edison's methods led to stupendous detail, for these tests embraced a trial of all the qualities of both materials in the three proportions found to be most suitable. Among these many thousands of experiments any that showed extraordinary results were again elaborated by still further series of tests, until Edison was satisfied that he had obtained the best result in that particular line.

The laboratory note-books do not always tell the whole story or meaning of an experiment that may be briefly outlined on one of their pages. For example, the early filament made of a mixture of lampblack and tar is merely a suggestion in the notes, but its making afforded an example of Edison's pertinacity. These materials, when mixed, became a friable

mass, which he had found could be brought into such a cohesive, putty-like state by manipulation, as to be capable of being rolled out into filaments as fine as seven-thousandths of an inch in cross-section. One of the laboratory assistants was told to make some of this mixture, knead it, and roll some filaments. After a time he brought the mass to Edison, and said:

"There's something wrong about this, for it crumbles even after manipulating it with my fingers."

"How long did you knead it?" said Edison.

"Oh! more than an hour," replied the assistant.

"Well, just keep on for a few hours more and it will come out all right," was the rejoinder. And this proved to be correct, for, after a prolonged kneading and rolling, the mass changed into a cohesive, stringy, homogeneous putty. It was from a mixture of this kind that spiral filaments were made and used in some of the earliest forms of successful incandescent lamps; indeed, they are described and illustrated in Edison's fundamental lamp patent (No. 223,898).

The present narrative would assume the proportions of a history of the incandescent lamp, should the authors attempt to follow Edison's investigations through the thousands of pages of note-books away back in the eighties and early nineties. Improvement of the lamp was constantly in his mind all those years, and besides the vast amount of detail experimental work he laid out for his assistants, he carried on a great deal of research personally. Sometimes whole books are filled in his own handwriting with records of experiments showing every conceivable variation of some particular line of inquiry; each trial bearing some terse comment expressive of results. In one book appear the details of one of these experiments on September 3, 1891, at 4.30 A.M., with the comment: "Brought up lamp higher than a 16-c.p. 240 was ever brought before--Hurrah!" Notwithstanding the late hour, he turns over to the next page and goes on to write his deductions from this result as compared with those previously obtained. Proceeding day by day, as appears by this same book, he follows up another line of investigation on lamps, apparently full of difficulty, for after one hundred and thirty-two other recorded experiments we find this note: "Saturday 3.30 went home disgusted with incandescent lamps." This feeling was evidently evanescent, for on the succeeding Monday the work was continued and carried on by him as keenly as before, as shown by the next batch of notes.

This is the only instance showing any indication of impatience that the authors have found in looking through the enormous mass of laboratory notes. All his assistants agree that Edison is the most patient, tireless experimenter that could be conceived of. Failures do not distress him; indeed, he regards them as always useful, as may be gathered from the following, related by Dr. E. G. Acheson, formerly one of his staff: "I once made an experiment in Edison's laboratory at Menlo Park during the latter part of 1880, and the results were not as looked for. I considered the experiment a perfect failure, and while bemoaning the results of this apparent failure Mr. Edison entered, and, after learning the facts of the case, cheerfully remarked that I should not look upon it as a failure, for he considered every experiment a success, as in all cases it cleared up the atmosphere, and even though it failed to accomplish the results sought for, it should prove a valuable lesson

for guidance in future work. I believe that Mr. Edison's success as an experimenter was, to a large extent, due to this happy view of all experiments."

Edison has frequently remarked that out of a hundred experiments he does not expect more than one to be successful, and as to that one he is always suspicious until frequent repetition has verified the original results.

This patient, optimistic view of the outcome of experiments has remained part of his character down to this day, just as his painstaking, minute, incisive methods are still unchanged. But to the careless, stupid, or lazy person he is a terror for the short time they remain around him. Honest mistakes may be tolerated, but not carelessness, incompetence, or lack of attention to business. In such cases Edison is apt to express himself freely and forcibly, as when he was asked why he had parted with a certain man, he said: "Oh, he was so slow that it would take him half an hour to get out of the field of a microscope." Another instance will be illustrative. Soon after the Brockton (Massachusetts) central station was started in operation many years ago, he wrote a note to Mr. W. S. Andrews, containing suggestions as to future stations, part of which related to the various employees and their duties. After outlining the duties of the meter man, Edison says: "I should not take too young a man for this, say, a man from twenty-three to thirty years old, bright and businesslike. Don't want any one who yearns to enter a laboratory and experiment. We have a bad case of that at Brockton; he neglects business to potter. What we want is a good lamp average and no unprofitable customer. You should have these men on probation and subject to passing an examination by me. This will wake them up."

Edison's examinations are no joke, according to Mr. J. H. Vail, formerly one of the Menlo Park staff. "I wanted a job," he said, "and was ambitious to take charge of the dynamo-room. Mr. Edison led me to a heap of junk in a corner and said: 'Put that together and let me know when it's running.' I didn't know what it was, but received a liberal education in finding out. It proved to be a dynamo, which I finally succeeded in assembling and running. I got the job." Another man who succeeded in winning a place as assistant was Mr. John F. Ott, who has remained in his employ for over forty years. In 1869, when Edison was occupying his first manufacturing shop (the third floor of a small building in Newark), he wanted a first-class mechanician, and Mr. Ott was sent to him. "He was then an ordinary-looking young fellow," says Mr. Ott, "dirty as any of the other workmen, unkempt, and not much better dressed than a tramp, but I immediately felt that there was a great deal in him." This is the conversation that ensued, led by Mr. Edison's question:

"What do you want?"

"Work."

"Can you make this machine work?" (exhibiting it and explaining its details).

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Well, you needn't pay me if I don't."

And thus Mr. Ott went to work and succeeded in accomplishing the results desired. Two weeks afterward Mr. Edison put him in charge of the shop.

Edison's life fairly teems with instances of unruffled patience in the pursuit of experiments. When he feels thoroughly impressed with the possibility of accomplishing a certain thing, he will settle down composedly to investigate it to the end.

This is well illustrated in a story relating to his invention of the type of storage battery bearing his name. Mr. W. S. Mallory, one of his closest associates for many years, is the authority for the following: "When Mr. Edison decided to shut down the ore-milling plant at Edison, New Jersey, in which I had been associated with him, it became a problem as to what he could profitably take up next, and we had several discussions about it. He finally thought that a good storage battery was a great requisite, and decided to try and devise a new type, for he declared emphatically he would make no battery requiring sulphuric acid. After a little thought he conceived the nickel-iron idea, and started to work at once with characteristic energy. About 7 or 7.30 A.M. he would go down to the laboratory and experiment, only stopping for a short time at noon to eat a lunch sent down from the house. About 6 o'clock the carriage would call to take him to dinner, from which he would return by 7.30 or 8 o'clock to resume work. The carriage came again at midnight to take him home, but frequently had to wait until 2 or 3 o'clock, and sometimes return without him, as he had decided to continue all night.

"This had been going on more than five months, seven days a week, when I was called down to the laboratory to see him. I found him at a bench about three feet wide and twelve to fifteen feet long, on which there were hundreds of little test cells that had been made up by his corps of chemists and experimenters. He was seated at this bench testing, figuring, and planning. I then learned that he had thus made over nine thousand experiments in trying to devise this new type of storage battery, but had not produced a single thing that promised to solve the question. In view of this immense amount of thought and labor, my sympathy got the better of my judgment, and I said: 'Isn't it a shame that with the tremendous amount of work you have done you haven't been able to get any results?' Edison turned on me like a flash, and with a smile replied: 'Results! Why, man, I have gotten a lot of results! I know several thousand things that won't work.'

"At that time he sent me out West on a special mission. On my return, a few weeks later, his experiments had run up to over ten thousand, but he had discovered the missing link in the combination sought for. Of course, we all remember how the battery was completed and put on the market. Then, because he was dissatisfied with it, he stopped the sales and commenced a new line of investigation, which has recently culminated successfully. I shouldn't wonder if his experiments on the battery ran up pretty near to fifty thousand, for they fill more than one hundred and fifty of the note-books, to say nothing of some thousands of tests in curve sheets."

Although Edison has an absolute disregard for the total outlay of money in investigation, he is particular to keep down the cost of individual experiments to a minimum, for, as he observed to one of his assistants: "A good many inventors try to develop things life-size, and thus spend all their money, instead of first experimenting more freely on a small scale." To Edison life is not only a grand opportunity to find out

things by experiment, but, when found, to improve them by further experiment. One night, after receiving a satisfactory report of progress from Mr. Mason, superintendent of the cement plant, he said: "The only way to keep ahead of the procession is to experiment. If you don't, the other fellow will. When there's no experimenting there's no progress. Stop experimenting and you go backward. If anything goes wrong, experiment until you get to the very bottom of the trouble."

It is easy to realize, therefore, that a character so thoroughly permeated with these ideas is not apt to stop and figure out expense when in hot pursuit of some desired object. When that object has been attained, however, and it passes from the experimental to the commercial stage, Edison's monetary views again come into strong play, but they take a diametrically opposite position, for he then begins immediately to plan the extreme of economy in the production of the article. A thousand and one instances could be quoted in illustration; but as they would tend to change the form of this narrative into a history of economy in manufacture, it will suffice to mention but one, and that a recent occurrence, which serves to illustrate how closely he keeps in touch with everything, and also how the inventive faculty and instinct of commercial economy run close together. It was during Edison's winter stay in Florida, in March, 1909. He had reports sent to him daily from various places, and studied them carefully, for he would write frequently with comments, instructions, and suggestions; and in one case, commenting on the oiling system at the cement plant, he wrote: "Your oil losses are now getting lower, I see." Then, after suggesting some changes to reduce them still further, he went on to say: "Here is a chance to save a mill per barrel based on your regular daily output."

This thorough consideration of the smallest detail is essentially characteristic of Edison, not only in economy of manufacture, but in all his work, no matter of what kind, whether it be experimenting, investigating, testing, or engineering. To follow him through the labyrinthine paths of investigation contained in the great array of laboratory note-books is to become involved in a mass of minutely detailed searches which seek to penetrate the inmost recesses of nature by an ultimate analysis of an infinite variety of parts. As the reader will obtain a fuller comprehension of this idea, and of Edison's methods, by concrete illustration rather than by generalization, the authors have thought it well to select at random two typical instances of specific investigations out of the thousands that are scattered through the notebooks. These will be found in the following extracts from one of the note-books, and consist of Edison's instructions to be carried out in detail by his experimenters:

"Take, say, 25 lbs. hard Cuban asphalt and separate all the different hydrocarbons, etc., as far as possible by means of solvents. It will be necessary first to dissolve everything out by, say, hot turpentine, then successively treat the residue with bisulphide carbon, benzol, ether, chloroform, naphtha, toluol, alcohol, and other probable solvents. After you can go no further, distil off all the solvents so the asphalt material has a tar-like consistency. Be sure all the ash is out of the turpentine portion; now, after distilling the turpentine off, act on the residue with all the solvents that were used on the residue, using for the first the solvent which is least likely to dissolve a great part of it. By thus manipulating the various solvents you will be enabled probably to separate the crude asphalt into several distinct hydrocarbons. Put each in a bottle after it has been dried, and label

the bottle with the process, etc., so we may be able to duplicate it; also give bottle a number and describe everything fully in note-book."

"Destructively distil the following substances down to a point just short of carbonization, so that the residuum can be taken out of the retort, powdered, and acted on by all the solvents just as the asphalt in previous page. The distillation should be carried to, say, 600 degrees or 700 degrees Fahr., but not continued long enough to wholly reduce mass to charcoal, but always run to blackness. Separate the residuum in as many definite parts as possible, bottle and label, and keep accurate records as to process, weights, etc., so a reproduction of the experiment can at any time be made: Gelatine, 4 lbs.; asphalt, hard Cuban, 10 lbs.; coal-tar or pitch, 10 lbs.; wood-pitch, 10 lbs.; Syrian asphalt, 10 lbs.; bituminous coal, 10 lbs.; cane-sugar, 10 lbs.; glucose, 10 lbs.; dextrine, 10 lbs.; glycerine, 10 lbs.; tartaric acid, 5 lbs.; gum guiac, 5 lbs.; gum amber, 3 lbs.; gum tragacanth, 3 Lbs.; aniline red, 1 lb.; aniline oil, 1 lb.; crude anthracene, 5 lbs.; petroleum pitch, 10 lbs.; albumen from eggs, 2 lbs.; tar from passing chlorine through aniline oil, 2 lbs.; citric acid, 5 lbs.; sawdust of boxwood, 3 lbs.; starch, 5 lbs.; shellac, 3 lbs.; gum Arabic, 5 lbs.; castor oil, 5 lbs."

The empirical nature of his method will be apparent from an examination of the above items; but in pursuing it he leaves all uncertainty behind and, trusting nothing to theory, he acquires absolute knowledge. Whatever may be the mental processes by which he arrives at the starting-point of any specific line of research, the final results almost invariably prove that he does not plunge in at random; indeed, as an old associate remarked: "When Edison takes up any proposition in natural science, his perceptions seem to be elementally broad and analytical, that is to say, in addition to the knowledge he has acquired from books and observation, he appears to have an intuitive apprehension of the general order of things, as they might be supposed to exist in natural relation to each other. It has always seemed to me that he goes to the core of things at once."

Although nothing less than results from actual experiments are acceptable to him as established facts, this view of Edison may also account for his peculiar and somewhat weird ability to "guess" correctly, a faculty which has frequently enabled him to take short cuts to lines of investigation whose outcome has verified in a most remarkable degree statements apparently made offhand and without calculation. Mr. Upton says: "One of the main impressions left upon me, after knowing Mr. Edison for many years, is the marvellous accuracy of his guesses. He will see the general nature of a result long before it can be reached by mathematical calculation." This was supplemented by one of his engineering staff, who remarked: "Mr. Edison can guess better than a good many men can figure, and so far as my experience goes, I have found that he is almost invariably correct. His guess is more than a mere starting-point, and often turns out to be the final solution of a problem. I can only account for it by his remarkable insight and wonderful natural sense of the proportion of things, in addition to which he seems to carry in his head determining factors of all kinds, and has the ability to apply them instantly in considering any mechanical problem."

While this mysterious intuitive power has been of the greatest advantage in connection with the vast number of technical problems that have entered into his life-work, there have been many remarkable instances

in which it has seemed little less than prophecy, and it is deemed worth while to digress to the extent of relating two of them. One day in the summer of 1881, when the incandescent lamp-industry was still in swaddling clothes, Edison was seated in the room of Major Eaton, vice-president of the Edison Electric Light Company, talking over business matters, when Mr. Upton came in from the lamp factory at Menlo Park, and said: "Well, Mr. Edison, we completed a thousand lamps to-day." Edison looked up and said "Good," then relapsed into a thoughtful mood. In about two minutes he raised his head, and said: "Upton, in fifteen years you will be making forty thousand lamps a day." None of those present ventured to make any remark on this assertion, although all felt that it was merely a random guess, based on the sanguine dream of an inventor. The business had not then really made a start, and being entirely new was without precedent upon which to base any such statement, but, as a matter of fact, the records of the lamp factory show that in 1896 its daily output of lamps was actually about forty thousand.

The other instance referred to occurred shortly after the Edison Machine Works was moved up to Schenectady, in 1886. One day, when he was at the works, Edison sat down and wrote on a sheet of paper fifteen separate predictions of the growth and future of the electrical business. Notwithstanding the fact that the industry was then in an immature state, and that the great boom did not set in until a few years afterward, twelve of these predictions have been fully verified by the enormous growth and development in all branches of the art.

What the explanation of this gift, power, or intuition may be, is perhaps better left to the psychologist to speculate upon. If one were to ask Edison, he would probably say, "Hard work, not too much sleep, and free use of the imagination." Whether or not it would be possible for the average mortal to arrive at such perfection of "guessing" by faithfully following this formula, even reinforced by the Edison recipe for stimulating a slow imagination with pastry, is open for demonstration.

Somewhat allied to this curious faculty is another no less remarkable, and that is, the ability to point out instantly an error in a mass of reported experimental results. While many instances could be definitely named, a typical one, related by Mr. J. D. Flack, formerly master mechanic at the lamp factory, may be quoted: "During the many years of lamp experimentation, batches of lamps were sent to the photometer department for test, and Edison would examine the tabulated test sheets. He ran over every item of the tabulations rapidly, and, apparently without any calculation whatever, would check off errors as fast as he came to them, saying: 'You have made a mistake; try this one over.' In every case the second test proved that he was right. This wonderful aptitude for infallibly locating an error without an instant's hesitation for mental calculation, has always appealed to me very forcibly."

The ability to detect errors quickly in a series of experiments is one of the things that has enabled Edison to accomplish such a vast amount of work as the records show. Examples of the minuteness of detail into which his researches extend have already been mentioned, and as there are always a number of such investigations in progress at the laboratory, this ability stands Edison in good stead, for he is thus enabled to follow, and, if necessary, correct each one step by step. In this he is aided by the great powers of a mind that is able to free

itself from absorbed concentration on the details of one problem, and instantly to shift over and become deeply and intelligently concentrated in another and entirely different one. For instance, he may have been busy for hours on chemical experiments, and be called upon suddenly to determine some mechanical questions. The complete and easy transition is the constant wonder of his associates, for there is no confusion of ideas resulting from these quick changes, no hesitation or apparent effort, but a plunge into the midst of the new subject, and an instant acquaintance with all its details, as if he had been studying it for hours.

A good stiff difficulty--one which may, perhaps, appear to be an unsurmountable obstacle--only serves to make Edison cheerful, and brings out variations of his methods in experimenting. Such an occurrence will start him thinking, which soon gives rise to a line of suggestions for approaching the trouble from various sides; or he will sit down and write out a series of eliminations, additions, or changes to be worked out and reported upon, with such variations as may suggest themselves during their progress. It is at such times as these that his unfailing patience and tremendous resourcefulness are in evidence. Ideas and expedients are poured forth in a torrent, and although some of them have temporarily appeared to the staff to be ridiculous or irrelevant, they have frequently turned out to be the ones leading to a correct solution of the trouble.

Edison's inexhaustible resourcefulness and fertility of ideas have contributed largely to his great success, and have ever been a cause of amazement to those around him. Frequently, when it would seem to others that the extreme end of an apparently blind alley had been reached, and that it was impossible to proceed further, he has shown that there were several ways out of it. Examples without number could be quoted, but one must suffice by way of illustration. During the progress of the ore-milling work at Edison, it became desirable to carry on a certain operation by some special machinery. He requested the proper person on his engineering staff to think this matter up and submit a few sketches of what he would propose to do. He brought three drawings to Edison, who examined them and said none of them would answer. The engineer remarked that it was too bad, for there was no other way to do it. Mr. Edison turned to him quickly, and said: "Do you mean to say that these drawings represent the only way to do this work?" To which he received the reply: "I certainly do." Edison said nothing. This happened on a Saturday. He followed his usual custom of spending Sunday at home in Orange. When he returned to the works on Monday morning, he took with him sketches he had made, showing FORTY-EIGHT other ways of accomplishing the desired operation, and laid them on the engineer's desk without a word. Subsequently one of these ideas, with modifications suggested by some of the others, was put into successful practice.

Difficulties seem to have a peculiar charm for Edison, whether they relate to large or small things; and although the larger matters have contributed most to the history of the arts, the same carefulness of thought has often been the means of leading to improvements of permanent advantage even in minor details. For instance, in the very earliest days of electric lighting, the safe insulation of two bare wires fastened together was a serious problem that was solved by him. An iron pot over a fire, some insulating material melted therein, and narrow strips of linen drawn through it by means of a wooden clamp, furnished a readily applied and adhesive insulation, which was just as perfect for the purpose as the regular and now well-known insulating tape, of which it

was the forerunner.

Dubious results are not tolerated for a moment in Edison's experimental work. Rather than pass upon an uncertainty, the experiment will be dissected and checked minutely in order to obtain absolute knowledge, pro and con. This searching method is followed not only in chemical or other investigations, into which complexities might naturally enter, but also in more mechanical questions, where simplicity of construction might naturally seem to preclude possibilities of uncertainty. For instance, at the time when he was making strenuous endeavors to obtain copper wire of high conductivity, strict laboratory tests were made of samples sent by manufacturers. One of these samples tested out poorer than a previous lot furnished from the same factory. A report of this to Edison brought the following note: "Perhaps the ---- wire had a bad spot in it. Please cut it up into lengths and test each one and send results to me immediately." Possibly the electrical fraternity does not realize that this earnest work of Edison, twenty-eight years ago, resulted in the establishment of the high quality of copper wire that has been the recognized standard since that time. Says Edison on this point: "I furnished the expert and apparatus to the Ansonia Brass and Copper Company in 1883, and he is there yet. It was this expert and this company who pioneered high-conductivity copper for the electrical trade."

Nor is it generally appreciated in the industry that the adoption of what is now regarded as a most obvious proposition--the high-economy incandescent lamp--was the result of that characteristic foresight which there has been occasion to mention frequently in the course of this narrative, together with the courage and "horse-sense" which have always been displayed by the inventor in his persistent pushing out with far-reaching ideas, in the face of pessimistic opinions. As is well known, the lamps of the first ten or twelve years of incandescent lighting were of low economy, but had long life. Edison's study of the subject had led him to the conviction that the greatest growth of the electric-lighting industry would be favored by a lamp taking less current, but having shorter, though commercially economical life; and after gradually making improvements along this line he developed, finally, a type of high-economy lamp which would introduce a most radical change in existing conditions, and lead ultimately to highly advantageous results. His start on this lamp, and an expressed desire to have it manufactured for regular use, filled even some of his business associates with dismay, for they could see nothing but disaster ahead in forcing such a lamp on the market. His persistence and profound conviction of the ultimate results were so strong and his arguments so sound, however, that the campaign was entered upon. Although it took two or three years to convince the public of the correctness of his views, the idea gradually took strong root, and has now become an integral principle of the business.

In this connection it may be noted that with remarkable prescience Edison saw the coming of the modern lamps of to-day, which, by reason of their small consumption of energy to produce a given candle-power, have dismayed central-station managers. A few years ago a consumption of 3.1 watts per candle-power might safely be assumed as an excellent average, and many stations fixed their rates and business on such a basis. The results on income when the consumption, as in the new metallic-filament lamps, drops to 1.25 watts per candle can readily be imagined. Edison has insisted that central stations are selling light and not current; and he points to the predicament now confronting them as truth of his

assertion that when selling light they share in all the benefits of improvement, but that when they sell current the consumer gets all those benefits without division. The dilemma is encountered by central stations in a bewildered way, as a novel and unexpected experience; but Edison foresaw the situation and warned against it long ago. It is one of the greatest gifts of statesmanship to see new social problems years before they arise and solve them in advance. It is one of the greatest attributes of invention to foresee and meet its own problems in exactly the same way.

EDUCATIONAL

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Post-Impressions,* by Simeon Strunsky

Half-minute lessons for up-to-the-minute thinkers:

I. WORD STUDY

CHILD, _noun_; a student of sex hygiene; a member of boy scout organisations and girls' camp-fire organisations for the practice of the kind of self-control that parents fail to exercise; a member of school republics for the study of politics while father reads the sporting page; a ward of the State; a student of the phenomena of alcoholism; a handicap carefully avoided by specialists in child-study; one-third of a French family; the holder of an inalienable title to happiness which the Government must supply; in general, a human being under thirteen years of age who must be taught everything so that he will be surprised at nothing when he is thirty years of age. The ignorant and innocent offspring of a human couple, obs. Synonyms: man-child; girl-child; love-child.

MOTHERHOOD, _noun_; a profession once highly esteemed, but rejected by modern spirits as too frequently automatic.

MOTHER, _noun_; a female progenitor; a term often employed by the older poets in connection with the ideas of love, sacrifice, and holiness, but now delicately described by writers of the _Harper's Weekly_ temperament as being synonymous with cow.

EUGENICS, _noun_; a condition of intense excitement over the future of the human race among those who are doing nothing to perpetuate it.

LITERATURE, _noun_; see SEX; WHITE SLAVE.

DRAMA, _noun_; see SEX; WHITE SLAVE.

PUNCH, _noun_; see DRAMA; LITERATURE; MAGAZINE ADVERTISING.

ADENOIDS, _noun_; something that is cut out of children.

SOCIAL-MINDEDNESS, _noun_; something that is injected into children.

II. GEOGRAPHY

ARGENTINA; where the tango comes from.

RUSSIA; where Anna Pavlova and ritual murder trials come from.

PERSIA; where the harem skirt comes from, and other fashions eagerly embraced by a generation which insists that woman shall no longer be man's chattel and plaything.

AMERICA; where the profits of all-night restaurants in Montmartre come from.

ASSYRIA, BABYLONIA, EGYPT, PERU, YUCATAN, PATAGONIA; where the decorations for Broadway lobster-palaces come from.

EQUATOR; the earth's waistline, unfashionably located in the same place year after year.

TENDERLOIN; where the world's wisdom comes from.

CAMBRIDGE, NEW HAVEN, PRINCETON, MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS; the sites of once celebrated educational institutions whose functions have now been taken over by theatre managers on Broadway.

UNDERWORLD; the world now uppermost.

MOUNTAIN; a rugged elevation of the earth's surface which comes to every self-constituted little prophet when he snaps his fingers.

SEA; where we are all at.

MEXICO CITY; residence of Huerta, the most eminent living disciple of Nietzsche.

BULGARIA; a nation which scornfully rejected peace and reaped honour, widows, and orphans; where the Servians were the other day.

SERVIA; where the Bulgarians may be next week.

CHAUTAUQUA; any place outside the offices of the State Department.

III. ARITHMETIC

1. A ship carrying 800 passengers and crew is in collision off the banks of Newfoundland, and 700 are saved. Describe the method by which the _Evening Journal_ computes 400 souls lost.

2. The salary of a police lieutenant is about $2,500 a year. At what rate of interest must this sum be invested to produce a million dollars' worth of real estate in ten years?

3. 2+2=4. Show this to be true otherwise than by writing a four-act play with its principal scene laid in a house of ill fame.

4. The loss to the nation from disease has been estimated at $200,000,000 a year. Show the profit that would accrue to the nation from abolishing every form of disease after deducting the cost of maintaining the dependent widows and orphans of 50,000 doctors who have starved to death.

5. In a certain gubernatorial campaign several disinterested gentlemen contributed $10,000 each to the campaign fund; yet the total of campaign contributions was a little over $5,000. Explain this.

6. If you were called upon to build a bridge to the moon, which would you rather use, the total number of postage stamps on rejected magazine contributions laid end to end, or the total number of automobiles shipped from Detroit placed end to end?

7. In a recent article on mortality statistics in the _World_, the writer omitted to divide his average death rate by 2. Was his argument, because of that, two times as convincing or only half as convincing?

8. Describe the modifications in the laws of arithmetic introduced by Mr. Thomas W. Lawson.

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EAT, v.i. To perform successively (and successfully) the functions of mastication, humectation, and deglutition.

"I was in the drawing-room, enjoying my dinner," said Brillat-Savarin, beginning an anecdote. "What!" interrupted Rochebriant; "eating dinner in a drawing-room?" "I must beg you to observe, monsieur," explained the great gastronome, "that I did not say I was eating my dinner, but enjoying it. I had dined an hour before."

EAVESDROP, v.i. Secretly to overhear a catalogue of the crimes and vices of another or yourself.

A lady with one of her ears applied
To an open keyhole heard, inside,
Two female gossips in converse free--
The subject engaging them was she.
"I think," said one, "and my husband thinks
That she's a prying, inquisitive minx!"
As soon as no more of it she could hear
The lady, indignant, removed her ear.
"I will not stay," she said, with a pout,
"To hear my character lied about!"

Gopete Sherany
The Project GutenbeThe Project Gutenberg EBook of The Devil's Dictionary, by

ECCENTRICITY, n. A method of distinction so cheap that fools employ it to accentuate their incapacity.

ECONOMY, n. Purchasing the barrel of whiskey that you do not need for the price of the cow that you cannot afford.

EDIBLE, adj. Good to eat, and wholesome to digest, as a worm to a toad, a toad to a snake, a snake to a pig, a pig to a man, and a man to a worm.

EDITOR, n. A person who combines the judicial functions of Minos, Rhadamanthus and Aeacus, but is placable with an obolus; a severely virtuous censor, but so charitable withal that he tolerates the virtues of others and the vices of himself; who flings about him the splintering lightning and sturdy thunders of admonition till he resembles a bunch of firecrackers petulantly uttering his mind at the tail of a dog; then straightway murmurs a mild, melodious lay, soft as the cooing of a donkey intoning its prayer to the evening star. Master of mysteries and lord of law, high-pinnacled upon the throne of thought, his face suffused with the dim splendors of the Transfiguration, his legs intertwisted and his tongue a-cheek, the editor spills his will along the paper and cuts it off in lengths to suit. And at intervals from behind the veil of the temple is heard the voice of the foreman demanding three inches of wit and six lines of religious meditation, or bidding him turn off the wisdom and whack up some pathos.

  O, the Lord of Law on the Throne of Thought,
      A gilded impostor is he.
  Of shreds and patches his robes are wrought,
              His crown is brass,
              Himself an ass,
      And his power is fiddle-dee-dee.
  Prankily, crankily prating of naught,
  Silly old quilly old Monarch of Thought.
      Public opinion's camp-follower he,
      Thundering, blundering, plundering free.
                  Affected,
                      Ungracious,
                  Suspected,
                      Mendacious,
  Respected contemporaree!

J.H. Bumbleshook

EDUCATION, n. That which discloses to the wise and disguises from the foolish their lack of understanding.

EFFECT, n. The second of two phenomena which always occur together in the same order. The first, called a Cause, is said to generate the other--which is no more sensible than it would be for one who has never seen a dog except in the pursuit of a rabbit to declare the rabbit the cause of a dog.

EGOTIST, n. A person of low taste, more interested in himself than in me.

  Megaceph, chosen to serve the State
  In the halls of legislative debate,

One day with all his credentials came
To the capitol's door and announced his name.
The doorkeeper looked, with a comical twist
Of the face, at the eminent egotist,
And said: "Go away, for we settle here
All manner of questions, knotty and queer,
And we cannot have, when the speaker demands
To be told how every member stands,
A man who to all things under the sky
Assents by eternally voting 'I'."

EJECTION, n. An approved remedy for the disease of garrulity. It is also much used in cases of extreme poverty.

ELECTOR, n. One who enjoys the sacred privilege of voting for the man of another man's choice.

ELECTRICITY, n. The power that causes all natural phenomena not known to be caused by something else. It is the same thing as lightning, and its famous attempt to strike Dr. Franklin is one of the most picturesque incidents in that great and good man's career. The memory of Dr. Franklin is justly held in great reverence, particularly in France, where a waxen effigy of him was recently on exhibition, bearing the following touching account of his life and services to science:

"Monsieur Franqulin, inventor of electricity. This illustrious savant, after having made several voyages around the world, died on the Sandwich Islands and was devoured by savages, of whom not a single fragment was ever recovered."

Electricity seems destined to play a most important part in the arts and industries. The question of its economical application to some purposes is still unsettled, but experiment has already proved that it will propel a street car better than a gas jet and give more light than a horse.

ELEGY, n. A composition in verse, in which, without employing any of the methods of humor, the writer aims to produce in the reader's mind the dampest kind of dejection. The most famous English example begins somewhat like this:

The cur foretells the knell of parting day;
The loafing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The wise man homeward plods; I only stay
To fiddle-faddle in a minor key.

ELOQUENCE, n. The art of orally persuading fools that white is the color that it appears to be. It includes the gift of making any color appear white.

ELYSIUM, n. An imaginary delightful country which the ancients foolishly believed to be inhabited by the spirits of the good. This ridiculous and mischievous fable was swept off the face of the earth by the early Christians--may their souls be happy in Heaven!

EMANCIPATION, n. A bondman's change from the tyranny of another to the despotism of himself.

He was a slave: at word he went and came;
    His iron collar cut him to the bone.
Then Liberty erased his owner's name,
    Tightened the rivets and inscribed his own.

G.J.

EMBALM, v.i. To cheat vegetation by locking up the gases upon which it feeds. By embalming their dead and thereby deranging the natural balance between animal and vegetable life, the Egyptians made their once fertile and populous country barren and incapable of supporting more than a meagre crew. The modern metallic burial casket is a step in the same direction, and many a dead man who ought now to be ornamenting his neighbor's lawn as a tree, or enriching his table as a bunch of radishes, is doomed to a long inutility. We shall get him after awhile if we are spared, but in the meantime the violet and rose are languishing for a nibble at his _glutoeus maximus_.

EMOTION, n. A prostrating disease caused by a determination of the heart to the head. It is sometimes accompanied by a copious discharge of hydrated chloride of sodium from the eyes.

ENCOMIAST, n. A special (but not particular) kind of liar.

END, n. The position farthest removed on either hand from the Interlocutor.

The man was perishing apace
    Who played the tambourine;
The seal of death was on his face--
    'Twas pallid, for 'twas clean.

"This is the end," the sick man said
    In faint and failing tones.
A moment later he was dead,
    And Tambourine was Bones.

Tinley Roquot

ENOUGH, pro. All there is in the world if you like it.

Enough is as good as a feast--for that matter
Enougher's as good as a feast for the platter.

Arbely C. Strunk

ENTERTAINMENT, n. Any kind of amusement whose inroads stop short of death by injection.

ENTHUSIASM, n. A distemper of youth, curable by small doses of repentance in connection with outward applications of experience. Byron, who recovered long enough to call it "entuzy-muzy," had a relapse, which carried him off--to Missolonghi.

ENVELOPE, n. The coffin of a document; the scabbard of a bill; the husk of a remittance; the bed-gown of a love-letter.

ENVY, n. Emulation adapted to the meanest capacity.

EPAULET, n. An ornamented badge, serving to distinguish a military officer from the enemy--that is to say, from the officer of lower rank to whom his death would give promotion.

EPICURE, n. An opponent of Epicurus, an abstemious philosopher who, holding that pleasure should be the chief aim of man, wasted no time in gratification from the senses.

EPIGRAM, n. A short, sharp saying in prose or verse, frequently characterize by acidity or acerbity and sometimes by wisdom. Following are some of the more notable epigrams of the learned and ingenious Dr. Jamrach Holobom:

We know better the needs of ourselves than of others. To serve oneself is economy of administration.

In each human heart are a tiger, a pig, an ass and a nightingale. Diversity of character is due to their unequal activity.

There are three sexes; males, females and girls.

Beauty in women and distinction in men are alike in this: they seem to be the unthinking a kind of credibility.

Women in love are less ashamed than men. They have less to be ashamed of.

While your friend holds you affectionately by both your hands you are safe, for you can watch both his.

EPITAPH, n. An inscription on a tomb, showing that virtues acquired by death have a retroactive effect. Following is a touching example:

Here lie the bones of Parson Platt,
Wise, pious, humble and all that,
Who showed us life as all should live it;
Let that be said--and God forgive it!

ERUDITION, n. Dust shaken out of a book into an empty skull.

So wide his erudition's mighty span,
He knew Creation's origin and plan
And only came by accident to grief--
He thought, poor man, 'twas right to be a thief.

Romach Pute

ESOTERIC, adj. Very particularly abstruse and consummately occult. The ancient philosophies were of two kinds,--_exoteric_, those that the philosophers themselves could partly understand, and _esoteric_, those that nobody could understand. It is the latter that have most profoundly affected modern thought and found greatest acceptance in our time.

ETHNOLOGY, n. The science that treats of the various tribes of Man,

as robbers, thieves, swindlers, dunces, lunatics, idiots and ethnologists.

EUCHARIST, n. A sacred feast of the religious sect of Theophagi. A dispute once unhappily arose among the members of this sect as to what it was that they ate. In this controversy some five hundred thousand have already been slain, and the question is still unsettled.

EULOGY, n. Praise of a person who has either the advantages of wealth and power, or the consideration to be dead.

EVANGELIST, n. A bearer of good tidings, particularly (in a religious sense) such as assure us of our own salvation and the damnation of our neighbors.

EVERLASTING, adj. Lasting forever. It is with no small diffidence that I venture to offer this brief and elementary definition, for I am not unaware of the existence of a bulky volume by a sometime Bishop of Worcester, entitled, _A Partial Definition of the Word "Everlasting," as Used in the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures_. His book was once esteemed of great authority in the Anglican Church, and is still, I understand, studied with pleasure to the mind and profit of the soul.

EXCEPTION, n. A thing which takes the liberty to differ from other things of its class, as an honest man, a truthful woman, etc. "The exception proves the rule" is an expression constantly upon the lips of the ignorant, who parrot it from one another with never a thought of its absurdity. In the Latin, "_Exceptio probat regulam_" means that the exception _tests_ the rule, puts it to the proof, not _confirms_ it. The malefactor who drew the meaning from this excellent dictum and substituted a contrary one of his own exerted an evil power which appears to be immortal.

EXCESS, n. In morals, an indulgence that enforces by appropriate penalties the law of moderation.

Hail, high Excess--especially in wine,
To thee in worship do I bend the knee
Who preach abstemiousness unto me--
My skull thy pulpit, as my paunch thy shrine.
Precept on precept, aye, and line on line,
Could ne'er persuade so sweetly to agree
With reason as thy touch, exact and free,
Upon my forehead and along my spine.
At thy command eschewing pleasure's cup,
With the hot grape I warm no more my wit;
When on thy stool of penitence I sit
I'm quite converted, for I can't get up.
Ungrateful he who afterward would falter
To make new sacrifices at thine altar!

EXCOMMUNICATION, n.

This "excommunication" is a word
In speech ecclesiastical oft heard,
And means the damning, with bell, book and candle,
Some sinner whose opinions are a scandal--
A rite permitting Satan to enslave him

Forever, and forbidding Christ to save him.

Gat Huckle

EXECUTIVE, n. An officer of the Government, whose duty it is to enforce the wishes of the legislative power until such time as the judicial department shall be pleased to pronounce them invalid and of no effect. Following is an extract from an old book entitled, _The Lunarian Astonished_--Pfeiffer & Co., Boston, 1803:

LUNARIAN: Then when your Congress has passed a law it goes directly to the Supreme Court in order that it may at once be known whether it is constitutional?

TERRESTRIAN: O no; it does not require the approval of the Supreme Court until having perhaps been enforced for many years somebody objects to its operation against himself--I mean his client. The President, if he approves it, begins to execute it at once.

LUNARIAN: Ah, the executive power is a part of the legislative. Do your policemen also have to approve the local ordinances that they enforce?

TERRESTRIAN: Not yet--at least not in their character of constables. Generally speaking, though, all laws require the approval of those whom they are intended to restrain.

LUNARIAN: I see. The death warrant is not valid until signed by the murderer.

TERRESTRIAN: My friend, you put it too strongly; we are not so consistent.

LUNARIAN: But this system of maintaining an expensive judicial machinery to pass upon the validity of laws only after they have long been executed, and then only when brought before the court by some private person--does it not cause great confusion?

TERRESTRIAN: It does.

LUNARIAN: Why then should not your laws, previously to being executed, be validated, not by the signature of your President, but by that of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court?

TERRESTRIAN: There is no precedent for any such course.

LUNARIAN: Precedent. What is that?

TERRESTRIAN: It has been defined by five hundred lawyers in three volumes each. So how can any one know?

EXHORT, v.t. In religious affairs, to put the conscience of another upon the spit and roast it to a nut-brown discomfort.

EXILE, n. One who serves his country by residing abroad, yet is not an ambassador.

An English sea-captain being asked if he had read "The Exile of Erin," replied: "No, sir, but I should like to anchor on it." Years afterwards, when he had been hanged as a pirate after a career of unparalleled atrocities, the following memorandum was found in the ship's log that he had kept at the time of his reply:

Aug. 3d, 1842. Made a joke on the ex-Isle of Erin. Coldly received. War with the whole world!

EXISTENCE, n.

  A transient, horrible, fantastic dream,
  Wherein is nothing yet all things do seem:
  From which we're wakened by a friendly nudge
  Of our bedfellow Death, and cry: "O fudge!"

EXPERIENCE, n. The wisdom that enables us to recognize as an undesirable old acquaintance the folly that we have already embraced.

  To one who, journeying through night and fog,
  Is mired neck-deep in an unwholesome bog,
  Experience, like the rising of the dawn,
  Reveals the path that he should not have gone.

Joel Frad Bink

EXPOSTULATION, n. One of the many methods by which fools prefer to lose their friends.

EXTINCTION, n. The raw material out of which theology created the future state.

THE BEAUTY OF ENGLAND

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Shakespeare's England*, by William Winter

It is not strange that Englishmen should be--as certainly they are--passionate lovers of their country; for their country is, almost beyond parallel, peaceful, gentle, and beautiful. Even in vast London, where practical life asserts itself with such prodigious force, the stranger is impressed, in every direction, with a sentiment of repose and peace. This sentiment seems to proceed in part from the antiquity of the social system here established, and in part from the affectionate nature of the English people. Here are finished towns, rural regions thoroughly cultivated and exquisitely adorned; ancient architecture, crumbling in slow decay; and a soil so rich and pure that even in its idlest mood it lights itself up with flowers, just as the face of a sleeping child lights itself up with smiles. Here, also, are soft and kindly manners, settled principles, good laws, wise customs--wise, because rooted in the universal attributes of human nature; and, above all, here is the practice of trying to live in a happy condition instead of trying to make a noise about it. Here, accordingly, life is soothed and hallowed with the comfortable, genial, loving spirit of home. It would, doubtless, be easily possible to come into contact here with absurd forms and pernicious abuses, to observe absurd individuals, and to discover veins of sordid selfishness and of evil and sorrow. But the things that first and most deeply impress the observer of England and English society are their potential, manifold, and abundant sources of beauty, refinement, and peace. There are, of course, grumblers. Mention has been made of a person who, even in heaven, would complain that his cloud was damp and his halo a misfit. We cannot have perfection; but the man who could not be happy in England--in so far, at least, as happiness depends upon external objects and influences--could not reasonably expect to be happy anywhere.

Summer heat is perceptible for an hour or two each day, but it causes no discomfort. Fog has refrained; though it is understood to be lurking in the Irish sea and the English channel, and waiting for November, when it will drift into town and grime all the new paint on the London houses. Meantime, the sky is softly blue and full of magnificent bronze clouds; the air is cool, and in the environs of the city is fragrant with the scent of new-mown hay; and the grass and trees in the parks--those copious and splendid lungs of London--are green, dewy, sweet, and beautiful. Persons "to the manner born" were lately calling the season "backward," and they went so far as to grumble at the hawthorne, as being less brilliant than in former seasons. But, in fact, to the unfamiliar sense, this tree of odorous coral has been delicious. We have nothing comparable with it in northern America, unless, perhaps, it be the elder, of our wild woods; and even that, with all its fragrance, lacks equal charm of colour. They use the hawthorne, or some kindred shrub, for hedges in this country, and hence their fields are seldom disfigured with fences. As you ride through the land you see miles and miles of meadow traversed by these green and blooming hedgerows, which give the country a charm quite incommunicable in words. The green of the foliage--enriched by an uncommonly humid air and burnished by the sun--is in perfection, while the flowers bloom in such abundance that the whole realm is one glowing pageant. I saw near Oxford, on the crest of a hill, a single ray of at least a thousand feet of scarlet poppies. Imagine that glorious dash of colour in a green landscape lit by the afternoon sun! Nobody could help loving a land that woos him with such beauty.

English flowers are exceptional for substance and pomp. The roses, in particular--though some of them, it should be said, are of French breeds--surpass all others. It may seem an extravagance to say, but it is certainly true, that these rich, firm, brilliant flowers affect you like creatures of flesh and blood. They are, in this respect, only to be described as like nothing in the world so much as the bright lips and blushing cheeks of the handsome English women who walk among them and vie with them in health and loveliness. It is easy to perceive the source of those elements of warmth and sumptuousness that are so conspicuous in the results of English taste. It is a land of flowers. Even in the busiest parts of London the people decorate their houses with them, and set the sombre, fog-grimed fronts ablaze with scarlet and gold. These are the prevalent colours--radically so, for they have become national--and, when placed against the black tint with which this climate stains the buildings, they have the advantage of a vivid contrast that much augments their splendour. All London wears crape, variegated with a tracery of white, like lace upon a pall. In some instances the effect is splendidly pompous. There cannot be a grander artificial object in the world than the front of St. Paul's cathedral, which is especially notable for this mysterious blending of light and shade. It is to be deplored that a climate which can thus beautify should also destroy; but there can be no doubt that the stones of England are steadily defaced by the action of the damp atmosphere. Already the delicate carvings on the palace of Westminster are beginning to crumble. And yet, if one might judge the climate by this glittering July, England is a land of sunshine as well as of flowers. Light comes before three o'clock in the morning, and it lasts, through a dreamy and lovely gloaming, till nearly ten o'clock at night. The morning sky is usually light blue, dappled with slate-coloured clouds. A few large stars are visible then, lingering to outface the dawn. Cool winds whisper, and presently they rouse the great, sleepy, old elms; and then the rooks--which are the low comedians of the air in this region--begin

to grumble; and then the sun leaps above the horizon, and we sweep into a day of golden, breezy cheerfulness and comfort, the like of which is rarely or never known in northern America, between June and October. Sometimes the whole twenty-four hours have drifted past, as if in a dream of light, and fragrance, and music. In a recent moonlight time there was scarce any darkness at all; and more than once I have lain awake all night, within a few miles of Charing Cross, listening to a twitter of birds that is like the lapse and fall of silver water. It used to be difficult to understand why the London season should begin in May and last through most of the summer; it is not difficult to understand the custom now.

The elements of discontent and disturbance which are visible in English society are found, upon close examination, to be merely superficial. Underneath them there abides a sturdy, immutable, inborn love of England. Those croakings, grumblings, and bickerings do but denote the process by which the body politic frees itself from the headaches and fevers that embarrass the national health. The Englishman and his country are one; and when the Englishman complains against his country it is not because he believes that either there is or can be a better country elsewhere, but because his instinct of justice and order makes him crave perfection in his own. Institutions and principles are, with him, by nature, paramount to individuals; and individuals only possess importance--and that conditional on abiding rectitude--who are their representatives. Everything is done in England to promote the permanence and beauty of the home; and the permanence and beauty of the home, by a natural reaction, augment in the English people solidity of character and peace of life. They do not dwell in a perpetual fret and fume as to the acts, thoughts, and words of other nations: for the English there is absolutely no public opinion outside of their own land: they do not live for the sake of working, but they work for the sake of living; and, as the necessary preparations for living have long since been completed, their country is at rest. This is the secret of England's first, and continuous, and last, and all-pervading charm and power for the stranger--the charm and power to soothe.

The efficacy of endeavouring to make a country a united, comfortable, and beautiful home for all its inhabitants,--binding every heart to the land by the same tie that binds every heart to the fireside,--is something well worthy to be considered, equally by the practical statesman and the contemplative observer. That way, assuredly, lie the welfare of the human race and all the tranquillity that human nature--warped as it is by evil--will ever permit to this world. This endeavour has, through long ages, been steadily pursued in England, and one of its results--which is also one of its indications--is the vast accumulation of what may be called home treasures in the city of London. The mere enumeration of them would fill large volumes. The description of them could not be completed in a lifetime. It was this copiousness of historic wealth and poetic association, combined with the flavour of character and the sentiment of monastic repose, that bound Dr. Johnson to Fleet Street and made Charles Lamb such an inveterate lover of the town. Except it be to correct a possible insular narrowness there can be no need that the Londoner should travel. Glorious sights, indeed, await him, if he journeys no further away than Paris; but, aside from ostentation, luxury, gaiety, and excitement, Paris will give him nothing that he may not find at home.

The great cathedral of Notre Dame will awe him; but not more than his own Westminster Abbey. The grandeur and beauty of the Madeleine will

enchant him; but not more than the massive solemnity and stupendous magnificence of St. Paul's. The embankments of the Seine will satisfy his taste with their symmetrical solidity; but he will not deem them superior in any respect to the embankments of the Thames. The Pantheon, the Hotel des Invalides, the Luxembourg, the Louvre, the Tribunal of Commerce, the Opera-House,--all these will dazzle and delight his eyes, arousing his remembrances of history and firing his imagination of great events and persons; but all these will fail to displace in his esteem the grand Palace of Westminster, so stately in its simplicity, so strong in its perfect grace! He will ride through the exquisite Park of Monceau,--one of the loveliest spots in Paris,--and onward to the Bois de Boulogne, with its sumptuous pomp of foliage, its romantic green vistas, its many winding avenues, its hillside hermitage, its cascades, and its affluent lakes whereon the white swans beat the water with their joyous wings; but still his soul will turn, with unshaken love and loyal preference to the sweetly sylvan solitude of the gardens of Kensington and Kew. He will marvel in the museums of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, and Cluny; and probably he will concede that of paintings, whether ancient or modern, the French display is larger and finer than the English; but he will vaunt the British Museum as peerless throughout the world, and he will still prize his National Gallery, with its originals of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner, its spirited, tender, and dreamy Murillos, and its dusky glories of Rembrandt. He will admire, at the Théâtre Français, the photographic perfection of French acting; but he will be apt to reflect that English dramatic art, if it sometimes lacks finish, often has the effect of nature; and he will certainly perceive that the playhouse itself is not superior to either Her Majesty's Theatre or Covent Garden. He will luxuriate in the Champs Élysées, in the superb Boulevards, in the glittering pageant of precious jewels that blazes in the Rue de la Paix and the Palais Royal, and in that gorgeous panorama of shop-windows for which the French capital is unrivalled and famous; and he will not deny that, as to brilliancy of aspect, Paris is prodigious and unequalled--the most radiant of cities--the sapphire in the crown of Solomon. But, when all is seen, either that Louis the Fourteenth created or Buonaparte pillaged,--when he has taken his last walk in the gardens of the Tuileries, and mused, at the foot of the statue of Caesar, on that Titanic strife of monarchy and democracy of which France has seemed destined to be the perpetual theatre,--sated with the glitter of showy opulence and tired with the whirl of frivolous life he will gladly and gratefully turn again to his sombre, mysterious, thoughtful, restful old London; and, like the Syrian captain, though in the better spirit of truth and right, declare that Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, are better than all the waters of Israel.